

A
COLLECTION
OF THE MOST ESTEEMED
FARCES
AND
ENTERTAINMENTS
PERFORMED ON THE
BRITISH STAGE.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for C. ELLIOT, PARLIAMENT-SQUARE.

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COLLECTION

OF THE

FARES

ENTER TAINMENTS

OF THE

ARTS AND

VOLUME

EDINBURGH

THOMAS & CO. PRINTERS

1841



ADVERTISEMENT.

IT has long been a just complaint, that copies of **FARCES** and **DRAMATIC ENTERTAINMENTS** are difficult to be procured, even at the exorbitant charge of one shilling each, the usual shop-price; and that many of them are often not to be procured for any price: A circumstance which arises chiefly from Booksellers having little inducement to keep any regular assortment of pieces of this kind, the demand even for those of the first merit, in a detached form, being inconsiderable and uncertain. These inconveniences first suggested the design of the present publication: And as no Collection of the same kind has hitherto appeared, it is hoped this will meet with a favourable reception from the **PUBLIC**; and will be peculiarly acceptable to those who are possessed of a good Collection of Plays, to which it will form a proper Companion or Supplement, as including the principal performances of a **GARRICK**, a **FOOTE**, &c. printed in an elegant and uniform manner, and attainable at a moderate expence.

THE Volume now published is intended as a specimen; and will be followed by three, four, five, or more, if the Publisher be encouraged to complete his Plan, which is meant to comprehend all the best *petit* pieces of the Stage that have appeared.

THE several Pieces are printed entire, according to the last editions corrected by their respective authors; and, by the assistance of some gentlemen of taste and theatrical knowledge, those passages usually omitted in the representation are uniformly distinguished by inverted commas.

IT may be proper to mention, that the different Volumes are meant to be sold separately, as well as in sets; but that the particular Pieces cannot be sold in the same way, as the manner of printing prevents their separation.

AUGUST 1. 1734.

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T H E
G U A R D I A N.
I N T W O A C T S.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Mr Heartly, the Guardian,</i> <i>Sir Charles Clackit,</i> <i>Mr Clackit, his Nephew,</i> <i>Servant.</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i> <i>Mr Garrick.</i> <i>Mr Yates.</i> <i>Mr Obrien.</i>	<i>Edinburgh.</i> <i>Mr Woods.</i> <i>Mr Hollingsworth.</i> <i>Mr Knight.</i>
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W O M E N.

<i>Miss Harriet, an Heiress,</i> <i>Lucy, the Maid.</i>	<i>Miss Pritchard.</i> <i>Mrs Clive.</i>	<i>Miss Kirby.</i> <i>Mrs Kniveton.</i>
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A C T I.

SCENE, *A Hall in Mr Heartly's House.*

Enter Sir Charles Clackit, his Nephew, and Servant.

SERVANT.

PLEASE to walk this way, Sir.

Sir Cha. Where is your master, friend?

Ser. In his dressing-room, Sir.

T. Cla. Let him know then——

Sir Cha. Prithce be quiet, Jack; when I am in company, let me direct. 'Tis proper and decent.

T. Cla. I am dumb, Sir.

Sir Cha. Tell Mr Heartly, his friend and neighbour Sir Charles Clackit would say three words to him.

Ser. I shall, Sir——

[Exit.
Sir]

A

Sir Cha. Now nephew, consider once again, before I open the matter to my neighbour Heartly, what I am going to undertake for you.—Why don't you speak?

T. Cla. Is it proper and decent, uncle?

Sir Cha. Pshaw! don't be a fool—but answer me—Don't you flatter yourself—What assurance have you that this young lady, my friend's ward, has a liking to you? The young fellows of this age are all coxcombs, and I am afraid you are no exception to the general rule.

T. Cla. Thank you, uncle—But may I this instant be struck old and peevish, if I would put you upon a false scent to expose you, for all the fine women in Christendom.—I assure you again and again, and you may take my word, uncle, that Miss Harriet has no kind of aversion to your nephew and most humble servant.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay,——vanity!——vanity!——but I never take a young fellow's word about women; they'll lie as fast, and with as little conscience, as the *Brussels Gazette*.—Produce your proofs.

T. Cla. Can't your eyes see 'em, uncle, without urging me to the indelicacy of repeating 'em?

Sir Cha. Why, I see nothing but a fool's head and a fool's coat, supported by a pair of most unpromising legs.—Have you no better proofs?

T. Cla. Yes, I have, my good infidel uncle, half a hundred.

Sir Cha. Out with them then.

T. Cla. First then—Whenever I see her, she never looks at me:—That's a sign of love.—Whenever I speak to her, she never answers me:—Another sign of love.—And whenever I speak to any body else, she seems to be perfectly easy:—That's a certain sign of love.

Sir Cha. The devil it is!

T. Cla. When I am with her, she's always grave; and the moment I get up to leave her, then the poor thing begins—"Why will you leave me, Mr Clackit?"—can't you sacrifice a few moments to my bashfulness?
—Stay, you agreeable runaway, stay, I shall soon
"over-

"overcome the fears your presence gives me."——
I could say more——But a man of honour, uncle——

Sir Cha. What, and has she said all these things to you?

Y. Cla. O yes, and ten times more—with her eyes.

Sir Cha. With her eyes!—Eyes are very equivocal, Jack.—However, if the young lady has any liking to you, Mr Heartly is too much a man of the world, and too much my friend, to oppose the match; so do you walk into the garden, and I will open the matter to him.

Y. Cla. Is there any objection to my staying, uncle? The business will be soon ended.—You will propose the match, he will give his consent, I shall give mine, Miss is sent for, and *I'affair est fait.*

[Snapping his finger.

Sir Cha. And so you think that a young beautiful heiress, with forty thousand pounds, is to be had with a scrap of French, and a snap of your finger.—Prithce get away, and don't provoke me.

Y. Cla. Nay, But my dear uncle——

Sir Cha. Nay, but my impertinent nephew, either retire, or I'll throw up the game. [Putting him out.

Y. Cla. Well, well, I am gone, uncle.—When you come to the point, I shall be ready to make my appearance.—*Bon voyage!* [Exit.

Sir Cha. The devil's in these young fellows, I think.—We send 'em abroad to cure their sheepishness, and they get above proof the other way.—

(Enter Mr Heartly.)

—Good-morrow to you, neighbour.

Hea. And to you, Sir Charles; I am glad to see you so strong and healthy.

Sir Cha. I can return you the compliment, my friend:—Without flattery, you don't look more than thirty-five; and between ourselves, you are on the wrong side of forty—But mum for that.

Hea. Ease and tranquillity keep me as you see.

Sir Cha. Why don't you marry, neighbour? A good wife would do well for you.

Hea. For me? You are pleased to be merry, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. No faith, I am serious; and had I a daughter to recommend to you, you should say me nay more than once, I assure you, neighbour Heartly, before I would quit you.

Hea. I am much obliged to you.

Sir Cha. But indeed you are a little too much of the philosopher, to think of being troubled with women and their concerns.

Hea. I beg your pardon, Sir Charles—Tho' there are many who call themselves philosophers, that live single, and perhaps are in the right of it, yet I cannot think that marriage is at all inconsistent with true philosophy.—'A wise man will resolve to live like the rest of the world, with this only difference, that he 'is neither a slave to passions nor events.'—It is not because I have a little philosophy, but because I am on the wrong side of forty, Sir Charles, that I desire to be excused. (*smiling.*)

Sir Cha. As you please, Sir;—and now to my business.—You have no objection, I suppose, to tie up your ward, Miss Harriet, though you have slipped the collar yourself—Ha! ha! ha!

Hea. Quite the contrary, Sir; I have taken her some time from the boarding school, and brought her home, in order to dispose of her worthily, with her own inclination.

Sir Cha. Her father, I have heard you say, recommended that particular care to you, when she had reached a certain age.

Hea. He did so—and I am the more desirous to obey him scrupulously in this circumstance, as she will be a most valuable acquisition to the person who shall gain her—for, not to mention her fortune, which is the least consideration, her sentiments are worthy her birth; she is gentle, modest, and obliging.—In a word, my friend, I never saw youth more amiable or discreet—but perhaps I am a little partial to her.

Sir Cha. No, no, she is a delicious creature, every body says so.—But I believe, neighbour, something has happened that you little think of.

Hea. What, pray, Sir Charles?

Sir

THE GUARDIAN.

Sir Cha. My nephew, Mr Heartly—

Enter Young Clackit.

Y. Cla. Here I am, at your service, Sir—My uncle is a little unhappy in his manner; but I'll clear the matter in a moment—Miss Harriet, Sir,—your ward—

Sir Cha. Get away, you puppy!

Y. Cla. Miss Harriet, Sir, your ward—a most accomplish'd young lady, to be sure—

Sir Cha. Thou art a most accomplish'd cockcomb, to be sure.

Hea. Pray, Sir Charles, let the young gentleman speak.

Y. Cla. You'll excuse me, Mr Heartly—My uncle does not set up for an orator—a little confused, or so, Sir—You see me what I am—But I ought to ask pardon for the young lady and myself.—We are young, Sir—I must confess we were wrong to conceal it from you—But my uncle, I see, is pleased to be angry, and therefore I shall say no more at present.

Sir Cha. If you don't leave the room this moment, and stay in the garden till I call you—

Y. Cla. I am sorry I have displeased you—I did not think it was *mal a-propos*; but you must have your way, uncle—You command—I submit—Mr Heartly, your's. [Exit Young Clackit.]

Sir Cha. Puppy! (*aside.*) My nephew's a little unthinking, Mr Heartly, as you see; and therefore I have been a little cautious how I have proceeded in this affair: But indeed he has in a manner persuaded me, that your ward and he are not ill together.

Hea. Indeed! This is the first notice I have had of it, and I cannot conceive why Miss Harriet should conceal it from me; for I have often assured her, that I would never oppose her inclination, though I might endeavour to direct it.

Sir Cha. 'Tis human nature, neighbour.—We are so ashamed of our first passion, that we would willingly hide it from ourselves—But will you mention my nephew to her?

Hea. I must beg your pardon, Sir Charles.—The name of the gentleman whom she chooses, must first

come from herself.—My advice or importunity shall never influence her: If guardians would be less rigorous, young people would be more reasonable; and I am so unfashionable to think, that happiness in marriage can't be bought too dear.—I am still on the wrong side of forty, Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. No, no—You are right, neighbour.—But here she is.—Don't alarm her young heart too much, I beg of you.—Upon my word, she is a sweet morsel.

Enter Miss Harriet and Lucy.

Miss Har. He is with company—I'll speak to him another time. (*Retiring.*)

Luc. Young, handsome, and afraid of being seen!—You are very particular, Miss.

Hea. Miss Harriet, you must not go.—(*Harriet returns.*) Sir Charles, give me leave to introduce you to this young lady.—(*Introduces her.*) You know, I suppose, the reason of this gentleman's visit to me?

[*To Harriet.*]

Miss Har. Sir! (*confused.*)

Hea. You may trust me, my dear, (*smiling.*)—Don't be disturb'd, I shall not reproach you with any thing but keeping your wishes a secret from me so long.

Miss Har.—Upon my word, Sir.—Lucy!

Luc. Well, and Lucy! I'll lay my life 'tis a treaty of marriage.—Is that such a dreadful thing? Oh, for shame, Madam! Young ladies of fashion are not frightened at such things now a-days.

Hea. to Sir Cha. We have gone too far, Sir Charles.—We must excuse her delicacy, and give her time to recover:—I had better talk with her alone; we will leave her now.—Be persuaded that no endeavours shall be wanting on my part to bring this affair to a happy and a speedy conclusion.

Sir Cha. I shall be obliged to you, Mr Heartly.—Young lady, your servant.—What grace and modesty! She is a most engaging creature, and I shall be proud to make her one of my family.

Hea. You do us honour, Sir Charles.

[*Exeunt Sir Charles and Heartly.*]

Luc. Indeed, Miss Harriet, you are very particular; you

you was tired of the boarding-school, and yet seem to have no inclination to be married.—What can be the meaning of all this?—That smirking old gentleman is uncle to Mr Clackit; and, my life for it, he has made some proposals to your guardian.

Miss Har. Prithce don't plague me about Mr Clackit.

Luc. But why not, Miss? Tho' he is a little fantastical, loves to hear himself talk, and is somewhat self-sufficient; you must consider he is young, has been abroad, and keeps good company:—The trade will soon be at an end, if young ladies and gentlemen grow over nice and exceptionous.

Miss Har. But if I can find one without these faults, I may surely please myself.

Luc. Without these faults! and is he young, Miss?

Miss Har. He is sensible, modest, polite, affable, and generous; and charms from the natural impulses of his own heart, as much as others disgust by their senseless airs and insolent affectation.

Luc. Upon my word!—But why have you kept this secret so long?—Your guardian is kind to you beyond conception.—What difficulties can you have to overcome?

Miss Har. Why, the difficulty of declaring my sentiments.

Luc. Leave that to me, Miss.—But your spark, with all his accomplishments, must have very little penetration, not to have discovered his good fortune in your eyes.

Miss Har. I take care that my eyes don't tell too much; and he has too much delicacy to interpret looks to his advantage. Besides, he would certainly disapprove my passion; and if I should ever make the declaration, and meet with a denial, I should absolutely die with shame.

Luc. I'll insure your life for a silver thimble.—But what can possibly hinder your coming together?

Miss Har. His excess of merit.

Luc. His excess of a fiddlestick!—But come, I'll put you in the way:—You shall trust me with the secret;—I'll entrust it again to half a dozen friends; they

they shall entrust it to half a dozen more, by which means it will travel half the town over in a week's time: the gentleman will certainly hear of it; and then if he is not at your feet in the fetching of a sigh, I'll give up all my perquisites at your wedding.—What is his name, Miss?

Miss Har. I cannot tell you his name,—Indeed I cannot; I am afraid of being thought too singular.—But why should I be ashamed of my passion? Is the impression which a virtuous character makes upon our hearts such a weakness that it may not be excused?

Luc. By my faith, Miss, I can't understand you: You are afraid of being thought singular, and you really are so;—I would sooner renounce all the passions in the universe, than have one in my bosom beating and fluttering itself to pieces.—Come, come, Miss, open the window and let the poor devil out.

Enter Heartly.

Hea. Leave us, Lucy.

Luc. There's something going forward—'tis very hard I can't be of the party. *[Exit,*

Hea. She certainly thinks, from the character of the young man, that I shall disapprove of her choice.

(Aside.)

Miss Har. What can I possibly say to him? I am as much ashamed to make the declaration, as he would be to understand it.

Hea. Don't imagine, my dear, that I would know more of your thoughts than you desire I should; but the tender care which I have ever shown, and the sincere friendship which I shall always have for you, give me a sort of right to inquire into every thing that concerns you.—Some friends have spoken to me in particular.—But that is not all—I have lately found you thoughtful, absent, and disturbed:—Be plain with me—Has not somebody been happy enough to please you?

Miss Har. I cannot deny it, Sir:—Yes—somebody indeed has pleased me—But I must intreat you not to give credit to any idle stories, or inquire farther into the particulars of my inclination; for I cannot possibly have resolution enough to say more to you.

Hea.

Hea. But have you made a choice, my dear?

Miss Har. I have, in my own mind, Sir; and 'tis impossible to make a better—Reason, honour, every thing must approve it.

Hea. And how long have you conceived this passion?

Miss Har. Ever since I left the country—to live with you. (Sighs.)

Hea. I see your confusion, my dear, and will relieve you from it immediately—I am informed of the whole——

Miss Har. Sir!

Hea. Don't be uneasy; for I can with pleasure assure you, that your passion is return'd with equal tenderness.

Miss Har. If you are not deceiv'd—I cannot be more happy.

Hea. I think I am not deceiv'd.—But, after the declaration you have made, and the assurances which I have given you, why will you conceal it any longer? Have I not deserv'd a little more confidence from you?

Miss Har. You have indeed deserv'd it, and should certainly have it, were I not well assur'd that you would oppose my inclinations.

Hea. I oppose 'em! Am I then so unkind to you, my dear?—Can you in the least doubt of my affection for you?—I promise you that I have no will but your's.

Miss Har. Since you desire it then, I will endeavour to explain myself.

Hea. I am all attention—Speak, my dear.

Miss Har. And if I do, I feel I shall never be able to speak to you again.

Hea. How can that be, when I shall agree with you in every thing?

Miss Har. Indeed you won't:—Pray let me retire to my own chamber—I am not well, Sir.

Hea. I see your delicacy is hurt, my dear: But let me intreat you once more to confide in me.—Tell me his name, and the next moment I will go to him and assure him that my consent shall confirm both your happiness.

Miss

Miss Har. You will easily find him—And when you have, pray tell him how improper it is for a young woman to speak first:—Persuade him to spare my blushes, and to release me from so terrible a situation.—I shall leave him with you—And hope that this declaration will make it impossible for you to mistake me any longer.

(Harriet is going, but, upon seeing Y. Clackit, remains upon the stage.)

Hea. Are we not alone? What can this mean? *(Aside.)*

Y. Cla. *Apropos* faith! here they are together.

Hea. I did not see him; but now the riddle's explained. *(Aside.)*

Miss Har. What can he want now? This is the most spiteful interruption. *(Aside.)*

Y. Cla. By your leave, Mr Heartly.—

(Crosses him to go to Harriet.)

—Have I caught you at last, my divine Harriet?—Well, Mr Heartly, *sans façon*——But what's the matter, ho!—Things look a little gloomy here:—One mutters to himself, and gives me no answer; and the other turns the head, and winks at me.—How the devil am I to interpret all this?

Miss Har. I wink at you, Sir! Did I, Sir?

Y. Cla. Yes, you, my angel—But mum—Mr Heartly, for Heaven's sake, what is all this? Speak, I conjure you, is it life or death with me?

Miss Har. What a dreadful situation I am in!

Y. Cla. Hope for the best;—I'll bring matters about, I warrant you.

Hea. You have both of you great reason to be satisfied—Nothing shall oppose your happiness.

Y. Cla. Bravo, Mr Heartly!

Hea. Miss Harriet's will is a law to me; and for you, Sir—the friendship which I have ever profess'd for your uncle is too sincere not to exert some of it upon this occasion.

Miss Har. I shall die with confusion! *(Aside.)*

Y. Cla. I am alive again.—Dear Mr Heartly, thou art a most adorable creature! What a happiness it is to have to do with a man of sense, who has no foolish pre-

prejudices, and can see when a young fellow has something tolerable about him!——

Hea. Sir, not to flatter you, I must declare, that it is from a knowledge of your friends and family that I have hopes of seeing you and this young lady happy. I will go directly to your uncle, and assure him that every thing goes on to our wishes.—— (*Going.*)

Miss Har. Mr Heartly—Pray, Sir!

Hea. Poor Miss Harriet, I see your distress, and am sorry for it; but it must be got over, and the sooner the better.—Mr Claekit, my dear, will be glad of an opportunity to entertain you for the little time I shall be absent!—Poor Miss Harriet! (*Smiling.*)

[*Exit Heartly.*]

Y. Cla. *Allez, allez, Monsieur!*—I'll answer for that.—Well, Ma'am, I think every thing succeeds to our wishes.—Be sincere, my adorable——Don't you think yourself a very happy young lady?

Miss Har. I shall be most particularly obliged to you, Sir, if you would inform me what is the meaning of all this.

Y. Cla. Inform you, Miss!—The matter, I believe, is pretty clear:—Our friends have understanding—we have affections—and a marriage follows of course.

Miss Har. Marriage, Sir! Pray what relation or particular connection is there between you and me, Sir?

Y. Cla. I may be deceiv'd faith;—but upon my honour, I always supposed that there was a little smattering of inclination between us.

Miss Har. And have you spoke to my guardian upon this supposition, Sir?

Y. Cla. And are you angry at it? I believe, not—(*Smiling.*) Come, come, I believe not.—'Tis delicate in you to be upon the reserve.——

Miss Har. Indeed, Sir, this behaviour of your's is most extraordinary.

Y. Cla. Come, come, my dear, don't carry this jest too far, *è troppo, è troppo mia Carissima*.—What the devil, when every thing is agreed upon, and uncles and guardians and such folks have given their consent, why continue the hypocrisy?

Miss

Miss Har. They may have consented for you; but I am mistress of my affections, and will never dispose of 'em by proxy.

Y. Cla. Upon my soul, this is very droll:—What! has not your guardian been here this moment, and expressed all imaginable pleasure at our intended union?

Miss Har. He is in an error, Sir:—And had I not been too much astonished at your behaviour, I had undeceiv'd him long before now.

Y. Cla. (*Humming a tune.*) But, pray, Miss, to return to business—What can be your intention in raising all this confusion in the family, and opposing your own inclinations?

Miss Har. Opposing my own inclinations, Sir?

Y. Cla. Ay, opposing your own inclinations, Madam.—Do you know, child, if you carry on this farce any longer, I shall begin to be a little angry?

Miss Har. I would wish it, Sir;—for be assur'd, that I never in my life had the least thought about you.

Y. Cla. Words, words, words——

Miss Har. 'Tis most sincerely and literally true.

Y. Cla. Come, come, I know what I know——

Miss Har. Don't make yourself ridiculous, Mr Clackit.

Y. Cla. Don't make yourself miserable, Miss Harriet.

Miss Har. I am only so when you persist to torment me.

Y. Cla. (*Smiling.*) And you really believe that you don't love me?

Miss Har. Positively not.

Y. Cla. (*Conceitedly.*) And you are very sure now, that you hate me?

Miss Har. Oh! most cordially.

Y. Cla. Poor young lady! I do pity you from my soul.

Miss Har. Then why won't you leave me?

Y. Cla. ——“*She never told her love,*

“*But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,*

“*Feed on her damask cheek.*”——

Take warning, Miss, when you once begin to *pine in thought,*

thought, 'tis all over with you; and be assured, since you are obstinately bent to give yourself airs, that, if you once suffer me to leave this house in a pet—Do you mind me?—Not all your sighing, whining, fits, vapours, and hysterics, shall ever move me to take the least compassion on you——*Coute qui coute.*

Enter Heartly and Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. I am overjoy'd to hear it:—There they are, the pretty doves! That is the age, neighbour Heartly, for happiness and pleasure.

Hea. I am willing, you see, to lose no time; which may convince you, Sir Charles, how proud I am of this alliance in our families.

Sir Cha. The thought of it rejoices me:—Gad, I will send for the fiddles, and take a dance myself, and a fig for the gout and rheumatism.—But hold, hold—The lovers, methinks, are a little out of humour with each other—What is the matter, Jack? Not pouting, sure, before your time.

X. Cla. A trifle, Sir—the lady will tell you——
(*Hums a tune.*)

Hea. You seem to be troubled, Harriet?—What can this mean?

Miss Har. You have been in an error, Sir, about me.—I did not undeceive you, because I could not imagine that the consequences could have been so serious and so sudden:—But I am now forced to tell you, that you have misunderstood me—That you have distressed me.—

Hea. How, my dear?

Sir Cha. What do you say, Miss?

X. Cla. Mademoiselle is pleased to be out of humour, but I can't blame her; for, upon my honour, I think a little coquetry becomes her.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, ay—Oh, ho!—Is that all? These little squalls seldom overfet the lover's boat, but drive it the faster to port—Ay, ay, ay—

Hea. Don't be uneasy, my dear, that you have declared your passion.—Be consistent now, lest you should be thought capricious.

X. Cla. Talk to her a little, Mr Heartly; she is a

fine lady, and has many virtues, but she does not know the world.

Sir Cha. Come, come, you must be friends again, my children.

Miss Har. I beg you will let me alone, Sir.

Hea. For heaven's sake, Miss Harriet, explain this riddle to me.

Miss Har. I cannot, Sir.—I have discovered the weakness of my heart—I have discovered it to you, Sir.—But your unkind interpretations, and reproachful looks, convince me, that I have already said but too much. [*Exit. (Heartly muses.)*]

Sir Cha. Well but hark'ye, nephew—This is going a little too far,——What have you done to her?

Hea. I never saw her so much moved before!

Y. Cla. Upon my soul, Gentlemen, I am as much surpris'd at it as you can be:—The little *bravillerie* between us arose upon her persisting that there was no passion, no *penchant*, between us.

Sir Cha. I'll tell you what, Jack—There is a certain kind of impudence about you, that I don't approve of; and were I a young girl, those coxcomical airs of your's would surfeit me.

Y. Cla. But as the young ladies are not quite so squeamish as you, uncle, I fancy they will choofe me as I am. Ha! ha!—But what can the lady object to? I have offered to marry her; is not that a proof sufficient that I like her? A young fellow must have some affection that will go such lengths to indulge it. Ha! ha!

Sir Cha. Why really, friend Heartly, I don't see how a young man can well do more, or a lady desire more.——What say you, neighbour?

Hea. Upon my word, I am puzzled about it.——My thoughts upon the matter are so various, and so confused—Every thing I see and hear is so contradictory—is so—She certainly cannot like any body else?

Y. Cla. No, no, I'll answer for that——

Hea. Or she may be fearful then, that your passion for her is not sincere, or, like other young men of the times, you may grow careless upon marriage and neglect her.

Y. Cla.

Y. Cla. Ha! Egad you have hit it; nothing but a little natural delicate sensibility—— (*Hums a tune.*)

Hea. If so, perhaps the violence of her reproaches may proceed from the lukewarmness of your professions.

Y. Cla. *Je vous demande pardon*——I have sworn to her a hundred and a hundred times, that she should be the happiest of her sex.—But there is nothing surprising in all this; it is the misery of an overfond heart, to be always doubtful of its happiness.

Hea. And if she marries thee, I fear that she'll be kept in a state of doubt as long as she lives. (*Half aside.*)

Enter Lucy.

Luc. Pray, Gentlemen, what is the matter among you? And which of you has affronted my mistress? She is in a most prodigious taking yonder, and she vows to return into the country again——I can get nothing but sighs from her.

Y. Cla. Poor thing!

Luc. Poor thing! The devil take this love, I say—There's more rout about it than 'tis worth.

Y. Cla. I beg your pardon for that, Mrs Abigail.

Hea. I must inquire further into this; her behaviour is too particular for me not to be disturbed at it.

Luc. She desires, with the leave of these gentlemen, that, when she has recover'd herself, she may talk with you alone, Sir. (*To Heartly.*)

Hea. I shall with pleasure attend her. [*Exit Lucy.*]

Y. Cla. *Divin Bacchus*: La, la, la! (*Sings.*)

Sir Cha. I would give, old as I am, a leg or an arm to be belov'd by that sweet creature as you are, Jack!

Y. Cla. And throw your gout and rheumatism into the bargain, uncle?——Ha, ha! *Divin Bacchus.* La, la, la, &c. (*Sings.*)

Sir Cha. What the plague are you quavering at? Thou hast no more feeling for thy happiness than my stick here.

Y. Cla. I beg your pardon for that, my dear uncle.

(*Takes out a pocket looking-glass.*)

Sir Cha. I wonder what the devil is come to the young fellows of this age, neighbour Heartly?—Why, a fine woman has no effect upon 'em.—Is there no

method to make 'em less fond of themselves, and more mindful of the ladies?

Hea. I know but of one, Sir Charles.——

Sir Cha. Ay, what's that?

Hea. Why to break all the looking-glasses in the kingdom. (*Pointing to Y. Clackit.*)

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, they are such fops, so taken up with themselves!——Zounds, when I was young, and in love——

Y. Cla. You were a prodigious fine sight, to be sure.

Hea. Look'ye, Mr Clackit, if Miss Harriet's affections declare for you, she must not be treated with neglect or disdain——Nor could I bear it, Sir.——

Any man must be proud of her partiality to him; and he must be fashionably insensible indeed, who wou'd not make it his darling care to defend from every inquietude the most delicate and tender of her sex.

Sir Cha. Most nobly and warmly said, Mr Heartly.——Go to her, nephew, directly——Throw yourself at her feet, and swear how much her beauty and virtue have captivated you, and don't let her go till you have set her dear little heart at rest.

Y. Cla. I must desire to be excus'd.——Wou'd you have me say the same thing over and over again?——I can't do it, positively.——It is my turn to be piqu'd now.

Sir Cha. Damn your conceit, Jack, I can bear it no longer.

Hea. I am very sorry to find that any young lady, so near and dear to me, shou'd bestow her heart where there is so little prospect of its being valued as it ought.

——However, I shall not oppose my authority to her inclinations; and so——Who waits there? (*Enter Servant.*) Let the young lady know that I shall attend her commands in the library. (*Exit Servant.*) Will you excuse me, Gentlemen?

Sir Cha. Ay, ay——We'll leave you to yourselves; and pray convince her, that I and my nephew are most sincerely her very humble servants.

Y. Cla. O yes, you may depend upon me.

Hea. A very slender dependence truly. (*Aside.*) [*Exit.*]

Y. Cla. We'll be with you again to know what your

tete

tete a tete produces; and in the mean time I am her's,
—and your's—Adieu. Come, uncle,—Fal,
lal, la, la!

Sir Cha. I cou'd knock him down with pleasure.

(*Aside.*)

[*Exit* Sir Charles and Y. Clackit.]

A C T II.

SCENE, *A Library.*

HEARTLY, (Speaking to a Servant.)

TELL Miss Harriet, that I am here.—If she
is indisposed, I will wait upon her in her own
room.— (*Exit Servant.*)

However mysterious her conduct appears to me, yet
still it is to be decyphered.—This young gentleman
has certainly touch'd her—There are some objections
to him, and among so many young men of fashion that
fall in her way she certainly might have made a better
choice: She has an understanding to be sensible of this;
and, if I am not mistaken, it is a struggle between her
reason and her passion, that occasions all this confusion.
—But here she is.

Enter Miss Harriet.

Miss Har. I hope you are not angry, Sir, that I left
you so abruptly, without making any apology?

Hea. I am angry that you think an apology neces-
sary.—The matter we were upon was of such a delicate
nature, that I was more pleased with your confusion,
than I should have been with your excuses.—You'll par-
don me, my dear.—

Miss Har. I have reflected, that the person for whom
I have conceived a most tender regard, may, from the
wisest motives, doubt of my passion; and therefore I
would endeavour to answer all his objections, and con-
vince him how deserving he is of my highest esteem.

Hea. I have not yet apprehended what kind of dis-
pute could arise between you and Mr Clackit:—I would
advise you both to come to a reconciliation as soon as
possible.—The law of nature is an imperious one, and

cannot, like those of our country, be easily evaded; and though reason may suggest some disagreeable reflections, yet when the stroke is to be given, we must submit to it.

Miss Har. He still continues in his error, and I cannot undeceive him. (*Aside.*)

Hea. Shall I take the liberty of telling you, my dear (*Taking her hand.*)—You tremble, Harriet!—What is the matter with you?

Miss Har. Nothing, Sir—Pray go on.—

Hea. I guess whence proceeds all your uneasiness.—You fear that the world will not be so readily convinced of this young gentleman's merit as you are: And, indeed, I could wish him more deserving of you; but your regard for him gives him a merit he otherwise would have wanted, and almost makes me blind to his failings.

Miss Har. And would you advise me, Sir, to make choice of this gentleman?

Hea. I would advise you, as I always have done, to consult your own heart upon such an occasion.

Miss Har. If that is your advice, I will most religiously follow it; and, for the last time, I am resolved to discover my real sentiments; but as a confession of this kind will not become me, I have been thinking of some innocent stratagem to spare my blushes, and in part to relieve me from the shame of a declaration.—Might I be permitted to write to him?—

Hea. I think you may, my dear, without the least offence to your delicacy: And indeed you ought to explain yourself; your late misunderstanding makes it absolutely necessary.

Miss Har. Will you be kind enough to assist me?—Will you write it for me, Sir?

Hea. Oh most willingly!—And as I am made a party, it will remove all objections.

Miss Har. I will dictate to you in the best manner I am able. (*Sighing.*)

Hea. And here is pen, ink, and paper, to obey your commands. (*Draws the table.*)

Miss Har. Lord, how my heart beats! I fear I cannot go thro' it. (*Aside.*)

Hea.

Hea. Now, my dear, I am ready.—Don't be disturb'd.—He is certainly a man of family; and tho' he has some little faults, time and your virtues will correct them.—Come, what shall I write? (*Preparing to write.*)

Miss Har. Pray give me a moment's thought—'Tis a terrible task, Mr Heartly.

Hea. I know it is.—Don't hurry yourself:—I shall wait with patience.—Come, Miss Harriet.

Miss Har. (*dictating.*) “It is in vain for me to conceal, from one of your understanding, the secrets of my heart.”

Hea. *The secrets of my heart—(Writing.)*

Miss Har. “Tho' your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it.—”

Hea. Do you think, my dear, that he is much troubled with those qualities?

Miss Har. Pray indulge me, Sir.

Hea. I beg your pardon.—Your humility and modesty will not suffer you to perceive it. (*Writes.*) So.

Miss Har. “Every thing tells you, that it is you that I love.”

Hea. Very well. (*Writes.*)

Miss Har. Yes:—You that I love;—do you understand me?

Hea. O! yes, yes—I understand you—that it is You that I love.—This is very plain, my dear.

Miss Har. I would have it so.—“And tho' I am already bound in gratitude to you—”

Hea. In gratitude to Mr Checkit?

Miss Har. Pray write, Sir.

Hea. Well—In gratitude to you; (*Writes.*)—I must write what she would have me. (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. “Yet my passion is a most disinterested one.”

Hea. Most disinterested one. (*Writes.*)

Miss Har. “And to convince you, that you owe much more to my affections—”

Hea. And then?

Miss Har. “I could wish that I had not experienced—”

Hea. Stay, Stay: had not experienced.—(*Writes.*)

Miss Har. “Your tender care of me in my infancy.—”

Hea.

Hea. (*Disturbed.*) What did you say?—Did I hear right, or am I in a dream? (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. Why have I declared myself?—He'll hate me for my folly. (*Aside.*)

Hea. Harriet!

Miss Har. Sir!

Hea. To whom do you write this letter?

Miss Har. To—to—Mr Clackit—is it not?

Hea. You must not mention then the care of your infancy; it would be ridiculous.

Miss Har. It would indeed—I own it—It is improper.—

Hea. What, did it escape you in your confusion?

Miss Har. It did indeed.

Hea. What must I put in its place?

Miss Har. Indeed I don't know.—I have said more than enough to make myself understood.

Hea. Then I'll only finish your letter with the usual compliment, and send it away.

Miss Har. Yes—send it away—if you think I ought to send it.

Hea. (*Troubled.*) Ought to send it!—Who's there?
—(*Enter a Servant.*) Carry this letter.

(*An action escapes from Harriet, as if to hinder the sending the letter.*)

—Is it not for Mr Clackit?

Miss Har. (*Peevishly.*) Who can it be for?

Hea. (*To the Servant.*) Here, take this letter to Mr Clackit. (*Gives the letter.*) *Exit Servant.*

Miss Har. What a terrible situation! (*Aside.*)

Hea. I am thunderstruck! (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. I cannot speak another word. (*Aside.*)

Hea. My prudence fails me! (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. He disapproves my passion, and I shall die with confusion. (*Aside.*)

Enter Lucy.

Luc. The conversation is over, and I may appear. (*Aside.*)—Sir Charles is without, Sir, and is impatient to know your determination.—May he be permitted to see you?

Hea. (*Aside.*) I must retire to conceal my weakness.

[*Exit.*

Luc.

Luc. Upon my word this is very whimsical.—What is the reason, Miss, that your guardian is gone away without giving me an answer?

Miss Har. What a contempt he must have for me, to behave in this manner! [Exit.

Luc. Extremely well this, and equally foolish on both sides!—But what can be the meaning of it?—Ho, ho—I think I have a glimmering at last.—Suppose she shou'd not like young Shatter-brains after all; and indeed she has never absolutely said she did; who knows but she has at last opened her mind to my good master, and he finding her taste (like that of other girls at her age) most particularly ridiculous, has not been so complaisant as he used to be,——What a shame it is that I don't know more of this matter, a wench of spirit as I am; a favourite of my mistress, and as inquisitive as I ought to be! It is an affront to my character, and I must have satisfaction immediately.—(Going.) I will go directly to my young mistress; tease her to death, till I am at the bottom of this; and if threatening, soothing, scolding, whispering, crying, and lying, will not prevail, I will e'en give her warning—and go upon the stage. [Exit.

Enter Heartly.

Hea. The more I reflect upon what has pass'd, the more I am convinc'd that she did not intend writing to this young fellow.—What am I to think of it then?—Let a man be ever so much upon his guard against the approaches of vanity, yet he will find himself weak in that quarter.—Had not my reason made a little stand against my presumption, I might have interpreted some of Harriet's words in my own favour; but—I may well blush, tho' alone, at my extravagant folly!—'Can it be possible that so young a creature shou'd even cast a thought of that kind upon me?—Upon me! Presumptuous vanity!'—No, no,—I will do her and myself the justice to acknowledge, that, for a very few slight appearances, there are a thousand reasons that destroy so ridiculous a supposition.

Enter Sir Charles.

Sir Cha. Well, Mr Heartly, what are we to hope for?

Hea.

Hea. Upon my word, Sir, I am still in the dark ; we puzzle about, indeed, but we don't get forward.

Sir Cha. What the devil is the meaning of all this ? There never sure were lovers so difficult to bring together. But have you not been a little too rough with the lady ? For as I pass'd by her but now, she seem'd a little out of humour—and, upon my faith, not the less beautiful for a little pouting.

Hea. Upon my word, Sir Charles, what I can collect from her behaviour is, that your nephew is not so much in her good graces as he made you believe.

Sir Cha. 'Egad, like enough.—But hold, hold, —this must be look'd a little into :—if it is so, I wou'd be glad to know, why, and wherefore, I have been made so ridiculous.—Eh, Mr Heartly, does he take me for his fool, his beast, his Merry Andrew ? By the Lord Harry—

Hea. In him a little vanity is excuseable.

Sir Cha. I am his vanity's humble servant for that tho'.—

Hea. He is of an age, Sir Charles——

Sir Cha. Ay, of an age to be very impertinent ; but I shall desire him to be less free with his uncle for the future, I assure him.

Enter Lucy.

Luc. I have it, I have it, Gentlemen ! You need not puzzle any more about the matter.—I have got the secret.—I know the knight-errant that has wounded our distress'd lady.

Sir Cha. Well, and who ? And what, child ?

Luc. What, has not she told you, Sir ? (*To Heartly.*)

Hea. Not directly.

Luc. So much the better.—What pleasure it is to discover a secret, and then tell it to all the world !—I press'd her so much, that she at last confess'd.

Sir Cha. Well, what ?

Luc. That, in the first place, she did not like your nephew.

Sir Cha. And I told the puppy so.

Luc. That she had a most mortal antipathy for the young men of this age ; and that she had settled her affections upon one of riper years, and riper understanding.

Sir

Sir Cha. Indeed!

Luc. And that she expected from a lover in his autumn, more affection, more complaisance, more constancy, and more discretion of course.

Hea. This is very particular.

Sir Cha. Ay, but it is very prudent for all that.

Luc. In short, as she had openly declared against the nephew, I took upon me to speak of his uncle.

Sir Cha. Of me, Child?

Luc. Yes, of you, Sir—And she did not say me nay—but cast such a look, and fetch'd such a sigh,—that if ever I look'd and sigh'd in my life, I know how it is with her.

Sir Cha. What the devil!—Why surely—Eh, Lucy! You joke for certain.—Mr Heartly!—Eh!

Luc. Indeed I do not, Sir.—'Twas in vain for me to say that nothing cou'd be so ridiculous as such a choice.—Nay, Sir, I went a little further, (you'll excuse me), and told her—Good God, Madam, said I, why, is he old and gouty, asthmatic, rheumatic, sciatic, spleen-atic.—It signified nothing, she had determined.—

Sir Cha. But you need not have told her all that.

Hea. I am persuaded, Sir Charles, that a good heart and a good mind will prevail more with that young lady, than the more fashionable accomplishments.

Sir Cha. I'll tell you what, neighbour, I have had my days, and have been well receiv'd among the ladies, I have—But in truth, I am rather in my winter than my autumn; she must mean somebody else. Now I think again—it can't be me.—No, no, it can't be me.

Luc. But I tell you it is, Sir.—You are the man—Her stars have decreed it; and what they decree, tho' ever so ridiculous, must come to pass.—

Sir Cha. Say you so?—Why then, Monsieur nephew, I shall have a little laugh with you—Ha, ha, ha! The tid-bit is not for you, my nice Sir—Your betters must be serv'd before you.—But here he comes—Not a word for your life.—We'll laugh at him most triumphantly—Ha, ha! but mum, mum.

Enter Y. Clackit. (*Music plays without.*)

Y. Cla. That will do most divinely well.—Bravo, bravo, Messieurs Vocal and Instrumental! —Stay in

in that chamber, and I will let you know the time for your appearance. (*To the musicians.*) Meeting by accident with some artists of the string, and my particular friends, I have brought 'em to celebrate Miss Harriet's and my approaching happiness. (*To Heartly.*)

Sir Cha. Do you hear the puppy? (*To Lucy.*)

Hea. It is time to clear up all mistakes.

Sir Cha. Now for it.

Hea. Miss Harriet, Sir, was not destin'd for you.

Y. Cla. What do you say, Sir?

Hea. That the young lady has fix'd her affections upon another.

Y. Cla. Upon another?

Sir Cha. Yes, Sir, *another*:—That is English, Sir, and you may translate it into French, if you like it better.

Y. Cla. *Vous êtes bien drole, mon oncle.*—Ha, ha!

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, show your teeth, you have nothing else for it—But she has fix'd her heart upon another, I tell you.

Y. Cla. Very well, Sir, extremely well.

Sir Cha. And that other, Sir, is one to whom you owe great respect.

Y. Cla. I am his most respectful humble servant.

Sir Cha. You are a fine youth, my sweet nephew, to tell me a story of a cock and a bull, of you and the young lady, when you have no more interest in her than the Czar of Muscovy.

Y. Cla. (*smiling.*) But my dear uncle, don't carry this jest too far—I shall begin to be uneasy.

Sir Cha. Ay, ay, I know your vanity: You think now that the women are all for you young fellows.—

Y. Cla. Nine hundred and ninety-nine in a thousand, I believe, uncle: Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Cha. You'll make a damn'd foolish figure by and by, Jack.

Y. Cla. Whoever my precious rival is, he must prepare himself for a little humility; for be he ever so mighty, my dear uncle, I have that in my pocket will lower his top-sails for him. (*Searching his pocket.*)

Sir Cha. Well, what's that?

Y. Cla. A fourteen pounder only, my good uncle—A letter from the lady. (*Takes it out of his pocket.*)

Sir

Sir Cha. What, to you?

Y. Cla. To me, Sir——This moment receiv'd,
and overflowing with the tenderest sentiments.

Sir Cha. To you?

Y. Cla. Most undoubtedly.——She reproaches me
with my excessive modesty.——There can be no mistake.

Sir Cha. What letter is this he chatters about?

(*To Heartly.*)

Hea. One written by me, and dictated by the young
lady.

Sir Cha. What! sent by her to him?

Hea. I believe so.

Sir Cha. Well, but then——How the devil——
Mrs Lucy!——Eh!——What becomes of your fine
story?

Luc. I don't understand it.

Sir Cha.——Nor I!

Hea. (*hesitating.*) Nor——I——

Y. Cla. But I do,—and so you will all presently.—
Well, my dear uncle, what! are you astonished, petrify'd,
annihilated?

Sir Cha. With your impudence, Jack!——But I'll
see it out.

Enter Miss Harriet.

Miss Har. Bless me, Mr Heartly, what is all this
music for in the next room?

Y. Cla. I brought the gentlemen of the string,
Mademoiselle, to convince you, that I feel, as I ought,
the honour you have done me——(*showing the letter.*)
But for Heaven's sake, be sincere a little with these good
folks: they tell me here that I am nobody, and there is
another happier than myself; and for the soul of me, I
don't know how to believe them.—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Cha. Let us hear Miss speak.

Miss Har. It is a most terrible task; but I am com-
pell'd to it, and to hesitate any longer wou'd be inju-
rious to my guardian, his friend, this young gentleman,
and my own character.

Y. Cla. Most judicious, upon my soul.

Sir Cha. Hold your tongue, Jack.

Y. Cla. I am dumb.

Miss Har. You have all been] in an error.—My
Vol. I. C *Miss*

bashfulness may have deceived you—My heart never did.—

Y. Cla. *C'est vrai.*

Miss Har. Therefore, before I declare my sentiments, it is proper that I disavow any engagement:—But at the same time must confess—

Y. Cla. Ho—ho!—

Miss Har. With fear and shame confess—

Y. Cla. *Courage, Mademoiselle!*

Miss Har. That another, not you, Sir, has gain'd a power over my heart.—(To *Y. Clackit.*)

Sir Cha. Another, not you; mind that, Jack. Ha! ha!

Miss Har. It is a power indeed which he despises.—I cannot be deceived in his conduct.—Modesty may tie the tongue of our sex, but silence in him could proceed only from contempt.

Sir Cha. How prettily she reproaches me!—But I'll soon make it up with her.

Miss Har. As to that letter, Sir, your error there is excusable; and I own myself in that particular a little blameable.—But it was not my fault that it was sent to you; and the contents must have told you, that it could not possibly be meant for you. (To *Y. Clackit.*)

Sir Cha. Proof positive, Jack:—Say no more.—Now is my time to begin.—Hem!—hem!—Sweet young lady!—hem!—whose charms are so mighty, so far transcending every thing that we read of in history or fable, how could you possibly think that my silence proceeded from contempt? Was it natural or prudent, think you, for a man of sixty-five, nay, just entering into his sixty-sixth year—

Y. Cla. *O Misericorde!* What, is my uncle my rival! Nay then I shall burst, by Jupiter!—Ha! ha! ha!

Miss Har. Don't imagine, Sir, that to me your age is any fault.

Sir Cha. (Bowing.) You are very obliging, Madam.

Miss Har. Neither is it, Sir, a merit of that extraordinary nature, that I should sacrifice to it an inclination which I have conceived for another.

Sir Cha. How is this?

Y. Cla. Another! not you—mind that, uncle.

Luc. What is the meaning of all this!

Y. Cla. Proof positive, uncle—and very positive.

Sir Cha. I have been led into a mistake, Madam, which I hope you will excuse; and I have made myself very ridiculous, which I hope I shall forget:—And so Madam, I am your humble servant.—This young lady has something very extraordinary about her.

Hea. What I now see, and the remembrance of what is past, force me to break silence.

Y. Cla. Ay, now for it.—Hear him—hear him.—

Hea. O my Harriet!—I too must be disgraced in my turn:—Can you think that I have seen and convers'd with you unmov'd?—Indeed I have not.—The more I was sensible of your merit, the stronger were my motives to stifle the ambition of my heart.—But now I can no longer resist the violence of my passion, which casts me at your feet, the most unworthy indeed of all your admirers, but of all the most affectionate.

Y. Cla. So, so, the moon has changed, and the grown gentlemen begin to be frisky.

Luc. What, my master in love too!—I'll never trust these tye-wigs again. (*Aside.*)

Miss Har. I have refused my hand to Sir Charles and this young gentleman: The one accuses me of caprice, the other of singularity.—Should I refuse my hand a third time (*smiling*), I might draw upon myself a more severe reproach;—and therefore I accept your favour, Sir, and will endeavour to deserve it.

Hea. And thus I seal my acknowledgments, and from henceforth devote my every thought, and all my services, to the author of my happiness. (*Kisses her hand.*)

Luc. Since matters are so well settled, give me leave, Sir, to congratulate you on your success, — and my young lady on her judgment.—You have my taste exactly, Miss; ripe fruit for my money: when it is too green, it sets one's teeth on edge; and when too mellow, it has no flavour at all.

Sir Cha. 'Hold your tongue, you baggage, (*To Lucy.*)'—Well, my dear discreet nephew, are you satisfied with the fool's part you have given me, and play'd yourself, in the farce?

Y. Cla. What would you have me say, Sir? I am too much a philosopher to fret myself because the wind

which was east this morning is now west.—The poor girl in pique has kill'd herself, to be reveng'd on me; but hark'ye, Sir, I believe Heartly will be cursed mad to have me live in his neighbourhood.—A word to the wife.—

Sir Cha. Thou hast a most incorrigible vanity, Jack, and nothing can cure thee.—Mr Heartly, I have sense enough, and friendship enough, not to be uneasy at your happiness.

Hea. I hope, Sir Charles, that we shall still continue to live as neighbours and friends. For you, my Harriet, words cannot express my wonder or my joy; my future conduct must tell you what a sense I have of my happiness, and how much I shall endeavour to deserve it.

For ev'ry charm that ever yet bless'd youth,
Accept compliance, tenderness, and truth;
My friendly care shall change to grateful love,
And the fond husband still the GUARDIAN prove.

T H E

THE APPRENTICE.

IN TWO ACTS.

BY MR MURPHY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh.</i>
<i>Wingate</i> , a passionate old man, particularly fond of money and figures, and involuntarily uneasy about his son,	Mr Yates.	Mr Hollingsworth.
<i>Dick</i> , his son, bound to an apothecary, and fond of going on the stage,	Mr Woodward.	Mr Ward.
<i>Gargle</i> , an apothecary,	Mr Burton.	Mr Charteris.
<i>Charlotte</i> , daughter to Gargle,	Miss Minors.	Miss Kirby.
<i>Simon</i> , servant to Gargle,	Mr H. Vaughan.	Mr Johnson.
<i>Scotchman</i> ,	Mr Blakes.	
<i>Irishman</i> ,	Mr Jefferson.	Mr Hallion.
<i>Catchpole</i> , a bailiff,	Mr Vaughan.	

Spouting-Club, Watchmen, &c.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr GARRICK,

And spoken by Mr WOODWARD.

PROLOGUES precede the *piece*—in mournful verse;
 As undertakers—walk before the herse;
 Whose doleful march may strike the harden'd mind,
 And wake its feelings—for the dead—behind.
 To-night no smuggled scenes from France we show,
 'Tis English—English, Sirs!—from top to toe.
 Tho' coarse the colours, and the hand unskill'd,
 From real life our little cloth is fill'd.

The hero is a youth,—by fate design'd
 For culling simples;—but whose stage-struck mind,
 Nor fate could rule, nor his indentures bind.
 A place there is where such young Quixotes meet;
 'Tis call'd the *SPOUTING-CLUB*,—a glorious treat!
 Where 'prentic'd kings—alarm the gaping street!
 There *Brutus* starts and stares by midnight taper;
 Who all the *DAY* enacts—a woollen-drapeer.
 There *Hamlet's* ghost stalks forth with doubl'd fist,
 Cries out with hollow voice,—“*Lift, Lift, O Lift!*”
 And frightens Denmark's prince—a young tobacconist.
 The spirit too, clear'd from his deadly white,
 Rises—a haberdasher to the fight!
 Not young attorneys—have this rage withstood,
 But change their *pens* for *TRUNCHEONS*, *ink* for *BLOOD*;
 And (strange reverse!)—die for their country's good.
 To check these heroes, and their laurels crop,
 To bring 'em back to *reason*—and their *SHOP*,
 Our author wrote.—O you *Tom, Dick, Jack, Will!*
 Who hold the balance, or who gild the pill;—
 Who wield the yard, and simp'ring pay your court,
 And at each flourish snip an inch too short!
 Quit not your shops; there thrift and profit call,
 Whilst here young gentlemen are apt to fall! [*Bell rings.*]
 But soft! the prompter calls!—brief let me be—
 Here groans you'll hear, and flying apples see,
 Be damn'd, perhaps.—Farewell!—Remember me.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *Enter WINGATE and SIMON.*

WINGATE.

NAY nay, but I tell you I am convinced—I know
 it is so—And so, friend, don't you think to trifle
 with me:—I know you're in the plot, you scoundrel;
 and if you don't discover all, I'll—

Sim. Dear heart, Sir, you won't give a body time.

Win. Zookers! a whole month missing, and no ac-
 count of him far or near—Wounds! 'tis unaccountable
 —Look ye, friend—don't you pretend—

Sim. Lord, Sir,—you're so main passionate, you won't
 let a body speak.

Win. Speak out then,—and don't stand muttering.
 —' What

—‘What a lubberly fellow you are! Ha! ha!’—
Why don’t you speak out, you blockhead?

Sim. Lord, Sir, to be sure the gentleman is a fine young gentleman, and a sweet young gentleman—but, lack-a-day, Sir,—how should I know any thing of him?

Win. Sirrah, I say he could not be ’prentice to your master so long, and you live so long in one house with him, without knowing his haunts and all his ways—And then, varlet, what brings you here to my house so often?

Sim. My master Gargle and I, Sir, are so uneasy about un, that I have been running all over the town since morning to inquire for un;—and so in my way, I thought I might as well call here.—

Win. A villain, to give his father all this trouble—And so you have not heard any thing of him, friend?

Sim. Not a word, Sir, as I hope for marcy; tho’, as sure as you are there, I believe I can guess what’s come on un. As sure as any thing, Master, the gypsies have gotten hold on un;—‘and we shall have un ‘come home as thin as a rake,—like the young girl in ‘the city,—with living upon nothing but crusts and ‘water for six-and-twenty days.’—

Win. The gypsies have got hold of him, ye block-head!—Get out of the room—Here you, Simon—

Sim. Sir—

Win. Where are you going in such a hurry?—Let me see; what must be done?—A ridiculous numskull, with his damned *Cassanders* and *Cloppatras* and trumpery; with his *Romances*, and his *Odyfley Popes*, and a parcel of rascals not worth a groat:—wearing stone buckles, and cocking his hat;—I never wear stone buckles—never cock my hat—But, zookers, I’ll not put myself in a passion.—Simon, do you step back to your master, my friend Gargle, and tell him I want to speak with him—Though I don’t know what I should send for him for—a sly, slow, hesitating blockhead!—he’ll only plague me with his physical cant and his nonsense—Why don’t you go, you booby, when I bid you?—

Sim. Yes, Sir—

[Exit.

Win. This fellow will be the death of me at last—

I can't sleep in my bed sometimes for him.—An absurd insignificant rascal—to stand in his own light!—Death and fury, that we can't get children, without having a love for 'em!—I have been turmoiling for the fellow all the days of my life, and now the scoundrel's run away—Suppose I advertise the dog, and promise a reward to any one that can give an account of him—Well, but,—why should I throw away my money after him?—why, as I don't say what reward, I may give what I please when they come—Ay, but if the villain should deceive me, and happen to be dead,—why then he tricks me out of two shillings—my money's flung into the fire—Zookors, I'll not put myself in a passion—let him follow his nose—'tis nothing at all to me—what care I?—What do you come back for, friend?

Re-enter Simon.

Sim. As I was going out, Sir, the post came to the door, and brought this letter.

Win. Let me see it—The gypsies have got hold of him! ha! ha! what a pretty fellow you are! ha! ha! Why don't you step where I bid you, Sirrah?—

Sim. Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]

Win. Well, well,—I'm resolved, and it shall be so—I'll advertise him to-morrow morning, and promise, if he comes home, all shall be forgiven?—And when the blockhead comes, I may do as I please—ha! ha! I may do as I please!—Let me see:—He had on—a silver-loop'd hat;—I never liked those vile silver loops:—A silver-loop'd hat;—and—and—Slidikins, what signifies what he had on?—I'll read my letter, and think no more about him.—Hey! what a plague have we here? *[mutters to himself.]* Bristol—a—what's all this?—

“Esteemed Friend,

“Last was 20th ultimo, since none of thine; which
“will occasion brevity. The reason of my writing to
“thee at present, is to inform thee, that thy son came
“to our place with a company of strollers, who were
“taken up by the magistrate, and committed as vaga-
“bonds to jail.

Zookers! I'm glad of it—a villain of a fellow! Let him lie there—

“ I

" I am sorry thy lad should follow such profane courses; but out of the esteem I bear unto thee, I have taken thy boy out of confinement, and sent him off for your city in the waggon, which left this four days ago. He is consigned to thy address; being the needful from thy friend and servant,

" *Ebeneezor Broadbrim.*"

Wounds! what did he take the fellow out for?—a scoundrel, rascal—turn'd stage-player!—I'll never see the villain's face.—Who comes there?—

Enter Simon.

Sim. I met my master on the way, Sir;—our cares are over:—Here he is, Sir.—

Win. Let him come in—and do you go down stairs, you blockhead.— [Exit Simon.

Enter Gargle.

Win. So, friend Gargle—Here's a fine piece of work—Dick's turned vagabond.—

Gar. He must be put under a proper regimen directly, Sir—He arrived at my house within these ten minutes; but in such a trim—He's now below stairs—I judged it proper to leave him there till I had prepared you for his reception.—

Win. Death and fire! what could put it into the villain's head to turn buffoon?

Gar. Nothing so easily accounted for:—Why, when he ought to be reading the Dispensatory, there was he constantly reading over plays, and farces, and *Shakespeare*.—

Win. Ay, that damn'd *Shakespeare*!—I hear the fellow was nothing but a deer-stealer in *Warwickshire*.—Zookers, if they had hanged him out of the way, he would not now be the ruin of honest mens children.—But what right had he to read *Shakespeare*?—I never read *Shakespeare*!—Wounds! I caught the rascal myself reading that nonsensical play of *Hamblet*, where the prince is keeping company with strollers and vagabonds: A fine example, Mr Gargle!

Gar. His disorder is of the malignant kind, and my daughter has taken the infection from him—Bless my heart!—she was as innocent as water-gruel till he spoilt her:—I found her the other night in the very fact.

Win.

Win. Zookers! you don't say so!—caught her in the fact?—

Gar. Ay, in the very fact of reading a play-book in bed.

Win. O, is that the fact you mean?—Is that all?—tho' that's bad enough.—

Gar. But I have done for my young madam:—I have confined her to her room, and locked up all her books.

Win. Look ye, friend Gargle, I'll never see the villain's face:—Let him follow his nose, and bite the bridle.—

Gar. Lenitives, Mr Wingate—lenitives are properest at present:—His habit requires gentle alteratives:—but leave him to my management;—about twenty ounces of blood, with a cephalic tincture,—and he may do very well.

Win. Where is the scoundrel?

Gar. Dear Sir, moderate your anger, and don't use such harsh language.

Win. Harsh language!—Why, do you think, man, I'd call him a scoundrel, if I had not a regard for him?—You don't hear me call a stranger a scoundrel.

Gar. Dear Sir, he may still do very well; the boy has very good sentiments.—

Win. Sentiment!—a fig for sentiment; let him get money, and never miss an opportunity—I never missed an opportunity; got up at five in the morning,—struck a light—made my own fire—worked my finger's ends—and this vagabond of a fellow is going his own way—With all my heart—what care I?—let him follow his nose—let him follow his nose—a ridiculous—

Gar. Ay, ridiculous indeed, Sir—Why, for a long time past, he could not converse in the language of common sense.—Ask him but a trivial question, and he'd give some cramp answer out of some of his plays that had been running in his head; and so there's no understanding a word he says.—

Win. Zookers! this comes of his keeping company with wits, and be damn'd to 'em for wits—ha! ha!—Wits! a fine thing indeed—ha! ha! 'Tis the most beggarly, rascally,—contemptible thing on earth.—

Gar.

Gar. And then, Sir, I have found out that he went three times a-week to a spouting-club.

Win. A spouting-club, friend Gargle!—What's a spouting-club?

Gar. A meeting of 'prentices and clerks, and giddy young men, intoxicated with plays; and so they meet in public-houses to act speeches; there they all neglect business, despise the advice of their friends, and think of nothing but to become actors.—

Win. You don't say so!—A spouting-club! wounds, I believe they are all mad.

Gar. Ay, mad indeed, Sir.—Madness is occasioned in a very extraordinary manner:—the spirits flowing in particular channels—

Win. 'Sdeath, you're as mad yourself as any of them.—

Gar. And continuing to run in the same ducts—

Win. Ducks! damn your ducks.—Who's below there?

Gar. The texture of the brain becomes disorder'd, and [*Wingate walks about uneasily, and Gargle follows*] thus, by the pressure on the nerves, the head is disturbed, and so your son's malady is contracted.—

Win. Who's without there?—Don't plague me so, man.

Gar. But I shall alter the morbid state of the juices, correct his blood, and produce laudable chyle.—

Win. Zookers, friend Gargle, don't tease me so—Don't plague me with your physical nonsense—Who's below there?—Tell that fellow to come up.—

Gar. Dear Sir, be a little cool—Inflammatories may be dangerous.—Do, pray, Sir, moderate your passions.—

Win. Prithce be quiet, man—I'll try what I can do—Here he comes.

Enter Dick.

Dick. Now, my good father, what's the matter? *

Win. So, friend,—you have been upon your travels, have you?—You have had your frolic?—Look ye, young man,—I'll not put myself in a passion:—But, death and fire, you scoundrel,—what right have you to plague

* Hamlet.

plague me in this manner?—Do you think I must fall in love with your face, because I am your father?

Dick. A little more than kin, and less than kind *.

Win. Ha! ha!—what a pretty figure you cut now?—ha! ha!—Why don't you speak, you blockhead?—Have you nothing to say for yourself?—

Dick. Nothing to say for yourself?—What an old prig it is!

Win. Mind me, friend—I have found you out—I see you'll never come to good.—Turn stage-player! Wounds, you'll not have an eye in your head in a month—ha! ha!—you'll have 'em knocked out of the sockets with withered apples—remember I tell you so.

Dick. A critic too! [*whistles.*] Well done, old square-toes.—

Win. Look ye, young man—take notice of what I say:—I made my own fortune, and I could do the same again. Wounds!—if I were placed at the bottom of Chancery-Lane, with a brush and black-ball,—I'd make my own fortune again—You read Shakespeare!—get Cocker's Arithmetic—you may buy it for a shilling on any stall—best book that ever was wrote.—

Dick. Pretty well that;—ingenious, faith!—Egad, the old fellow has a pretty notion of letters.

Win. Can you tell how much is *five eighths of three sixteenths of a pound*?—Five eighths of three sixteenths of a pound—Ay, ay, I see you're a blockhead.—Look ye, young man,—if you have a mind to thrive in this world, study figures, and make yourself useful—make yourself useful.—

Dick. † How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable, seem to me all the uses of this world!—

Win. Mind the scoundrel now.—

Gar. Do, Mr Wingate, let me speak to him—softly, softly—I'll touch him gently.—Come, come, young man, lay aside this sulky humour, and speak as becomes a son.

Dick. ‡ O Jephtha, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!—

Win. What does the fellow say?

Gar.

* Hamlet.

† Ditto.

‡ Ditto.

Gar. He relents, Sir—Come, come, young man, he'll forgive.—

Dick. * They fool me to the top of my bent.—Gad, I'll hum 'em, to get rid of 'em—A truant disposition, good my lord:—No, no, stay, that's not right—I have a better speech.—“† It is as you say—when we
“ are sober, and reflect but ever so little on our follies,
“ we are ashamed and sorry; and yet the very next minute, we rush again into the very same absurdities.”

Win. Well said, lad, well said—mind me, friend: Commanding our own passions, and artfully taking advantage of other people's, is the sure road to wealth—Death and fire!—but I won't put myself in a passion:—'Tis my regard for you makes me speak; and if I tell you you're a scoundrel, 'tis for your good.

Dick. Without doubt, Sir. [*Stifling a laugh.*]

Win. If you want any thing, you shall be provided:—Have you any money in your pocket?—ha! ha! What a ridiculous numskull you are now?—ha! ha!—Come, here's some money for you.—[*Pulls out his money, and looks at it.*]—I'll give it to you another time; and so you'll mind what I say to you, and make yourself useful for the future.—

Dick. ‡ Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land!

Win. Zookers, you blockhead, you'd better stick to your business, than turn buffoon, and get truncheons broke upon your arm and be tumbling upon carpets.—

Dick. || I shall in all my best obey you, Sir—

Win. Very well, friend—very well said—you may do very well if you please; and so I'll say no more to you, but make yourself useful; and so now go and clean yourself, and make ready to go home to your business—And mind me, young man,—let me see no more play-books, and let me never find that you wear a lac'd waistcoat—you scoundrel, what right have you to wear a lac'd waistcoat?—I never wore a lac'd waistcoat—never wore one till I was forty—But I'll not put myself in a passion—go and change your dress, friend.

Dick. I shall, Sir—

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I

* Ham'let. † Suspicious Husband. ‡ Richard III.
|| Hamlet.

* I must be cruel, only to be kind,
Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.
Cocker's arithmetic, Sir?

Win. Ay, Cocker's arithmetic—Study figures, and they'll carry you through the world—

Dick. Yes, Sir, [*sneezing a laugh.*] Cocker's arithmetic! [*Exit.*]

Wingate and Gargle.

Win. Let him mind me, friend Gargle, and I'll make a man of him.

Gar. Ay, Sir, you know the world—the young man will do very well—I wish he were out of his time; he shall then have my daughter—

Win. Yes; but I'll touch the cash—he shan't finger it during my life.—I must keep a tight hand over him—
[*Goes to the door*]—Do you hear, friend—mind what I say, and go home to your business immediately—
Friend Gargle, I'll make a man of him.

Enter Dick.

Dick. † Who call'd on Achmet?—Did not Barbarossa require me here?

Win. What's the matter now?—Barossa!—Wounds! what's Barossa?—Does the fellow call me names? What makes the blockhead stand in such confusion?

Dick. That Barbarossa should suspect my truth!—

Win. The fellow's stark staring mad—Get out of the room, you villain, get out of the room.

Gar. Come, come, young man, every thing is easy; don't spoil all again—'go and change your dress, and come home to your business.'—Nay, nay, be ruled by me—
[*Thrusts him off.*]

Win. I'm very peremptory, friend Gargle: if he vexes me once more, I'll have nothing to say to him—Well, but now I think of it—I have Cocker's arithmetic below stairs in the counting-house—I'll step and get it for him, and so he shall take it home with him. Friend Gargle, your servant.

Gar. Mr Wingate, a good evening to you—You'll send him home to his business—

Win. He shall follow you home directly. Five eighths of three sixteenths of a pound!—multiply the numerator

* Hamlet.

† Barbarossa.

rator by the denominator; five times sixteen is ten times eight, ten times eight is eighty, and—a—a—carry one. *[Exit.]*

Enter Dick and Simon.

Sim. Lord love ye, master—I'm so glad you're come back—Come, we had as good e'en gang home to my master Gargle's—

Dick. No, no, Simon, stay a moment—this is but a scurvy coat I have on—and I know my father has always some jemmy thing lock'd up in his closet—I know his ways—He takes 'em in pawn; for he'll never part with a shilling without security.

Sim. Hush! he'll hear us—stay, I believe he's coming up stairs.

Dick. *[Goes to the door and listens]* No, no,—no,—he's going down, growling and grumbling—ay,—say ye so? “Scoundrel, rascal—Let him bite the bridle—“Six times twelve is seventy-two.”—All's safe, man, never fear him—Do you stand here—I shall dispatch this business in a crack.—

Sim. Blessings on him! what is he about now?—why, the door is locked, master.—

Dick. Ay, but I can easily force the lock—you shall see me do it as well as any Sir John Brute of 'em all—this right leg here is the best locksmith in England—so, so—*[forces the door, and goes in.]*

Sim. He's at his plays again—Odds my heart, he's a rare hand—he'll go through with it, I'll warrant him—Old Cojer must not smoke that I have any concern—I must be main cautious—Lord blefs his heart, he's to teach me to aet Scrub.—He begun with me long ago, and I got as far as the Jesuit before a went out of town:—“* Scrub—Coming, Sir.—Lord, Ma'am, I've a whole packet full of news—some say one thing, and some say another; but, for my part, Ma'am,—I believe he's a Jesuit”—that's main pleasant—“*I believe he's a Jesuit.*”

Re-enter Dick.

Dick. † I have done the deed—Didst thou not hear a noise?

Sim. No, master; we're all snug.—

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Dick.

* Stratagem.

† Macbeth.

Dick. This coat will do charmingly—I have bilked the old fellow nicely——* In a dark corner of his cabinet, I found this paper; what it is the light will show.

“I promise to pay”——ha!——

“I promise to pay to Mr Moneytrap, or order, on demand—’tis *his hand*—a *note of his*—yet more—the sum of seven pounds fourteen shillings and seven pence, value received by me

London, this 15th June, 1755”——’Tis wanting what should follow——*his name* should follow—but ’tis torn off—because the note is paid.—

Sim. O lud! dear Sir, you’ll spoil all—I wish we were well out of the house—Our best way, master, is to make off directly.—

Dick. I will, I will; but first help me on with this seat——Simon, you shall be my dresser—you’ll be fine and happy behind the scenes.—

Sim. O lud! it will be main pleasant.—I have been behind the scenes in the country, when I liv’d with the man that show’d wild beastices—

Dick. Hark ye, Simon,—when I am playing some deep tragedy, and † cleave the general ear with horrid speech, you must stand between the scenes, and cry bit-terly. [*Teaches him.*]

Sim. Yes, Sir.

Dick. And when I’m playing comedy, you must be ready to laugh your guts out [*teaches him*]; for I shall be very pleasant——Tolderoll—[*Dances.*]

Sim. Never doubt me, Sir.

Dick. Very well: now run down and open the street-door; I’ll follow you in a crack.

Sim. I am gone to serve you, master.—

Dick. † To serve thyself—for, look ye, Simon, when I am manager, claim thou of me the care o’ the wardrobe; with all those moveables, whereof the § pro-perty-man now stands posselt.—

Sim. O lud! this is charming—Hush! I am gone.

[*Going.*

Dick.

* *Vide* the Mourning Bride. † Hamlet. ‡ Rich. III.

§ The property-man, in the play-house phrase, is the person who gives truncheons, daggers, &c. to the actors, as occasion re-quires.

Dick. Well, but hark ye, Simon, come hither—

* What money have you about you, Master Matthew?

Sim. But a tester, Sir.

Dick. A tester!—That's something of the least, Master Matthew—let's see it.

Sim. You have had fifteen sixpences now—

Dick. Never mind that—I'll pay you all at my benefit—

Sim. I don't doubt that, Master—but mum. [Exit.

Dick, solus.

† Thus far we run before the wind.—An apothecary!—make an apothecary of me!—‡ What, cramp my genius over a pestle and mortar; or mew me up in a shop with an alligator stuff, and a beggarly account of empty boxes!—to be culling simples, and constantly adding to the bills of mortality!—No! no! It will be much better to be pasted up in capitals, *The part of Romeo by a young gentleman, who never appeared on any stage before!*—My ambition fires at the thought.—But hold,—mayn't I run some chance of failing in my attempt?—hissed,—pelted,—laughed at;—not admitted into the Green-room—That will never do—§ Down, busy devil, down, down—Try it again.—Lov'd by the women, envy'd by the men, applauded by the pit, clapp'd by the gallery, admir'd by the boxes. “Dear colonel, is not he a charming creature?” “My lord, don't you like him of all things?”—“Makes love like an angel!”—“What an eye he has!”—fine legs!—I'll certainly go to his benefit.”—Celestial sounds!—And then I'll get in with all the painters, and have myself put up in ev'ry print-shop—in the character of Macbeth! “This is a sorry sight.” [Stands an attitude.] In the character of Richard, “Give me another horse, bind up my wounds.”—This will do rarely.—And then I have a chance of getting well married.—O glorious thought!—|| By heav'n, I will enjoy it, though but in fancy.—But what's o'clock?—it must be almost nine. I'll away at once; this is club-night.—Egad I'll go to 'em for a while—the spouters are all met—little think they I'm in town!—they'll

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* Every man in his humour

† Richard III.

‡ *Vide* Romeo and Juliet. § Venice Preserv'd. || Famerlane.

—they'll be surpris'd to see me—Off I go; and then for my assignation with my master Gargle's daughter—
 ' Poor Charlotte!—she's lock'd up; but I shall find means to settle matters for her escape—She's a pretty theatrical genius—If she flies to my arms like a hawk to its perch, it will be so rare an adventure, and so dramatic an incident:—

* Limbs do your office, and support me well;
 Bear me to her, then fall me if you can.

* The Orphan.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Discovers the Spouting-club, the members seated, and roaring out Bravo, while one stands at a distance repeating—*

1st Member. CURS'D be your senate, curs'd your constitution;

The curse of growing factions and divisions
 Still vex your councils*—

2d Mem. Don't you think his action a little confined?

1st Mem. Psha! you blockhead, don't you know that I'm in chains?—

2d Mem. Blockhead, say ye?—Was not I the first that took compassion on you, when you lay like a sneaking fellow under the counter, and swept your master's shop in a morning? when you read nothing but the *Young Man's Pocket Companion*, or the *True Clerk's va-de-mecum*, did not I put *Chrononhotontologos* in your hand?

All. Bravo! bravo!

President. Come, gentlemen, let us have no disputes. Consider, gentlemen, this is the Honourable Society of Spouters; and so, to put an end to all animosities, read the seventh rule of this society.

* A member reads,

That business, or want of money, shall not be received

* Venice Preserv'd.

‘ceived as an excuse for non-attendance ; nor the anger
 ‘ of parents or other relations ; nor the complaints of
 ‘ our masters be ever heard ; by which means this so-
 ‘ ciety will be able to boast its own mimic heroes, and
 ‘ be a nursery of young actorlings for the stage, in spite
 ‘ of the mechanic genius of our friends.”

* *Pres.* That is not the rule I mean :—but come,
 * we’ll fill a measure the table round—Now good di-
 gestion wait on appetite, and health on both.

All. Huzza, huzza, huzza !—

* *Pres.* Come, gentlemen, let us have no quarrels.

* *All.* Huzza, huzza !—

Scotchman. Come now, I’ll gee you a touch of Mac-
 beth.—

1st Mem. That will be rare. Come let’s have it.—

Scotch. What dost leer at, mon ?—I have had muckle
 applause at Edinburgh, when I enacted in the Reegi-
 ceede,—and I now intend to do Macbeth— I seed the
 degger yesterneet, and I thought I should ha’ killed
 every one that came in my way.—

Irishman. Stand out of the way, lads, and you’ll see
 me give a touch of Othollo, my dear—[*Takes the cork
 and burns it, and blacks his face.*] The devil burn the
 cork—it would not do it fast enough.

1st Mem. Here, here, I’ll lend you a helping hand.
 [*Blacks him.*]

[*Knocking at the door.*]

2d Mem. † Open locks, whoever knocks.—

Enter Dick.

Dick. † How now, ye secret, black, and midnight
 hags !—what is’t ye do ?

All. Ha ! the genius come to town—Huzza, huzza !
 —the genius—

Dick. How fare the honest partners of my heart ?—
 Jack Hopeless, give us your hand—Guildersten, your’s
 —Ha ! Rosencroff—Gentlemen, I rejoice to see ye—
 But come, the news, the news of the town !—Has any
 thing been damn’d ?—Any new performers this winter ?
 —How often has Romeo and Juliet been acted ?—Come,
 my bucks, inform me ; I want news.—

1st Mem. You shall know all in good time—But
 prithee,

* Macbeth.

† Ditto.

‡ Ditto.

prithce, my dear boy, how was it?—You play'd at Bristol; let's hear.

2d Mem. Ay, let's have it, dear Dick.—

Dick. Look ye there now—* Let's have it, dear boy, and dear Dick.—

1st Mem. Nay, nay, but how was you receiv'd?—

Dick. Romeo was my part—I touch'd their souls for 'em—Every pale face from the wells was there; and so on I went—But rot 'em, never mind them—† What bloody scene has Roscius now to act?—

1st Mem. Several things—But, Genius, why did you come to us so late?—Why did not you come in the beginning of the night?

Dick. Why, I intended it: But who should I meet in my way but friend Catcall, a devilish good critic?—and so he and I went together and had our pipes, to ‡ close the orifice of the stomach, you know:—And what do you think I learn'd of him?

1st Mem. I can't say.

Dick. Can you tell, now, whether the emphasis should be laid upon the *epitaph* § or the *substantive*?

1st Mem. Why, no.—

Dick. Ever, while you live, lay your emphasis upon the *epitaph*.—

Irish. Arrah, my dear, but what is that same epitaph now?

Dick. || Arrah, my dear Cousin Macshane, won't you put a remembrance upon me?—

Irish. Ow! but is it mocking you are?—Look ye, my dear, if you'd be taking me off,—don't you call it taking off?—by my shoul I'd be making you take yourself off—What? if you're for being obstropolous, I would not matter you three skips of a flea—

Dick. Nay, prithce, no offence—I hope we shall be brother-players.

Irish. Ow! then we'd be very good friends; for you know two of a trade can never agree, my dear.

Scotch. Locke is certainly reet in his chapter aboot innate ideas; for this mon is born without any at all—
and

* Suspicious Husband.
in his Humour.

† Richard III.
§ By mistake for *epitaph*.

‡ Every man
|| Stratagem.

and the other mon yonder, I doot, is no greet heed-piece. —

Dick. What do you intend to appear in?

Irish. Othollo, my dear: let me alone; you'll see how I'll bodder 'em—Though, by my shoul, myself does not know but I'd be frightened when every thing is in a hub-bub, and nothing to be heard, but "Throw him over"—"Over with him"—"Off, off, off the stage"—"Music"—"Won't y' ha' some orange-chips?"—"Won't y' ha' some nonpareills?"—Ow!—but may be the dear craturs in the boxes will be lucking at my legs—Ow! to be sure—the devil burn the luck they'll give 'em. —

Dick. I shall certainly laugh in the fellow's face. —

Irish. Ow! never mind it—let me alone, my dear—May be I'd see a little round face from Dublin in the pit, may be I won'd; but then won't I be the first gentleman of my name that turn'd stage-player?—My cousins would rather see me starve like a gentleman, with honour and reputation—Myself does be affham'd when I think of it. —

Scotch. Stay till you hear me give a specimen of elocution.

Dick. What, with that impediment, Sir?

Scotch. Impeediment! what impeediment? I do not leesp—do I?—I do no squeent—I am well leem'd, am I not? —

Irish. By my shoul, if you go to that, I am as well timber'd myself as any of them, and shall make a figure in genteel and top comedy—

Scotch. I'll give you a specimen of Mockbeeth. —

Irish. Make haste, then, and I'll begin Othollo—

Scotch. Is this a dagger that I see before me, &c.

Irish. [collaring him] * Willain, be sure you prove my love a whore, &c.

[Another member comes forward with his face powdered, and a pipe in his hand.]

—I am thy father's spirit, Hamlet—

Dick. Po! prithee, you're not fat enough for a ghost. —

Mem. I intend to make my first appearance in it for all

* Othello.

all that: only I'm puzzled about one thing—I want to know, when I come on first, whether I should make a bow to the audience?

Dick. Why, if you are the ghost of a gentleman, make a bow by all means.

Another Mem. Now, gentlemen, for the true way of dying—[*spreads a blanket*—now for a little phrenzy—[*Repeats a dying speech, and rolls himself up in the blanket.*—]

[*Watch behind the scenes*;—Past five o'clock, cloudy morning.]

Dick. Hey! past five o'clock—'Sdeath, I shall miss my appointment with Charlotte—* I have staid too long, and I shall lose my profelyte.—Come, let us adjourn.—

All. Ay, let us fally forth.—

Irish. With all my heart; though I should have bodder'd 'em finely if they had staid.

Scotch. I should have sheen'd in Mockbeeth—but never meend it—I'll go now to my friend the book-seller, and translate Cornelius Tacitus, or Grotius de Jure Belli—And so, gentlemen, your servant.—

All. Huzza, huzza!

Dick. † We'll scower the watch—Confusion to morality—*Damn the watch, and I wish the constable were married*—Huzza, huzza—

Irish. By my shoul, myself did not care if I had a wife, with a good fortune, to be hindering me from going on—But no matter—I may meet with a willing cratur somewhere—

[*Exit singing.*]

All. Huzza, huzza!—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, A Street.

Enter a Watchman.

Past five o'clock, cloudy morning. Mercy on us—all mad I believe, in this house,—They're at this trade three nights in the week, I think—Past five o'clock, a cloudy morning.

All. Huzza! [*without.*]

Watch. What in the name of wonder are they all at?

Hurra, hurra, without. *Enter the Spouters.*

Dick. ‡ Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

1/2

* Venice Preserv'd.

† Sir John Brute.

‡ Hamlet.

1st Mem. * By heaven's, I'll tear you joint by joint, and strew this hungry church-yard with your limbs.

Dick. † Avaunt, and quit my fight—thy bones are marrowless—There's no speculation in those eyes, that thou dost glare withal.

Watch. Prithee don't disturb the peace—

A Mem. ‡ Be sure you write him down an ass.

Dick. § Be alive again, and dare me to the desert with thy pole—take any shape but that, and my firm nerves shall never tremble—

Watch. Soho! soho!

Enter Watchmen from all parts, some drunk, some coughing, &c.

2d Watch. What's the matter there?—

1st Watch. Here are the disturbers of the peace—I charge 'em all—

Dick. || Unmanner'd slave, advance your halbert higher than my breast, or by St Paul I'll strike thee down, and spurn thee, beggar, for this insolence.—

[They fight; Dick is knocked down. Exeunt Watchmen fighting the rest.]

Dick. ¶ I have it; it will do;—Egad I'll make my escape now—O I am Fortune's fool— *[Exit.]*

Re-enter Watchmen, &c.

Watch. Come, bring 'em along—

1st Mem. ** Good ruffians, hold a while—

2d Mem. †† I am unfortunate, but not ashamed of being so.

Watch. Come, come, bring 'em along. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, Another Street.

Enter Dick, with a lanthorn and a ladder.

All's quiet hear; the coast's clear;—now for my adventure with Charlotte—This ladder will do rarely for the business—though it would be better if it were a ladder of ropes—But hold; have not I seen something like this on the stage?—yes I have, in some of the entertainments—Ay, ‡‡ I remember an apothecary, and hereabout he dwells—This is my master Gargle's;—being dark, the beggar's shop is shut—What, ho! apothecary!

* Romeo.

† Macbeth.

‡ Much ado about Nothing.

§ Macbeth.

|| Richard.

¶ Romeo.

** Revenge.

†† Oroonoko.

‡‡ Romeo.

thecary! — But soft, — what light breaks through yonder window? — It is the east, and Juliet is the sun; arise, fair sun, &c.

Char. Who's there? my Romeo?

Dick. The same, my love, if it not thee displease. —

Char. Hush! not so loud; you'll waken my father —

Dick. * Alas! there is more peril in thine eye —

Char. Nay, but prithee now — I tell you you'll spoil all — What made you stay so long?

Dick. † Chide not, my fair, but let the god of love laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart —

Char. As I am a living soul, you'll ruin ev'ry thing; be but quiet, and I'll come down to you — [*Going.*]

Dick. No, no, not so fast — Charlotte — let us act the garden-scene first —

Char. A fiddlestick for the garden-scene —

Dick. Nay, then I'll act Ranger — Up I go, neck or nothing.

Char. Dear heart, you're enough to frighten a body out of one's wits — Don't come up — I tell you there's no occasion for the ladder — I have settled every thing with Simon, and he's to let me through the shop when he opens it.

Dick. Well, but I tell you I would not give a farthing for it without the ladder; and so, up I go.

Enter Simon at the door.

Sim. Sir, Sir; Madam, Madam —

Dick. Prithee be quiet, Simon — I am ascending the high top-gallant of my joy —

Sim. An't please you, master, my young mistress may come through the shop — I am going to sweep it out, and she may escape that way fast enow —

Char. That will do purely — And so do you stay where you are, and prepare to receive me —

[*Exit from above.*]

Dick. No, no, but that won't take — you shan't hinder me from going through my part — [*goes up.*] ‡ A woman, by all that's lucky — neither old nor crooked — In I go — [*goes in*] — and for fear of the pursuit of the family, I'll make sure of the ladder.

Sim.

* Romeo.

† Fair Penitent.

‡ Suspicious Husband.

Sim. Hift, hift, mafter—leave that there, to fave me from being fufpected——

Dick. With all my heart, Simon——

[*Exit from above.*]

Sim. alone. Lord love him, how comical he is!—— It will be fine for me, when we're playing the fool together, to call him brother Martin. “* Brother Martin.”

Enter Charlotte.

Char. O lud! I am frighted out of my wits; where is he?—

Sim. He's a-coming, Ma'am—[*calls to him*] “Brother Martin.”

Enter Dick.

Dick. † Cuckold him, Ma'am, by all means—I'm your man.

Char. Well now, I proteft and vow, I wonder how you can ferve a body fo——Feel with what a pit-a-pat action my heart beats——

Dick. ‡ 'Tis an alarm to love—Quick let me fnatch thee to thy Romeo's arms, &c.

Watchman behind the fcenes. Paf't fix o'clock, and a cloudy morning.——

Char. Dear heart, don't let us ftand fooling here—As I live and breathe, we fhall both be taken—Do, for Heaven's fake, let us make our efcape.

* *Watch.* Paf't fix o'clock, a cloudy morning'——

* *Char.* It comes nearer and nearer; let us make off?——

Dick. Give us your hand, then—my pretty little adventurer, I attend you.

§ Yes, my dear Charlotte, we will go together,

Together to the theatre we'll go,

There to their ravish'd eyes our fkill we'll fhew,

And point new beauties—to the pit below. }

Sim. Heav'ns blefs the couple of 'em——But mum.

[*Exit, and fhuts the door after him.*]

Enter Bailiff and his Follower.

Bail. That's he yonder, as fure as you're alive—— Ay, it is—and he has been about fome mischief here.

Fol. No, no, that an't he—that one wears a laced coat

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coat

* Stratagem.

† Suspicious Husband.

‡ Old Batchelor.

§ Vide Diftrefs'd Mother.

coat—though I can't say—As sure as a gun, it is he—

Bail. Ay, I smok'd him at once—Do you run that way, and stop at the bottom of Catherine-Street; I'll go up Drury-Lane; and between us both it will be odds if we miss him. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Watchman.

Watch. Past six o'clock, and a cloudy morning—Hey-day! what's here? a ladder at Master Gargle's window?—I must alarm the family—Ho! Master Gargle— [*Knocks at the door.*]

Gargle above. What's the matter?—How comes this window to be open?—Ha!—a ladder!—Who's below there?

1st Watch. I hope you an't robb'd, Master Gargle?—As I was going my rounds, I found your window open.

Gar. I fear this is some of that young dog's tricks—Take away the ladder; I must inquire into all this— [*Exit.*]

Enter Simon like Scrub.

Sim. * Thieves! murder! thieves! Popery!—

Watch. What's the matter with the fellow!

Sim. Spare all I have, and take my life—

Watch. Any mischief in the house?

Sim. They broke in with fire and sword—they'll be here this minute—five and forty. —This will do charmingly; my young master taught me this. [*Aside.*]

1st Watch. What, are there thieves in the house?

Sim. With sword and pistol, Sir—five and forty.

Watch. Nay, then 'tis time for me to go;—for, mayhap, I may come to ha' the worst on't—

[*Exit Watchman.*]

Enter Gargle.

Gar. Dear heart! dear heart—she's gone, she's gone!—my daughter! my daughter!—What's the fellow in such a fright for?

Sim. Down on your knees—down on your marrowbones—(This will make him think I know nothing of the matter—Bless his heart for teaching me)—Down on your marrowbones.—

Gar.

Gar. Get up, you fool, get up—Dear heart, I'm all in a fermentation.

Enter Wingate, reading a news-paper.

"Wanted, on good security, five hundred pounds, for which lawful interest will be given, and a good premium allowed. Whoever this may suit, inquire for S. T. at the Crown and Rolls in Chancery-Lane."—This may be worth looking after.—I'll have a good premium—If the fellow's a fool, I'll fix my eye on him—Other people's follies are an estate to the man that knows how to make himself useful—So, friend Gargle—you're up early I see—nothing like rising early—nothing to be got by lying in bed like a lubberly fellow—What's the matter with you?—ha, ha! you look like a—ha, ha!

Gar. O—no wonder—My daughter, my daughter!

Win. Your daughter!—what signifies a foolish girl?

Gar. Oh dear heart, dear heart!—out of the window.

Win. Fallen out of the window!—Well, she was a woman, and 'tis no matter—if she's dead, she's provided for.—Here, I found the book—could not meet with it last night—Here it is—there's more sense in it than in all their Macbeths and their trumpery—(*reads*)—Cocker's Arithmetic—Look ye here now, friend Gargle;—suppose you have the sixteenth part of a ship, and I buy one fifth of you, what share of the ship do I buy?—

Gar. Oh dear, Sir, 'tis a melancholy case—

Win. A melancholy case indeed, to be so ignorant—Why should not a man know every thing? One fifth of one sixteenth, what part have I of the whole? Let me see—I'll do it in a short way—

Gar. Lost beyond redemption—

Win. Zookers, be quiet, man, you put me out—Seven times seven is forty-nine, and six times twelve is seventy-two,—and—and—and—a—Here, friend Gargle, take the book, and give it that scoundrel of a fellow.—

Gar. Lord, Sir, he's returned to his tricks.—

Win. Returned to his tricks!—What—broke loose again?—

Gar. Ay, and carried off my daughter with him.

Win. Carried off your daughter!—How did the rascal contrive that?

Gar. Oh, dear Sir—the watch alarmed us a while ago, and I found a ladder at the window—so I suppose my young madam made her escape that way.—

Win. Wounds! what business had the fellow with your daughter?

Gar. I wish I had never taken him into my house—He may debauch the poor girl—

Win. And suppose he does—she's a woman, an't she?—Ha, ha! friend Gargle, ha, ha!

Gar. Dear Sir, how can you talk thus to a man distracted?

Win. I'll never see the fellow's face.

Sim. Secrets, secrets! *

Win. What, are you in the secret, friend?—

Sim. To be sure, there be secrets in all families—but, for my part, I'll not speak a word *pro* or *con* till there's a peace.

Win. You won't speak, sirrah!—I'll make you speak—Do you know nothing of this numskull?

Sim. Who I, Sir?—He came home last night from your house, and went out again directly.—

Win. You saw him then—

Sim. Yes, Sir—saw him to be sure, Sir—He made me open the shop-door for him—he stopp'd on the threshold, and pointed at one of the clouds, and asked me if it was not like an ouzel †?—

Win. Like an ouzel—Wounds! what's an ouzel?

Gar. And the young dog came back in the dead of night to steal away my daughter.

Win. I'll tell you what, friend Gargle—I'll think no more of the fellow—let him bite the bridle—I'll go mind my business, and not miss an opportunity.

Gar. Good now, Mr Wingate, don't leave me in this affliction—Consider, when the animal-spirits are properly employed, the whole system's exhilarated, a proper circulation in the smaller ducts or capillary vessels—

Win. Look ye there now—the fellow's at his ducks again, ha, ha!

Gar. But when the spirits are under influence—

Win.

* *Vide* Stratagem.

† Hamlet.

Win. Ha, ha! what a fine fellow you are now?—you're as mad with your physical nonsense, as my son with his *Shakespeare* and *Ben Thompson*—

Gar. Dear Sir, let us go in quest of him—he shall be well phlebotomized; and for the future I'll keep his solids and fluids in proper balance—

Win. Don't tell me of your solids—I tell you he'll never be solid—and so I'll go and mind my business—Let me see, where is this chap?—*[Reads.]* Ay, ay, at the Crown and Rolls——Good-morning, friend Gargle—don't plague yourself about the numskull—study fractions, man; vulgar fractions will carry you through the world; arithmetical proportion is when the antecedent and consequent—a—*[Going.]*

Enter a Porter.

Win. Who are you, pray?—what do you want?—

Por. Is one Mr Gargle here?

Gar. Yes—Who wants him?—

Por. Here's a letter for you.

Gar. Let me see it. O dear heart!—*[Reads.]*—“To Mr Gargle at the Pestle and Mortar.”—“Slidjkins, this is a letter from that unfortunate young fellow.—

Win. Let me see it, Gargle.—

Gar. A moment's patience, good Mr Wingate, and this may unravel all—*[Reads.]*—Poor young man!—his brain is certainly turned——I can't make head or tail of it——

Win. Ha, ha!—you're a pretty fellow—Give it me, man—I'll make it out for you——'Tis his hand, sure enough—*[Reads.]*

“To Mr Gargle, &c.

“Most potent, grave *, and reverend doctor, my very noble and approv'd good master: that I have ta'en away your daughter, it is most true; true, I will marry her:—† 'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true.”——What in the name of common sense is all this?—“‡ I have done your shop some service, and you know it; no more of that—§ yet I could wish, that at this time I had not been this thing.”——What can the fellow mean?—“For time || may have yet one fa-

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“ted.

* Othello.

§ Mourning Bride.

† Hamlet.

|| Ditto.

‡ Othello.

"ted hour to come, which, wing'd with liberty, may
 "overtake occasion past."——Overtake occasion past!
 —Time and tide waits for no man——" * I expect re-
 "dress from thy noble sorrows—Thine and my poor
 "country's ever. R. WINGATE."

Mad as a March hare! I have done with him——
 Let him stay till the shoe pinches; a crack-brained num-
 skull!

Por. An't please ye, Sir, I fancy the gentleman is
 a little beside himself—He took hold on me here by the
 collar, and called me villain †, and bid me prove his
 wife a whore——Lord help him, I never see'd the gen-
 tleman's spouse in my born-days before.

Gar. Is she with him now?

Por. I believe so——There's a likely young woman
 with him all in tears.—

Gar. My daughter, to be sure——

Win. Let the fellow go and be hang'd——Wounds!
 I would not go the length of my arm to save the villain
 from the gallows. Where was he, friend, when he gave
 you this letter?——

Por. I fancy, Master, the gentleman's under trou-
 bles——I brought it from a spunging-house.

Win. From a spunging-house!

Por. Yes, Sir, in Gray's-Inn Lane.

Win. Let him lie there; let him lie there—I am glad
 of it——

Gar. Do, my dear Sir, let us step to him——

Win. No, not I; let him stay there—This it is to
 have a genius—Ha, ha!—a genius!—ha, ha!—a ge-
 nius is a fine thing indeed!—ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

Gar. Poor man! he has certainly a fever on his spi-
 rits——Do you step in with me, honest man, till I slip
 on my coat, and then I'll go after this unfortunate boy.

Por. Yes, Sir;—'tis in Gray's-Inn Lane. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A Spunging-house.* Dick and Bailiff at a table,
 and Charlotte sitting in a disconsolate manner by him.

Bail. Here's my service to you, young gentleman—
 Don't be uneasy—the debt is not much——Why do
 you look so sad?——

Dick.

* Venice Preserv'd.

† Othello.

Dick. Because * captivity has robb'd me of a just and dear diversion.

Bail. Never look sulky at me—I never use any body ill—Come, it has been many a good man's lot—Here's my service to you—But we've no liquor—Come, we'll have t'other bowl—

Dick. † I've now not fifty ducats in the world—yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.—

Bail. What do you say?—You've fifty shillings, I hope.—

Dick. ‡ Now, thank heav'n, I'm not worth a groat.

Bail. Then there's no credit here, I can tell you that—You must get bail, or go to Newgate—Who do you think is to pay house-rent for you?—You see your friends won't come near you—They've all answer'd in the old cant—"I've promised my wife never to be "bail for any body;" or, "I've sworn not to do it;"—or, "I'd lend you the money if I had it, but desire "to be excused from bailing any man."—The porter you just now sent will bring the same answer, I warrant.—Such poverty-struck devils as you shan't stay in my house—you shall go to *quod*, I can tell you that—

[Knocking at the door.]

Bail. Coming, coming, I am coming—I shall lodge you in Newgate, I promise you, before night—Not worth a groat!—you're a fine fellow to stay in a man's house—You shall go to *quod*. [Exit.]

Dick. Come, clear up, Charlotte, never mind this—Come, now—let us act the prison-scene in the Mourning Bride—

Char. How can you think of acting speeches, when we're in such distress?—

Dick. Nay, but my dear angel—

Enter Wingate and Gargle.

Gar. Hush! Do, dear Sir, let us listen to him—I dare say he repents—

Win. Wounds!—what cloaths are those the fellow has on?—Zookers! the scoundrel has robbed me.—

Dick. Come, now we'll practise an attitude—How many of 'em have you?—

Char. Let me see—one—two—three—and then in the

* Mourning Bride.

† Venice Preserv'd.

‡ Ditto.

the fourth act, and then—O gemini, I have ten at least—

Dick. That will do swimmingly—I've a round dozen myself—Come, now begin—You fancy me dead, and I think the same of you—Now mind—

[*They stand in attitudes.*]

Win. Only mind the villain.—

Dick. O thou soft fleeting form of Lindamira!—

Char. * Illusive shade of my beloved lord!

Dick. † She lives! she speaks! and we shall still be happy.—

Win. You lie, you villain, you shan't be happy.—

[*Knocks him down.*]

Dick. [*on the ground.*] ‡ Perdition catch your arm, the chance is thine.—

Gar. So, my young madam—I have found you again.—

Dick. § Capulet, forbear; Paris, let loose your hold—She is my wife—our hearts are twin'd together.—

Win. Sirrah! villain! I'll break every bone in your body—

[*Strikes.*]

Dick. || Parents have flinty hearts; no tears can move 'em: children must be wretched—*Tear not our heart-strings thus; they strain, they crack!*—O what a pity 'tis there are no scene-drawers to lift me—

Win. A scoundrel, to rob your father: you rascal, I've a mind to break your head.

Dick. ¶ What, like this? [*Takes off his wig, and shews two patches on his head.*]

Win. 'Tis mighty well, young man—Zookers! I made my own fortune; and I'll take a boy out of the Blue-coat hospital, and give him all I have—Look ye here, friend Gargle—you know I'm not a hard-hearted man—the scoundrel, you know, has robb'd me; so, d'ye see, I won't hang him—I'll only transport the fellow—And so, Mr Catchpole—you may take him to Newgate.—

Gar. Well but, dear Sir, you know I always intended to marry my daughter into your family; and if you let

* Romeo and Juliet.

† Ditto.

‡ Richard III.

§ Romeo.

|| Ditto.

¶ Barbarossa.

let the young man be ruined, my money must all go in to another channel.—

Win. How's that!—into another channel!—Must not lose the handling of his money—Why, I told you, friend Gargle, I'm not a hard-hearted man.—

Gar. Why no, Sir—but your passions—However, if you will but make the young gentleman serve out the last year of his apprenticeship, you know I shall be giving over, and I may put him into all my practice.—

Win. Ha, ha!—Why—if the blockhead would but get as many crabbed physical words from Hypocrites and Allen, as he has from his nonsensical trumpery,—ha, ha!—I don't know, between you and I, but he might pass for a very good physician.—

Dick. * And must I leave thee, Juliet?—

Char. Nay, but prithee now have done with your speeches.—You see we are brought to the last distress, and so you had better make it up.— (*Aside to Dick.*

Dick. Why, for your sake, my dear, I could almost find in my heart—

Win. You'll settle your money on your daughter?—

Gar. You know it was always my intention.—

Win. I must not let the cash slip through my hands (*Aside.*) Look ye here, young man—I am the best-natured man in the world—How came this debt, friend?

Bail. The gentleman gave his note at Bristol, I understand, where he boarded—'tis but twenty pounds.

Win. Twenty pounds! Well, why don't you send to your friend *Shakespeare* now to bail you?—ha, ha! I should like to see *Shakespeare* give bail—ha, ha!—Mr Catchpole, will you take bail of *Ben Thompson*, and *Shakespeare*, and *Odysey Popes*?—

Bail. No such people have been here, Sir—Are they house-keepers?—

Dick. † You do not come to mock my miseries?—

Gar. Hush, young man, you'll spoil all—Let me speak to you—'How is your digestion?'

Dick. ‡ Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it—

Char. Nay, but dear Dick, for my sake—

Win. What says he, Gargle?

Gar.

* Romeo and Juliet.

† Mourning Bride.

‡ Macbeth

Gar. He repents, Sir—he'll reform.—

Win. That's right lad—now you're right—and if you will but serve out your time, my friend Gargle here will make a man of you.—Wounds! you'll have his daughter and all his money.—And if I hear no more of your trumpery, and you mind your business, and stick to my little Charlotte, and make me a grandfather in my old days—egad, you shall have all mine too—that is, when I'm dead.—

Dick. Charlotte—that will do rarely; and we may go to the play as often as we please.—

Char. O Gemini, it will be the purest thing in the world; and we'll see Romeo and Juliet every time it is acted.—

Dick. 'Ay, and that will be a hundred times in a season at least;—besides, it will be like a play, if I reform at the end.—* Sir, free me so far in your most generous thoughts, that I have shot my arrow o'er the house, and hurt my brother.—

Win. What do you say, friend?—

Char. Nay, but prithee now do it in plain English.

Dick. Well, well, I will—He knows nothing of metaphors.—Sir, you shall find for the future, that we'll both endeavour to give you all the satisfaction in our power.—

Win. Very well, that's right—you may do very well. Friend Gargle, I'm overjoy'd—

Gar. Cheerfulness, Sir, is the principal ingredient in the composition of health.—

Win. Wounds! man, let's hear no more of your physick.—Here, young man, put this book in your pocket, and let me see how soon you'll be master of vulgar fractions.—Mr Catchpole, step home with me, and I'll pay you the money.—You seem to be a notable sort of a fellow, Mr Catchpole;—could you nab a man for me?

Catch. Fast enough, Sir, when I've the writ.—

Win. Very well, come along—I lent a young gentleman a hundred pounds—a cool hundred he call'd it—ha, ha!—it did not stay to cool with him—I had a good premium; but I shan't wait a moment
 ' for

* Hamlet.

‘ for that—Come along, young man—What right
 ‘ have you to twenty pounds?—give you twenty pounds!
 ‘ —I never was obliged to my family for twenty pounds.
 ‘ —But I’ll say no more—If you have a mind to thrive
 ‘ in this world, make yourself useful, is the Golden
 ‘ Rule.

‘ My dear Charlotte, as you are to be my reward, I
 ‘ will be a new man.’——

Char. Well, now I shall see how much you love me.

Dick. It shall be my study to deserve you;—and since
 we don’t go on the stage, ’tis some comfort that the
 world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely
 players.

Some play the upper, some the under parts,
 And most assume what’s foreign to their hearts:
 Thus, Life is but a tragic-comic jest,
 And all is farce and mummary at best.

T H E

T H E
A N A T O M I S T ;
O R T H E
S H A M D O C T O R .
B Y M R R A V E N S C R O F T .

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ .

M E N .

<i>Monfieur Le Medicin,</i>	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1782.</i>
<i>Crispin, - -</i>	Mr Baddeley.	Mr Charteris.
<i>Old Gerald, - -</i>	Mr Dodd.	Mr Johnfon.
<i>Young Gerald, - -</i>	Mr Parsons.	Mr Hollingsworth.
<i>Simon Burlly, - -</i>	Mr Wheeler.	Mr Taylor.
<i>Martin, - -</i>	Mr Moody.	Mr Simpson.
	Mr W. Palmer.	Mr T. Banks.

W O M E N .

<i>Doctor's Wife, - -</i>	Mrs Bradshaw.	Mrs Charteris.
<i>Angelica, - -</i>	Miss Platt.	Mrs Henderfon.
<i>Waiting Woman, - -</i>	Mrs Davies.	Mrs Mountford.
<i>Beatrice, - -</i>	Mrs Love.	Mrs Kniveton.

S C E N E , *The Street.*

Enter OLD GERALD and MARTIN.

MARTIN.

Y O U are resolv'd, Sir, to marry, you say ?
O. Ger. I am ; and to that end I have sent my
 fon to the univerfity, to mind his ftudy, and be out of
 the way.

Mar. May I be fo bold, Sir, to ask the lady's name
 you intend to make your wife ?

O. Ger.

O. Ger. Madam Angelica, the French doctor's daughter.

Mar. Sure, Sir, you're not in earnest!—She's not above fifteen; that match, Sir, would be fitter for your son.

O. Ger. My son! I don't intend that he shall marry yet these seven years.

Mar. But, Sir, consider well before you marry, that these are qualities will not agree with an old man's constitution.

O. Ger. Old! coxcomb; I a'nt so old.—But if I was, what then? Age is a thing never to be inquir'd into, but when you are buying horses.

Mar. How! not in marriage, Sir?

O. Ger. Not if a man be very rich.

Mar. Can you believe, Sir, the old doctor her father, and the gentlewoman her mother, who is a notable, wife, governing woman, will bestow their daughter, and their only heir, upon a man—

O. Ger. Hold your tongue, I say:—you are my servant, not my counsellor, I take it, Sir. This is my own concern: when I am married, I doubt not but I shall behave myself as a married man ought.

Mar. But if Mr doctor won't consent to it.

O. Ger. That I am sure of; he has promised me; and he's a man of his word.

Mar. That indeed is something.—But, Sir, you know the wife there wears the breeches;—and if the 'grey mare be the better horse, you'll find it difficult 'to bestride the filly.'

O. Ger. I know she is a little domineering; but then I know too that Mr doctor is a wise man.—He who can cure mad folks, scorns to be wife-ridden.

Mar. See, Sir, here is the doctor.

Enter the Doctor.

Doc. Bon jour, Monsieur Girarde, bon jour.

O. Ger. Mr doctor, I was coming to speak to you.

Doc. Comment vous portez vous?—how you do?—letta me feel your pulse.

O. Ger. It needs not, Sir.

Doc. L'autre main—t'oder hand, t'oder hand.

O. Ger. That's not my business.

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Doc.

Doc. Eh, bien! but it is my bus'ness, et j'entend, I understande as vell as any physicien—Aha! your polse est being disordere—very disordere indeed—Put out a your tongue—your tongue.——

O. Ger. No matter for my tongue.

Doc. Do you sleep a vell?

O. Ger. Yes, very well, Sir; but——

Doc. How be your stomaque?—avez vous bon appetite?—you ave ver good appetite?

O. Ger. Yes, Mr doctor; but I come——

Doc. You digesta vell vat you eat?

O. Ger. Yes, very well;—but will you hear me, Sir?

Doc. Et vous avez—you ave all de oder benefite of nature?

O. Ger. I have 'em regularly;—but, Mr doctor——

Doc. Ebien donc—may foy! upon my vard—if you eata vell, you sleepa vell, you digesta vell, et you ave all de oder benefite of nature—vous n'avez pas besoin—you ave no occasion for de France physicien——Begar, I must go visit my oder patient dat vanta me.——Bon jour, Monsieur, bon jour.

O. Ger. Stay, good Sir, stay.—I have had patience to hear you talk, and to no purpose neither; now 'tis my turn to speak, and to some purpose.

Doc. Eh! bien!—depechez vous donc—make haste, car I am in haste.

O. Ger. 'Tis not about my health I came to you; 'tis another affair.

Doc. Vat affaire?

O. Ger. An affair that you know of.

Doc. Dat I know of!—de devil any ting I know of.

O. Ger. About your daughter.

Doc. Vat about my daughtere?

O. Ger. About my marrying her.

Doc. Helas! pauvre homme!—is dat all? Begar I had tought it had been some bus'ness of consequence—ha, ha, ha! n'est ce pas que je vous ay donnez ma promesse?—I ave giv'n you my promise, marry her ven ever you please—you ver welcome.

O. Ger. And have you broke it to your wife?

Doc. Pourquoi?—vat for, Sire?—my resolution is her's—c'est la meme chose, sans doute. Oh ventrebleu! if

if once my wife should pretend to contradicta my vill, to be sure she shou'd soon see vat sort of metal I be make of.—No, no;—I tanka my star I ave no domestick broil en ma famille; my wife sommite to me in ev'ry ting.

O. Ger. Ay, but, if you please, we'll acquaint her with it; 'tis a formality all mothers may expect.

Doc. Eh! bien donc, I vill call her down for your pleasure.—Attendez une peu—I vill call her—mais dere is no occasion—Begar I vill call her to you.

[Exit.

O. Ger. Well Martin, what say you now?

Mar. Why, Sir, I see the doctor is your friend; so far all's well.—But mark the end, I say still.

Enter Doctor and Wife.

Doc. Ma chere dame!—my dear a wife! here is our ver good friend, Monsieur Girarde, come on purpose to see you.

Wife. Sir, your servant; though my husband's a physician, I am glad to see you're in good health.

O. Ger. Speak to her Mr doctor, tell her the business.

Doc. Commencez vous—speak a you first.

O. Ger. No, no; 'tis properer for you.

Doc. Non, non—you shall speak much better—ecoutez!—de lovere ave ver great deal of elocution.

O. Ger. But you have the authority of a husband, and may without ceremony open the matter to her.

Doc. Non, non—commencez vous, je dis; you begin first, et you shall see my autorité if she resiste.

Wife. Pray, gentlemen, what's this contest about, and why was I call'd hither?

O. Ger. A foolish punctilio of honour, Madam; and something—that Mr doctor has to acquaint you with.

Doc. Mon Dieu, quelles sottises!—Ma chere dame! my dear wife!—I don't know how it happen to come about;—mais here is our ver good friend, Monsieur Girarde, he has a mind to marry our daughtere, dat is all.

O. Ger. Yes, Madam; and upon such terms as few parents are displeas'd with. You may scruple my age, perhaps;

perhaps; but when you know I will take her without a portion, I hope that scruple will be remov'd.

Wife. Hold there, good Mr Gerald.—Your ages are most unsuitable.—Many young women have been ruin'd by such unequal matches.—Youth and age cannot agree.

O Ger. But your husband, Madam, has giv'n me his promise.

Wife. What if he has?—he gave it without consideration, and without my knowledge or consent; therefore 'twas but a half promise, Sir.

O. Ger. But, Mr doctor, a man of honour ought to keep his word, and stand to what he says. Speak then, have you not promis'd me your daughter?

Doc. 'Tis very true;—I cannot deny it.

Wife. How! can you not? we'll talk of that hereafter.—Well, Mr Gerald, promise or not promise, all's one for that.—I deny; and that's enough.

Doc. Mais my petite ame!—ma mignonne!—my dear little wife—

Wife. Wife me no wives, but hold your foolish prating.—Sure I know better than you what's fitting for our daughter.

Doc. Parbleu! elle est bien enragé—she is in a devil a great a passion!

Wife. Set your heart at rest, Mr Gerald; you shall never marry my daughter, that's my resolution.—I will not be the jest of the whole town.—Who wou'd not split their sides, to hear a couple of old fools call one another father and son?—Away! for shame, for shame!

[Exit.

Mar. Sir! Sir!—Mr doctor!

Doc. Vell!—vat you say, Sire?

Mar. If once my wife shou'd contradict my will, to be sure she shou'd soon see what sort of metal I am made of—I thank my stars, we have no domestick broils; my wife submits to me in all things.

O. Ger. Martin says true; this lesson you read to us before you call'd your wife, good Mr doctor.

Doc. Eh! bien, Monsieur Girarde—it is very true; but den it is also very true—dis no be de propre place to shew my autorité.—Je vous dirai—I vill take a more

more convenient opportunité to speak vid her—Cependant—in the mean time—leave it to me—depen upon it you fall ave my daughtère—leave it to me.

Mar. Yes, Sir, leave it to Mr doctor; he'll do wonders.—He is a lion in private, but you saw he was a lamb in public. I fear you had better take the wife's word than the husband's;—'tis plain she rules the roast.

Doc. Peace upon your tongue, you dam saucy jack-anape!—Parblieu! I speak a your master, I no speak a you—you little nasty great a jack a dog!—aha!—Monsieur Girarde!—tenez la main—take a my hand; depen upon it you fall ave my daughtère.—I turn a my vife neck and heel out a de doore. Attendez ici une peu, et you fall hear me scold her comme le diable!—out a de winder—jernie! coton!—ventre blue!—

[Exit muttering.]

Mar. Well, Sir, what think you now?

O. Ger. Why, truly, Martin—ha! is not that Crispin yonder?

Enter Crispin.

Crisp. Sir, your servast; I am glad I have found you. Good morrow, Martin.

Mar. Good morrow, Crispin.

O. Ger. What cause brings you to town?

Crisp. That letter will inform you.

[Gives him a letter.]

O. Ger. [Reads.]

“Honoured father,

“Hoping you are in good health, as I am, thanks
“be to heaven, at this present writing hereof; this is
“to let you understand, that all my money's gone—
“and my clothes worn so bare, that you may, as the
“saying is, see my breech through my pocket-holes.”

Mar. A fine epistle!

O. Ger. This is not my son's style, nor his hand: This is some roguery of your's, Sirrah—

Crisp. To tell you the plain truth, Sir. I lost, I know not how, my master's letter on the road; and baiting at a little village, it happen'd to be at the sexton's house, who sold a cup of notable good ale; there I got him to write—

write this letter for me. I know my master sent for money and clothes; pray read the rest.

O. Ger. No, I have read enough.

Mar. You dictated this letter to the sexton, ha! Crispin?

Crisp. I did so;—what of that?

Mar. Nothing, that the style is very eloquent.

Crisp. I think so. I have not been at the university with my master four months for nothing.

O. Ger. Has my son spent all his money in so short a time? He has been prodigal.

Crisp. He cou'd not help it; he was forc'd to treat at his first coming, Sir.—I shall be his steward for the future, and manage matters better.—

O. Ger. Look you do.—I have some business now; about an hour hence come home to me. Follow me, Martin.

[*Exeunt Old Gerald and Martin.*]

Crisp. So far all's well.—If I can screw a good sum out of him, I do my master's business: the old gentleman must not know he's in town, nor must my master know I lost his letter. O, here he comes.

Enter Young Gerald.

Y. Ger. I sent you with my letter to my father; why are you loitering here?

Crisp. 'Tis done, Sir.

Y. Ger. What's done, Sir?

Crisp. Your business, Sir, is done effectually. I met your father here, just in this place; gave him your letter:—he read it o'er and o'er; and said the style was admirable;—was overjoy'd to see how the university had improv'd you. Then I made him an eloquent oration, to let him see how I had profited.—This melted his hard heart; made his old eyes twinkle like flames in the bottom of two sockets.—At last he bid me come home to him some half an hour hence—by that time, Sir, the money will be ready.—But how durst you venture abroad by day-light?—Shou'd your father—

Y. Ger. I know it, Crispin; but as soon as you were gone, Angelica sent her maid to me, and bid me meet her here.—Something of consequence has happen'd to her, and I'm in pain to know the meaning of it.—See, she is here.

Enter

Enter Angelica.

Y. Ger. My dear Angelica!

Ang. Mr Gerald, I am glad my maid found you:—
'twill surprise you when I tell you, your father is in
love—

Y. Ger. You mock me, Madam.

Ang. No; 'tis too true: he has ask'd me of my father and my mother; offers to settle a large jointure on me, and marry me without a portion too.—These are proposals few parents will refuse.

Y. Ger. Unhappy accident! What's to be done?

Ang. I will acquaint my mother with our love, and try to make her of our party. Stay hereabouts; if I succeed, Beatrice shall give you notice.

Y. Ger. Do, my dear Angelica; and success attend you.

[Exit Angelica.]

Grif. Well,

Of all your father's follies, this is the worst;

When old men fall in love, they're surely curst.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *The Laboratory.*

Enter Doctor.

Beatrice! Beatrice!—ou etez vous?—vere de devil are you?

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. Here, Sir, here.

Doc. Depechez vous donc—see all de ting in ordere ici—here—dans la laboratoire; car many virtuosi vill be here, to hear a my lecture—et to see de curious dissection of de dead body, dat I expect ev're moment from de place of execution.—

Bea. Why do you choose this back apartment, at the end of the garden? You us'd to do it in the great hall formerly.

Doc. Je ne scais pas—I cannot tell—my wife vill ave it so—I say noting at all—de body vill be here bien-tot—presently;—in de mean time I vill go to visite some of my patients dat are near. Beatrice—Beatrice!—qu'avez vous la!—vat de devil ave you got dere?

Bea. There, Sir—where?

Doc.

Doc. Vy, dere—under your handkerchief—your little tettons, you little devil—aha!

Bea. Fie, Sir—you make me blush.

Doc. Po, po—you foolish silly girl;—you no bluffs at all.—Beatrice—I give you half a crown you no tella my wife.—Ecoutez voila une petit chanson Frangois!

S O N G.

Fondly let me grasp dy treasure
Vile my vital spirit glow;
Youth again fall live in pleasure,
And on e'ery blifs bestow.

Vit your merliton, &c.

Je suis un bon coq, Beatrice—I am ver good cock o' de game;—I can tella you but dat.

Bea. You strut, and crow, and clap your wings indeed, but all to no purpose;—but you forget your patients, Sir.

Doc. Eh! bien, you ver good girl, put me in mind of my bus'ness:—to be sure I vill go;—and ven I come back again, I vill have a little touch at your tettons.

[Exit.

Bea. I find all husbands, old and young, are still for variety. Well, if ever it be my fortune to marry one who serves me so—I'll say no more; but that which is fauce for the goose shall be fauce for the gander.

Enter Crispin.

Bea. Crispin, what brings you hither now?

Crisp. I have been almost half an hour hankering about the back door.—I saw the doctor come forth just now, and then I ventur'd to slip in.

Bea. Secure that door then, while I fasten this, that we may not be surpriz'd.—Now what's the business?

Crisp. My master, poor man, is at his wit's end.—What Madam Angelica told him about his father has distracted him. I have a letter for her.—

Bea. Give it me.— [Crispin gives her a letter.

Crisp. Stay, Beatrice, let me look on you a little.—What have you been doing to yourself?—I never saw you so handsome in my life.

Bea. Indeed!

Crisp. No, indeed.—Thou hast stolen some of thy lady's wash;—it can't be natural; come, let me try.

Bea.

Bea. Stand off, fool.

Crisp. Now I think on't, I have not had one kiss since I came from the university.—

Bea. Keep your distance, you had best; I will not make you so familiar with me.—

Crisp. Say you so! Hark ye, gentlewoman, what made you here alone with Mr doctor? This place is very private; at a convenient distance from the house too.

Bea. One who was hang'd this morning is to be dissected here.—I must set every thing in order for it; the body will be sent in presently.—

[Knocking at the door.

Crisp. Here, let me out quickly.

Doc. (without) Beatrice!—ouvrez la porte—open de door.—

[Knock again.

Bea. What shall I do? it is my master.

Crisp. Let me out, I say.—

Doc. (without) Beatrice!—open de door!

[Knock again.

Crisp. What will become of me?

Bea. Here, here, lay yourself at length upon this table—I'll say you are the dead body sent from the gallows.

Crisp. O Beatrice!

Bea. No more; do as I bid you.—

[Crispin lies at his full length upon the table.

Beatrice opens the door.

Enter Doctor.

Doc. Begar, I tink I am bewitch to-day; I ave taken de wrong med'cine—de devil take all de med'cine in de varld (*gives Beatrice a pill box.*) Aha! vat is dat?

Bea. The body from the gallows, Sir.—The fellows that brought it wou'd not carry it into the vault.—

Doc. Fort bien—ver vell—let a me see—bon, bon. (*Feels Crispin*)—Begar, de body is varm. Parbleu, I vill begin de dissection dis moment.—(*Flings off his cloak, &c.*)—Beatrice, fetch me my amputation knife, my incision knife, et all de oder instrument I ave preparè in my closete.

Bea. But, Sir, your patients expect you now.—

Doc. J'irai bientot—I vill go by and by.

Bea.

Bea. But shou'd any of them die in the mean time.

Doc. Allez vous en, et fetch me only my incision-knife—car vile de natural heat remain, I fall more easily come at de lacteal vein dat convey de chyle to de art, for sanguification, or de encrease of blood.—

Bea. But, Sir, you won't begin the anatomy before the doctors come.

Doc. Depechez vous—fetch it, I say.—Vat de devil—I master, you servant—n'est ce pas? [*Exit Beatrice.*]

Doc. Upon my vard, he is ver vell shape, very good visage—very pretty fellow indeed.—Parblieu, he ave de dev'lish sharp a toot.—Aha! do I perceive a dat? Here is a little lineament, come just from de nose to de corner of de mout, shew he vas a dam rogue, ought to ave been hang ten years ago.—Begar, I fall ave ver much great pleasure in dis dissection.—I vill open his belly quite from de xiphoid cartilage to de os pubis.—Oh je voudrais bien—I wish any of my fellow-physicien ver here just a now—car I vould plainly shew dem de circulation of de blood quite through the systole to de diastole—aha! [*Here the Doctor bends the body of Crispin up and down, who seems stiff.*] Begar, I ave conquer him at last.

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. I have been looking all about, Sir, and cannot find your incision-knife.—Besides, Sir, a fine lady call'd at the door just now, in a great gilt coach, and charg'd me to send you to my lord's immediately.

Doc. Ha! vat for?

Bea. He's dying, Sir; he's dying.

Doc. Vat should I go for den?

Bea. You must go, Sir; you shall go; you are sent for.

Doc. De devil is in de vench! Vell I vill go; mais, in de mean time, let de body be carry into de vault.

[*Exit.*]

Bea. So, joy go with you.—

Crisp. And I, without more words, will be gone immediately.

Bea. Whither in such a haste?

Crisp. Whither, with a vengeance! let me out, I say.
You

You must fetch the incision-knive, with a pox t'ye! and all the other damnable instruments, to rip me up alive, and make minc'd meat of me!—Curse on his systole and diastole.—

Bea. You are mistaken, Crispin: when I went out, I did not go to fetch the instruments; I went to hide 'em—where I was sure he cou'd never find 'em.—

Crisf. I thought indeed you cou'dn't have the heart to see a man, who loves you as I do, so barbarously dismember'd;—and therefore I lay still.

Bea. Well, stay here a while; I'll run and give Angelica the letter, and return instantly. Stay a little.

Crisf. Yes, in the street—There I shall not be in danger of his damn'd amputation-knife, with a pox to him!

Bea. Poor Crispin!

Crisf. Fear makes me think every thing I see an instrument to rip me up from the systole to the diastole.

Bea. He had a mind to be acquainted with your inside, Crispin.—

Crisf. The devil pick his bones for't.—I shall never recover myself till I get out of this cursed place.—
(Knocking at the door.) Ah! the spirit's come again! —Open the door; I'll rush out like a lion.

Bea. Have a care, or you'll spoil all.

Crisf. If the doctor catches me here, he will spoil all—Amputation and incision will spoil all.

Bea. Come, lay yourself upon the table quickly; he has no instruments.

Crisf. Not I; for ought I know, he may have some about him.—His pockets may be fill'd with knives, pins, threads, saws, and the devil and all.

Bea. Well thought on! Here hangs my master's gown and cap; you shall strait put 'em on, and tell him you are a physician just come from the university; and understanding a dead body was to be dissected by him, came to hear his lecture.

Crisf. Give it me then; I'd rather act the doctor than the dead body.—(Puts on the gown.) So now, I hope I need not fear his peeping into my os pubis, with a pox to him.

Bea. But if he should find out your ignorance?

Crisf.

Crif. I'll venture that ; the world belies 'em, or there are many physicians as great fools as myself.—' I have ' good natural parts, Beatrice, if they escape but amputation and incision.'

Bea. So now I'll let him in.—

Enter Waiting-woman.

Wait. Is Mr doctor within ?

Bea. No.—

Wait. Why do you deny him to me? There he is.

Crif. Well, what's your business with me, mistress ; speak.—

Wait. My lady has lost her little lap-dog, which she lov'd better than any relation in the world.—Now, Sir, knowing that you are not only a learned physician, but that you understand astrology, and the like—

Crif. Ay, ay, I understand one as well as the other.

Wait. Therefore, Sir, I bring you a fee, and desire you to tell me some tidings of him.—

Crif. Have you brought the dog's water with you ?

Wait. His water ? the dog's lost, Sir.

Crif. Lost—why—ay, what then ?

Bea. The rascal stumbles confoundedly. (*Aside.*) You do not mind, Sir ; the dog is not sick, he is lost.—

Crif. O ho—lost ? How long since he was lost ?

Wait. Two days ago.

Crif. At what hour !

Wait. At eleven in the morning.

Crif. What colour ?

Wait. Black and white.

Crif. Enough, enough.—Beatrice, what's in that box there in your hand ? (*Aside.*)

Bea. Some pills my master gave me to lay up.

Crif. Give me the box.

Bea. To what purpose ?

Crif. Hold your peace. (*Aside.*) Here, take these pills.

Wait. For what, an't please your worship ?

Crif. Your lady's dog is lost ?

Wait. Yes, Sir.

Crif. And you wou'd find him again ?

Wait. With all my heart.

Crif. Take these pills then.

Wait.

Wait. Will these pills make me find the dog again?

Cris. Yes, certainly—those pills—why, those pills, I assure you, are of a very searching nature.—

Wait. But, Sir—

Cris. Go, do as I bid you.—

Wait. There is your fee, Sir.—If these pills help us to the dog again, you'll have my lady and the whole family for your patients—and so your servant, Sir—servant, Sir.

[Exit Waiting-woman.]

Bea. Ha, Crispin! is not this better than being a dead body?—You no sooner commenc'd doctor but you got a doctor's fee.

Cris. Two new crown-pieces; 'tis a brave trade indeed.—Here a man gets his money easily.

[Knocking at the door.]

Bea. Hark! somebody knocks again.

Cris. O Lord! if this shou'd be the doctor!

Bea. There's no remedy, you must brazen it out.

[Opens the door.]

Enter Simon.

Sim. Is Mr doctor within?

Bea. What's your business?

Sim. I'd speak with him.

Bea. From whom?

Sim. Why from my self.

Bea. Why, do you know him, friend?

Sim. I come to ask him one question, and you ask me a score.

Bea. He's not at home to ev'ry body; therefore I must know.—

Sim. Then I neither know him, nor he me. I pray, is he at home to receive money?—I bring him a fee.—

Cris. [advancing forward] Who are you, friend?

Sim. Why, they call me at our town *Simon the Infant*; but my name is *Simon Burly*.

Cris. Well, what's your business; quick?

Sim. I am told you're an astrologer, as well as a doctor.

Cris. What then?

Sim. Why then, I question you, an't please ye, whether Alice Draper, a young maid in our town, that I love, has that love for me again as she pretends to have

—Because there is an arch attorney's clerk that is often in her company, and I don't know——

Crif. Hold! what kind of a woman is she?

Sim. Why, she is a sprightly, clever, well-built wench, with a fine featly face, brown hair, and a ruddy complexion; a good crummy las, and treads well on her pastons.——

Crif. Sprightly, clever, &c. &c. &c.——well on her pastons.

Sim. Ay, marry does she.——

Crif. Here, take these pills.

Sim. Pills!

Crif. Yes, take 'em.

Sim. How! pills!

Crif. Yes, pills.——You must take the number ten, because of your great bulk.

Sim. I have taken pills to purge withal; but, wounds! can they——

Crif. Go to, I say—they'll purge the head, and clear the understanding wonderfully. Ours is a science you know nothing of.

Bea. Tell him they are cephalick pills.——

Crif. Ay, ay,—these, Sir, are your slivelalick pills, —but that is heathen Greek to you: if you understood Latin, I could talk to the purpose to you.——

Sim. I am a piece of a scollard, I must tell you. *Intelligo, domine, linguam Latinam.*

Crif. Pho, pho, I know that—but that—that's your outlandish Latin.——There are several sorts of Latin; —there's law Latin, priest's Latin, and doctor's Latin: as for example—*Olo purgatum, physicum, vomitum, gutsoutum*—and so forth.——Our Latin is quite another thing from school Latin.

Sim. I think it may be so.

Crif. Go, do as I bid ye.

Sim. I had best give you your fee, first.

Crif. Ay, ay; that's well consider'd.

Sim. Pills!

Crif. Ay, pills!

Sim. Ten pills.

Crif. Just ten—dispatch—away!

Sim. Good day to ye, Sir.

Crif.

Crif. The like to you, friend. [*Exit Simon.*
Two crowns and half-a-guinea got already! This is a
gainful, and no painful trade.—

Bea. Learned Mr doctor, I must have snacks.

Crif. And so thou shalt; there's my last fee for thee.
—You cannot say but I deal nobly by you—

[*Gives her the half-guinea.*

Bea. Thank you—this will buy pins.

[*Knocking at the door.*

Crif. Hark!

Bea. There's more fees coming.

Crif. My heart misgives me—Ah, what will become
of me!

Doc. (*without*)—Betrice, Betrice!

Crif. Oh Lord! it is the devil himself.

[*Beatrice opens the door.*

Enter Doctor.

Doc. My Lord vas dead—so dey give me five guiney—
I no care—Eh, bien! Beatrice, ave you done evre ting
dat I ordere?

Bea. Yes, Sir.—But, just before you, came in this
gentleman (some doctor, I suppose, of your acquaint-
ance). I presume he intends to be present at your ana-
tomy lecture.

Doc. Sire, do I ave not de honour to know you, you
be ver vellcome.—I fall not begin my dissection till to-
morrow morning, eleven o'clock—den if you please to
honour me vid your bon compaignie—may be you fall
hear someting dat is ver curious.

Crif. I have heard much, Sir, of your great abilities,
and shall not fail you—for your reputation, Mr doctor,
is a reputation—that—as I may say—or as—in fine, I
will not fail, Sir, to wait on you.

Bea. Sir, if you please, my mistress desires to speak
with you.

Doc. Bientot—by and by—I ave not done vid Mon-
sieur le docteur.—Allez vous en. [*Exit Beatrice.*

Je vous en prie, Monsieur, letta me consult you in de
case of un malade—a sick person, dat is my patient a
present.

Crif. Do me the honour to excuse me now; I have
business.

business of mighty consequence, that requires my departure instantly—but to-morrow, Mr doctor—

Doc. Stay a little—attendez une peu—je vous dirai—I shall tell you in two tree vard You must know, dat all vitch he spit be quite vite—tout blanc—quite vite—Now, Sir, in my judgement—dat is ver bad symptome.

Crisp. Oh to be sure, Sir; the worst symptom in the whole world.

Doc. Car, you know, pituita alba aqua inter cutem supervenit, says Hippocrates.—

Crisp. Very true, Hippocrates does say so indeed.

Doc. And den, dis you know ver vell de Greek call leucophlegmateia.

Crisp. Lu—co—phleg—ma—tea,—that's right.

Doc. So den, according to Hippocrates, dis vite spitting, ou pituita alba—est une chose d'extraordinaire!—et shew plainly dat de dropfy will succeed.—Now, Sir, I vou'd fain know, vat you tink de ver best remede I can give in dis case.—

Crisp. Why really, Sir, in this sort of malady, or, d'ye see, in any kind of malady of this sort, that is to say—in any case—which may be—as it were—a—in a manner—as I may say—a case of this kind—I don't know but that is—I think you may—to be sure—a—what think you of a dose of pills?

Doc. Ha!—de pillules! begar, dat vould spoil all I ave been doing.—

Crisp. O you mistake me, Sir; I don't mean, Sir, that you shou'd give the patient pills.—

Doc. No! what den?

Crisp. I only mention'd, Sir, a dose of pills which I took myself this morning, which—'have not yet done 'working, and'—force me to leave you somewhat abruptly.

Exit Crispin.

Doc. Mais, Monsieur—

Enter Wife and Beatrice.

Wife. O husband, husband! come away, have a care, —have a care—

Doc. Of vat, wife?

Wife. Ah, dear husband, you must excuse me for intruding so hastily.—

Doc.

Doc. Vat is de mattre, vife?

Wife. O! that man was a negromancer, a conjurer; one that deals in the black art, and raises spirits.—

Doc. Comment scavez vous cela?—how you know dat?

Wife. Some of my neighbours told me so, and bid me have a care of him—I was frighted almost out of my wits,—and shan't come to myself a good while.—

Doc. Po, po!—your neighbour foolish silly peoples. Parblieu, I believe he vas one dam rogue.—Jernie, if he come encote into my parloir, I will play de devil vid him—De pillules!—le diable!— [Exeunt—

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Old Gerald.

O. Ger. I am resolved to bribe Beatrice, and make her of my party; she is a notable young witty wench, and governs her young mistress as she pleases; the devil's in her if she's money-proof.—I see her coming forth.

Enter Beatrice.

O. Ger. Beatrice, Beatrice! a word with you.

Bea. To me, Sir, do you speak?

O. Ger. Yes, yes, to you, my pretty, little, witty, smiling rogue: hold up your head, here's money for you, ha!

Bea. Two pieces of broad gold! What is this for?

O. Ger. One for thy good will, and one for thy good word.

Bea. As how, Sir, I beseech you?

O. Ger. Promise me one thing, I will make 'em ten; make 'em ten presently; and if you succeed, a hundred.

Bea. Ay, marry, Sir, you speak now to the purpose.

O. Ger. You know I have obtain'd the doctor's promise, to marry his daughter, fair Angelica.

Bea. You have, Sir.

O. Ger. Her mother refuses her consent, to it.

Bea. She does so.

O. Ger. Now, child, if you cou'd get for me the young lady's consent—

Bea. To marry, Sir!

O. Ger. Ay, ay, to marry her.

Bea. Is that all? Come, Sir, she may look farther, and fare worse.

O. Ger. That's well said; there's another piece for that.

Bea. I thank you, Sir.

O. Ger. I know you rule her as you please.

Bea. Sometimes she hearkens to me.

O. Ger. Now if you will commend me to her often.

Bea. As how, Sir?

O. Ger. As thus. By telling her how rich I am, and that I love her so, I can deny her nothing. 'Tis true, I have a son; but him I have removed, on purpose to make way for her.

Bea. That was wisely done, Sir.

O. Ger. Ay, was it not? Tell her all happiness consists in wealth; that she may make me settle *almost* all I have on her, and the children I have by her.

Bea. And do you think you shall have children by her?

O. Ger. Why not? I am hale and very lusty, Beatrice—If thou dost this for me, besides a hundred pounds I'll give thee on the day I marry her, I'll get thee with child too, give thee a good portion, and marry thee to an honest shopkeeper.—

Bea. Fie, fie! you offer me too much in conscience, Sir; but for my young mistress—

O. Ger. Ay, am I sure of thy assistance there?

Bea. 'Yes,' Sir, I'll do my weak endeavour for you.—I'll begin presently; I'll set you forth with commendations, Sir.

O. Ger. How, how, my pretty rogue?

Bea. Why thus, Sir—If I may be so bold to advise you, Madam, take Mr Gerald, says I; let him be your husband.—Says she presently, Which Mr Gerald meanest thou? O Madam, says I, the father certainly: the son's a young extravagant idle fellow; his father means to disinherit him, unless he mends his manners.

O. Ger. And so I do, Beatrice; that of my son was well put in.—Go on —

Bea. O, but he's old, she cries.—True, Madam, says I; but then he's rich too, very rich. Whene'er he dies,

dies, he'll leave you—wealth enough to make you a lady.

O. Ger. That she may be before, if she pleases me.

Bea. I'll tell her so.—But she may say, Old men are cross and peevish.—No, says I, he's mild and humble; a fine sweet-temper'd gentleman; he'll doat upon you; he'll never make you jealous; he'll not run after other women, as all young fellows do.

O. Ger. That was well thought on.

Bea. Says she, His teeth are naught—O but his breath is sweet.—His eyes, says she, are sunk—O but, says I, he sees without spectacles.—Says she, He's an old, nasty, musty, fusty, stinking—

O. Ger. Hold, hold!—enough, enough!—When shall I see her, Beatrice?

Bea. This very afternoon; you cannot have a fitter opportunity. You know the doctor is much abroad; my old mistress will be absent too. If you'll be walking about four o'clock near our back-door, I'll let you privately into the anatomy room; there she shall meet you, Sir.

O. Ger. Hold up thy hand, I'll make the three broad pieces ten.—There, will these encourage thee?

Bea. You are a wise client, Sir; you will not starve a good cause, I see.—

O. Ger. I scorn it, Beatrice.

Bea. One thing I must advise you, Sir; be vigorous, press your suit home to her. * For I must tell you, there's * a young, debauch'd, lewd fellow, just such another * as your own son is, who haunts her ev'ry where; * makes violent love to her; watches all opportunities to * speak to her; is always making presents, and sending * letters to her. I'll watch him narrowly; I'll spoil his * sport. I'll manage Mr Gerald's cause so well, if I * get not my young mistress for him, I'll forfeit my * maidenhead.

O. Ger. Come hither, I must kiss thee; I will kiss thee; thou art a pretty, witty, merry rogue, and I'll provide for thee.—

Bea. Farewell, Sir; remember four o'clock. If you brought some jewels with you, necklaces, rings, and bracelets,

bracelets, only to shew her, Sir—Young girls, you know, are mightily taken with such fine things.

O. Ger. I'll do't, my girl! I'll do't!—I'll home and pick out of my cabinet the best of all my pawns, and bring 'em to her.—But first I'll be spruc'd up; I will be shav'd and wash'd, and perfum'd too; put on a clean band, and my best wig, my new hat, and put a clean handkerchief in my pocket; and then—at four o'clock—ay, that's the hour—I'll—only to shew her.

[Exeunt separately.]

Enter Young Gerald and Crispin.

Crisp. Well, Sir, what think you now of my adventures?

Y. Ger. Why, truly, they were extraordinary.

Crisp. A dead man—a doctor—an astrologer—

Y. Ger. You made your way through many difficulties; but, for my sake, you must once more go to the doctor's house.

Crisp. Who I, Sir?

Y. Ger. Yes.

Crisp. I beg your pardon, Sir; you may go and venture yourself, if you please.—

Y. Ger. Should I go, and be seen there by the doctor, I ruin our design, and lose my mistress; he'll tell my father that I'm in town. You run no hazard, for he knows you not.

Crisp. No hazard call you it? I hazard my legs, arms, veins, arteries, and muscles; and, in the doctor's gibberish, I hazard incision, dissection, amputation, and circulation, through the systole to the diastole.—Why, Sir, in such a case, a physician cuts up a man with as little remorse as a hangman carves a traitor.

Y. Ger. For all that, you must venture your precious self once more. When I get my mistress, I'll make thee ample satisfaction.—

Crisp. Well, if I must I must.—I saw a physician's habit hang up at a broker's shop hard by; hire it for me—I had rather appear before him in the shape of a doctor than a dead man.—That habit, pills, and impudence, brought me off before, and may again.

Y. Ger. While I secure the habit, step to my father's and secure the money.—

Crisp.

Crisp. I will;—but first, Sir, tell me what is Latin for—I am a doctor.—

O. Ger. Medicus sum.—

Crisp. Very well; medicus sum.—Go about your business, I'll about mine. Medicus sum.—

[*Exit Young Gerald.*]

Well, 'tis a fine thing to understand Latin.—I must be sure not to forget medicus sum.—Now I'll to the old man.—Ho! talk of the devil and his horns appear.

Enter Old Gerald and Martin.

O. Ger. O Crispin, where's your master? tell me true?

Crisp. Where shou'd he be? at the university—

O. Ger. Ay, he shou'd be at the university—but where is he, ha?

Crisp. I warrant in his chamber, hard at study; or else in the schools chopping logic. Please you to give me the money, Sir, that I may return to him with speed.

Mar. Give you the money?—ha, ha, ha!

Crisp. What do you sneer at, ha?—

Mar. Money! who's the fool then?

Crisp. Meddle with your own business, sirrah, or I'll give you a dounce o' the chaps.

O. Ger. Be quiet, knave.

Crisp. A jackanapes!—to interrpt me—

O. Ger. Have done, I say.—Several of my acquaintance tell me they have seen him here; here in this town.

Crisp. O abominable!

O. Ger. Sirrah, confess the truth; is he in town?

Crisp. Medicus sum—he is not here indeed, Sir.

Mar. He equivocates, Sir.—Here? no, he is not here.

O. Ger. But, slave, he is in town.—

Crisp. No.

O. Ger. I lie then, do I?

Crisp. Medicus sum.

O. Ger. What's that you mutter, rascal!

Crisp. A word I learn'd at the university.—Medicus sum; that is, I am a doctor.

Mar. Yes, of the lying faculty.—

Crisp.

Cris. Sirrah, if I had you in another place, I wou'd—

Mar. What wou'd you do?

Cris. I wou'd dissect you, rascal; run my fist thro' your systole and diastole.

Mar. Come and you dare; let's see what you can do?

O. Ger. Saucy knaves, forbear.

[*They offer to fight; O. Gerald holds up his cane.*]

Cris. Sirrah, I'll rip up your belly from the xiphoid cartilage to the os pubis, you dog.—

O. Ger. The fellow's mad—Be quiet, or I'll cudgel both of you.—Well, Crispin, since your master's not in town, return you to the university; tell him, next week I'll send the money to him by the carrier.—

Cris. But, Sir—

O. Ger. One word more, and bamboo shall fly about your ears.

Cris. Well, I know what I know.—

O. Ger. What do you know?

Cris. That I'll be reveng'd of that audacious villain.

O. Ger. For what, rascal?

Cris. Because he's a fac-totum, and sets you against my young master and me.—

O. Ger. Sirrah, sirrah, I cou'd find in my heart—

Cris. Ay, strike, if you think good.

O. Ger. Say you so! There's for you then.

[*Gerald strikes at Crispin: he ducks.—Gerald, missing his blow, falls.—Crispin, gives Martin a cuff and a trip; throws him down, and runs off.*]

Cris. Medicus sum.

[*Exit.*]

O. Ger. Help me up, good Martin.

Mar. Oh, oh! I want help myself, Sir: the rogue has broke my crupper.

O. Ger. The villain has rumpled my clean neckcloth too.

Mar. If ever I light on him—

O. Ger. Be patient, Martin.

Mar. I must, whether I will or no.

O. Ger. Go home, Martin, I have business another way.—A dog! Medicus sum! [*Exit Martin.*]

This is the hour; 'tis just four by my watch: if Beatrice prevails, I am made for ever.

Enter

Enter Beatrice.

Bea. O Sir, are you come? I have been peeping for you at the window a whole half hour.

O. Ger. Is the coast clear? Where's my Angelica?

Bea. No questions, but come in. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, *The Laboratory.*

Enter Angelica, met by Old Gerald and Beatrice.

Bea. Look here, Madam, here's Mr Gerald come to kiss your hands.

O. Ger. With your favour, Madam—*(salutes her.)*

Ang. Well, Mr Gerald, you see my maid has prevail'd with me.—She gives you great commendations too.—

O. Ger. Ay, my sweet; I'll make 'em all good, I warrant you.

Ang. I doubt not but you'll love me, Mr Gerald. But what reason is there for me to love a man in years, as you are?

O. Ger. I have many reasons for your ear, more for your eye.—Look here, my queen; here's a necklace of pearl worth about five hundred pounds.—Then here's a set of bodkins for your hair, cost fourscore pounds.—Then here's a crochet of diamonds, cost three hundred:—All, all shall be yours—my little mouse, my pigeon, my waterwagtail.—*[Knocking at the door.]*

Ang. O heav'n! somebody knocks.—I am ruin'd if my mother finds you here.

Bea. Ah, Madam, what will become of me?

Ang. For heav'n's sake, hide yourself; do, Mr Gerald.

O. Ger. How? where? I'll do any thing my dear will have me.

Bea. Then strip yourself to your waistcoat and drawers, and lie at your length here on this table.—I'll tell my master you're the dead body sent in to be dissected.

Ang. Quickly, Mr Gerald; if you love me, deny me not.

(Within)—Beatrice, Beatrice!

Bea. Make haste, or we're undone. *[They strip him.]*

(Within)—Open the door: why, Beatrice, where are you?

Bea.

Bea. So, so; whate'er they say or do, be sure you stir not for your life.

O. Ger. So, so; I am dead as a herring.

Bea. Whatever happens, Sir, be not afraid—Come in. [Exit Angelica.]

Enter Crispin like a doctor, Young Gerald as his man.

Bea. I thought I heard my master and mistress.

Crisp. Fait and troth, they will be after coming presently—Och, honey, where is the dead carcase for dissection?

Bea. Here, Sir.

Crisp. Pherry good.—Upon my shoul, I'll make observation of the visage.—Oh boo, boo, boo! devil burn me, joy, he has bafe countenance. Arra fait he was a theif—a cut-throat—hanging phas too good for him. Upon my shoul I'll begin the dissection now the body is warm.

Bea. What, before my master comes?

Crisp. Ay fait, honey.—Phere is my man? Phere are the instruments?

Y. Ger. Here, Sir, here.

Bea. Bless me! what's that great knife for?

Crisp. My shoul, that will cut from jugular to jugular—as thus—

Bea. Hold, Sir, I beseech you—Fear nothing, Mr Gerald (*Aside to him.*)—What is that terrible saw for?

Crisp. Och, my life! that is the dismembering saw, to saw off the leg, or the hand, down just above the joint. You will see.—

[Crispin draws one leg from the other, and one arm from his body, and Gerald draws 'em close to him again.]

Crisp. Oh boo, boo, boo!—Devil burn me, I did lay one arm here, and one leg here, to saw off in the middle, and upon my shoul the arm and the leg are both gone quite home again to the body.—Fait, this is the strangest living dead body that ever I saw in my life.

Bea. Oh, Sir, I have seen whole bodies, after they have lain here a day or two, get up, and run away.

O. Ger. And so will I; I'll not stay to be butcher'd here.

[He leaps off the table; as he is creeping out, the Doctor]

Doctor and his Wife enters ;—the Doctor falls over him.

Doc. Diable m'enporte ! vat strange ting vas dat run over me ?

Bea. Why, Sir, as I was showing Mr doctor here the dead body that was sent from the gallows, he felt his pulse ; and laying his hand on his breast, he found his heart panted : then he took his incision-knife, and, before he could touch his naked skin, up started the dead body, and ran away, just as you saw.

Crisp. All this is true, Sir, as I am a member of the learned faculty.

Doc. Parblieu, I am amaze !

Enter Old Gerald.

O. Ger. O undone ! undone !

All. Ah, ah ! [*screaming.*]

Wife. He's come again, husband ; ah, ah !

Doc. In de name of goodness, vat de devil are you ?

O. Ger. Undone, I say undone.

Doc. Etes vous spirite, ou flesh and blood ? anser.

O. Ger. Give me my cloaths, my jewels, I say !

Doc. Parblieu ! I believe it is our ver good friend and neighbour, Monsieur Girarde !

O. Ger. The same, the same ! O dear, O dear !

Doc. Et pourquoi faites vous tant bruit ? —vat you make a dis noise ?—‘et vy you come vidout your breeches, in dis nasty posture ?’

O. Ger. That baggage there, and the young witch your daughter, have contriv'd to abuse and cheat me out of two thousand pounds worth of jewels that were pawn'd to me.—How, my son here !

Enter Young Gerald and Angelica.

Y. Ger. Yes, Sir, and my wife.

O. Ger. And married too ? then all is at an end : but where are my cloaths, and—

Y. Ger. Your cloaths are safe enough, Sir—Crispin can tell you how I came by 'em.

Doc. Crispin !

Crisp. Doctor Crispin, Sir, at your service ! [*Struts.*]

Doc. Aha ! parblieu, he be one bien comic figure !

O. Ger. Crispin—my rogue ?

Crisp. Non rogus, non dogus ;—medicus sum.

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H

O. Ger.

O. Ger. Give me my jewels! my jewels, I say—

Y. Ger. The jewels, Sir, so well become my wife, I think you cannot in conscience demand them back.

O. Ger. How! what!

Ang. They were his own free gift; he scorns to take what he has given me.

Doc. C'est vrai—'tis very true.—Aha! etez vous marrie donc?—e bien! blefca you bot togeder, you prit littel devil you!—Monsieur Girarde, you musta forgive dem.—Ecoutes—ve vill ave a de bon suppé, et be ver merry tous ensemble—alla togeder; et donc ve vill hear les avantures de doctor Crispin.

Crisp. Beatrice and I will tell you the whole story;

And as we snack'd the fees, we'll share the glory.

F L O.

FLORIZEL AND PERDITA;

OR, THE

SHEEP-SHEARING:

A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

IN TWO ACTS.

(Altered from SHAKESPEAR'S WINTER'S TALE.)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Polixenes</i> , king of Bithynia,	<i>Dublin.</i> Mr Love.	<i>Edinburgh, 1781.</i> Mr Kelly.
<i>Florizel</i> , his son,	Mr Barry.	Mr Woods.
<i>Camillo</i> , a Sicilian lord in banishment,	Mr Staley.	Mr White.
<i>Antigonus</i> , a Sicilian lord, disguised as a shepherd, under the name of <i>Alcon</i> ,	Mr Heaphy.	Mr Fowler.
<i>Autolycus</i> , an arch pedlar,	Mr King.	Mr Johnson.
<i>Clown</i> ,	Mr Cunningham.	Mr Charteris.

WOMEN.

<i>Perdita</i> , supposed daughter to <i>Alcon</i> ,	Miss Nossiter.	Miss Cleland.
<i>Dorcas</i> ,	Mrs Pye.	Mrs White.
<i>Mopsa</i> ,	Mrs Love.	Mrs Collins.

Shepherds, Shepherdesses, &c.

Scene, BITHYNIA.

ACT I.

Enter the KING and CAMILLO.

KING.

THOU know'st, my worthy, my endear'd Camillo,
How much prince Florizel, my son, afflicts me

H 2

With

88 FLORIZEL AND PERDITA; OR,

With the strange courses he of late hath follow'd.
We oft have wonder'd whence arose the change
So visible in thoughts, words, looks, and actions.

Cam. I oft have thought it strange.

King. My good Camillo,
I've had intelligence, the time he steals
From us, from study, and from manly feats
And exercise of arms, is buried all
Beneath an aged shepherd's fordid roof,
Whose bleating flocks spread o'er that beauteous vale
That winds along the river's side; a stranger,
Here settled in Bithynia some few years;
Who yet beyond th' imagination rose
Of all his neighbours, yea, from very nothing,
To large possessions and unnumber'd flocks.

Cam. I've heard of such a man, who hath a daughter
Of note most rare, beyond her low estate.

King. Ay, that's the angle plucks him to his ruin.
Fool! to be caught with such a paltry bait!
'A woman's bait!—'I cou'd have patience with him,
Meant he to sport it with the amorous wench;
But, O Camillo! where shall I find patience?
—Thou'lt not believe me, thou'd I swear it true,—
My son, prince Florizel, Bithynia's hopes,
My kingdom's heir, this very day intends
To wed the daughter of that base-born clown!

Cam. A prince to wed a peasant!

King. 'Tis most certain.
But to confound him past all contradiction,
We mean, at once, to prove and to prevent it.
To-day old Alcon (that's her father's name)
Holds an accustom'd rite sacred to Pan,
The god of flocks: it is their shearers feast;
At which he means to solemnize the nuptials
With rural pomp and pastoral festivity;
But I shall disconcert 'em. I'll thither;
And thou, Camillo, shall attend me too,
Disguis'd like strangers chance had summon'd there.

Cam. You may dispose me as your grace shall list:
Yet still I think the prince, in your report,
Is much abus'd. I scarce can think it true.

King.

King. I'll think as thou 'till I have prov'd the fact.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *A rural prospect near Alcon's house.* Florizel
and Perdita discover'd sitting.

Flo. These your unusual weeds, to each part of you
Do give a life: No shepherdes; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen of it!

Per. My gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O pardon that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscur'd
With a swain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddeſs-like prank'd up.

Flo. I bleſs the time
When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
Thy father's ground; celeftial guide to where
My treasure lay.

Per. Now Jove afford you cauſe:
To me the diff'rence forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been us'd to fear: even now I tremble,
To think your father, by ſome accident,
Shou'd paſs this way as you did. O the fates!
How wou'd he look to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up! What wou'd he ſay? or how
Should I, in theſe my borrow'd ſtaunts, behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: The gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte,
Since my wiſhes run not before my honour,
Nor my deſires burn hotter than my faith.
This day, my Perdita, ſhall make thee mine!

90 FLORIZEL AND PERDITA; OR,

Speak to me, love! and charm me with thy voice.

Per. No; let me only answer you with blushes.
If I shou'd speak, you'd think I were too fond:
My tongue's asham'd t' interpret for my heart.

Flo. Hence with reserve; it is a foe to love.
What you tell me is whisper'd to yourself.
Virtue and love may harmless sport together,
Like little lambs that wanton on the plain;
While, like a faithful pastor by their side,
Honour keeps off each ravenous desire.

Per. I think you love me; and I think there is
Such virtue shines about you, that I dare
Intrust mine honour to your faithful love.
Oft, oft I wish thou wert some peasant swain,
Born lowly as myself; then shou'd we live
Unknown, unenvy'd, in our humble state,
Content with love beneath the cottage straw.

Flo. By heav'n, there's such a charm in all thy words,
I wish I were just what you'd have me be;
Distinguish'd only from the rest by love.
But, dearest Perdita, with these forc'd thoughts
I pray thee darken not this day of mirth;
For, trust me, love, I will be ever thine.
Be merry, gentle!— [*Flourish.*]
The guests are come; let's in and entertain 'em:—
Cheerily, nor think of ought but jollity and love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Country.* Enter King and Camillo like old
yeomen.

King. I am certain it cannot be far off, though we
have lost our way—Who have we here? We'll ask
this merry fellow.

Enter Autolycus singing.

When daffodils begin to peere,
With hey the doxy over the dale,
Why then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns o'er the winter's pale.
The lark that tirra lyra chants,
With hey, with hey the thrush and the jay,
Are summer-songs for me and my aunts,
As we lie tumbling in the hay.

King.

King. Why, fellow!—

Aut. Fellow! fellow quotha! who made you and me fellows? Do you know who you speak to, Sir?

King. No, truly.

Aut. I thought so by your manners. I'd have you to know, Sir, I've been at court, Sir, and have seen the king, Sir.

King. I cry you mercy, Sir: I did not know you had been so great a man. And pray how do you like him?

Aut. Why, hum! but so so; so so: and yet he's well enough too; but that he *wants it here* a little; he's not the *wisest* man in the world; but a damn'd merry fellow for all that, and an excellent companion.

King. Then you and he have been acquainted.

Aut. As great as cup and can, Sir. Lord, lord, I shall never forget the day that I and he—ha, ha, ha!—'twou'd make you die with laughing, to see the old woman fouse the king with a pail of fuds—ha, ha, ha! I never spent such a day—But I'll sing you a song the king made upon that very occasion. [*Sings.*]

The white sheet bleaching o'er the hedge,

With hey the sweet birds how they sing!

Doth set my proggings tooth an edge;

For a pot of ale is a dish for a king.

King. Did the king make this?

Aut. I help'd him a little; for, as I said, he is somewhat dull. He finish'd the three first lines, and was damnably set for a rhyme to *sing*; when I takes up the pot, and, slapping him on the back, hit off at once, *For a pot of ale is a dish for a king.*—But to see how he look'd when he found I had drank it all off—ha, ha, ha! I shall never forget it, were I to live a thousand years: but we had t'other pot, and then compos'd t'other song upon this same wash-woman's fair daughter. You shall hear that too—hem, hem! [*Sings.*]

The linen by her fingers prest,

Convey'd love's poison to my breast;

My heart grew hot, I felt the hurt;

I die, like Herc'les, by a shirt.

Cupid, to wound, took neither bow nor dart;

But with her smoothing-iron fir'd my heart.

Oh,

92 FLORIZEL AND PERDITA; OR,

Oh, the king's a rare poet, with a little of my help.—
The king and I had a hot dispute about the fourth line,
I die, like Herc'les, by a shirt.

He said it was a good comparifement for a king, but
wou'dn't do for a pedlar; whereof I look'd sour; and
ask'd, Why so, pray? Because, said he, few pedlars
die worth a shirt. There he had me on the hip; and we
both laugh'd so heartily, that I was oblig'd to drink off
the rest o' the beer, or I shou'd have burst. In troth
he's a good-humour'd man, and a pretty poet, to my
thinking. Come, you must buy it.

King. Nay, since 'tis the king's poetry, 'tis fit all his
good subjects shou'd buy it; and if thou'lt set us on our
way, there's money for thee.

Aut. I've no change, master.

King. I want none; thou may'st keep it all. And
now, I pray thee, without further words, which is the
nearest way to the house of one Alcon, an aged yeoman
of good repute, that lives hereabouts?

Aut. Are you going to master Alcon's? I'm hear-
tily glad of it; for I shall meet you there by and by.
There's to be high doings!—a sheep-shearing and a
wedding: and if that will not make sport enough for
one day, I wonder at it. We shall not lack for good
cheer, I warrant you; and I hope to sell a parcel of my
wares.

King. Dost thou believe it now, Camillo? [*Apart.*]

Cam. But pray, who is to be married there?

Aut. Why, young Mrs Perdita, his daughter; the
prettiest lass, master!—Od's life, she'll make thy old
gums water when thou see'st her. When you go there,
put it about, that we may all kiss the bride. I long
dearly to have one smack at her.

Cam. And what is he that is design'd her husband?

Aut. Why, some give out that he's a gentleman;
but this world is so strangely given to lying, that I
scarce believe a word in ten I hear to any body's advan-
tage: but if he were, I'm sure he's nothing the better
for that; for I never was acquainted with a gentleman,
that is to say, to drink with him or so, that was not
the saddest dog in nature. Your gentlemen are sad
dogs! sad dogs indeed! But this young man has too
good.

good a character for a gentleman: Alas! they say he has honour, and honesty, and love, and virtue, and all that trumpery stuff, that you never meet with in gentlemen now a-days: but its no matter; Alcon hath enough for her and him too, though he were as poor, and as extravagant, as any gentleman of 'em all.

King. But Alcon, I suppose, knows for certain who and what he is to whom he gives his daughter?

Aut. I know not that; 'tis none of my concern.

King. Then pray direct us thither.

Aut. Come here—You go along this foot-path (for if you tread in the grass, you'll have a quarter-staff over your pate); cross the stile at the end o' the meadow; then wind along the river's side to where it tumbles and flounces down the rock as white as sillabub; then turning to the left, mount up the rising ground, leaving the wood a little to the right, till coming to a spacious lawn, close nibbled by the sheep as if 'twere shorn, straight on you may descry old Alcon's dwelling; though not a fine one, the warmest hereabouts. Some business calls me another way; but in an hour I'll be with you there.

[*Sings.*] Jog on, jog on, the footpath-way,

And merrily bend the stile—a;

A merry heart goes all the day,

Your sad one tires in a mile—a.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE discovers Alcon, Florizel, Perdita, the King, Camillo, with Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

Al. **W**elcome, kind friends! welcome, gentle strangers!

This day we dedicate to mirth and feasting.

You're welcome all: I pray you lack for nothing.

King. Cou'd'st thou believe this, had not thy own eyes Borne uncorrupted witness of the truth? [*To Camillo.*]

Al. Fie, daughter, when my old wife liv'd, upon

This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,

Both dame and servant; welcom'd all, serv'd all;

Wou'd sing her song, and dance her turn.

You

You are retir'd,
 As if you were a feasted one, and not
 The hostess of the meeting. Pray you bid
 These unknown friends to's welcome ; for it is
 A way to make us better friends, more known.
 Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
 That which you are, mistress o' the feast. Come on,
 And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
 As your good flocks shall prosper.

Per. Sirs, you are welcome.

It is my father's will I shou'd take on me
 The hostessship o' the day. You're welcome, Sirs.
 Give me those flow'rs, Dorcas. Reverend Sirs,
 For you there's rosemary and rue : these keep
 Seeming and favour all the winter long.
 Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
 And welcome to our shearing.

King. Shepherdes,

A fair one are you : well you fit our ages
 With flow'rs of winter.

Per. Here are flow'rs for you ;

Hot lavender, mint, savory, marjoram,
 The marygold, that goes to bed with the sun,
 And with him rises weeping. These are flow'rs
 Of middle-summer ; and I think they are giv'n
 To men of middle age. Y'are welcome.

Cam. I shou'd leave grazing were I of your flock,
 And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas !

You'd be so lean, that blasts of January [friends,
 Wou'd blow you through and through. Now, my fairest
 I wou'd I had some flow'rs o' the spring, that might
 Become your time of day ; and your's, and your's,
 That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
 Your maiden blushes. O Proserpina !
 For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let't fall
 From Dis's waggon : daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,

That

That die unmarried ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength; gold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds
That in the valley grow. O' these I lack
To make you garlands of, and my sweet friend
To strow him o'er and o'er.

Flor. What, like a corse?

Per. No; like a bank, for love to lie and play on:
Not like a corse—Come, take your flow'rs:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitson pastorals. I'd make you welcome,
But I fear I weary you.

Flo. Whate'er you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet!
I'd have you do so ever; when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell, give alms, and pray
In such sweet notes; and ord'ring your affairs,
To sing them too; or when you dance,
Like a smooth wave by gentlest winds heav'd up,
So move you to the music's dulcet breath,
That I cou'd wish the motion were perpetual!

Per. O Doricles, your praises are too large.

King. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-ford; nothing she does, or seems,
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place. Had Florizel
But thought of bedding without wedding,
I well cou'd like his liking. [To Camillo.

Cam. In good sooth, she is the very posy of all sweets.

Al. Come, come, you'd have the pastime to yourselves;
But you'll find leisure, time hereafter,
For tales of love.—The pastorals begin,
And each one bear a burden in the song.

Perdita sings.

I.

Come, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must shear,
In your holiday suits with your lasses appear:
The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free—
And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?

II.

We harbour no passions by luxury taught;
We practice no arts with hypocrisy fraught:

What

What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes;
For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

III.

By mode and caprice are the city-dames led;
But we as the children of nature are bred:
By her hand alone we are painted and drest;
For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

IV.

That giant Ambition, we never can dread;
Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head:
Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door;
They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

V.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel:
So harmless and simple, we sport and we play,
And leave to fine folks to deceive and betray.

King. I pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is that,
Whose happy hand is to thy daughter's lock'd,
Like turtles pair'd, that never mean to part?

Al. They call him *Doricles*; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy breeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it.
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: And, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kifs to choose
Who loves another best.—If young *Doricles*
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Clown.

Cl. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the
door, you would never dance again after a tabor and
pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you; he sings
several tunes faster than you'll tell money; he utters
them as he had eaten ballads: then he hath ribbons of
all the colours i' the rainbow; inkles, cambrics, lawns,
and garters for the maids; and he sings 'em over as they
were gods or goddesses: you would think a smock were

a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-band, and the work upon the gusset.

King. Admit him; he's a merry fellow.

Al. Ay, bring him; we are for all mirth to-day.

Enter Autolicus singing.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your capē,

My dainty duck, my dear—a?

Any silk, any thread, any toys for your head,

Of the newest and finest fine ware—a?

Come to the pedlar; money's the medler,

That uttereth all mens ware—a.

Clo. What hast here? Ballads?

Mop. Pray now buy some: I love a ballad in print, or a life; for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to-bed with twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she long'd to eat adders heads and toads carbonado'd.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. True, upon my honour.—What! do you think because I carry a pack, I'd carry a pack of lies about? Here's the midwife's hand to it; one Mrs Taleporter, and six honest wives that were present. I myself saw five young adders creep out of her nostrils and in again at her mouth.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here's another ballad of a great huge fish, with eyes like full moons, and twenty rows of teeth as long as plough-shares, with a tail like a fiery dragon's, which appeared upon the coast the 32d of April, new stile, breathing flames and brimstone, vomiting out pincushions and love-letters. It sung this very song against hard-hearted maids. It was thought this beautiful monster was a woman; and that she was turn'd into a horrible thornback, for having pierc'd so many young mens hearts in this world, by turning her back upon 'em; and she now continues a kind of frightful fish, call'd an *Old Maid*. Come, buy it. Its a pretty pitiful ballad, and as true as the former. [*They retire.*]

King. How now, fair shepherd,
Your heart is full of something, that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young,

VOD. I.

I

And

And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ranfack'd
The pedlar's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance.

Flo. Old Sir, I know

She prizes not such trifles as these are.
The gifts she looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart. O hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient Sir, who, it shou'd seem,
Hath sometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,
Soft as the down of Venus' doves, and white
As Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow,
That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

King. How prettily, young swain, you seem to wash
The hand was fair before! I've put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear,
What you profess?

Flo. Do, and be witness to't.

King. And this my neighbour too!

Flo. And he, and more

Than he and men; the earth and heav'ns, and all
The ruling planets in their circling orbs;
That were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all,
Commend them and condemn them to her service,
Or to their own perdition.

King. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shews a sound affection.

Al. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak

So well; nothing so well; no, nor mean better.
By the pattern of mine own thoughts, I cut out
The purity of his.

Al. And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to't:
Observe the young man well, and note him so,
That in what garb hereafter you may see him,
Still may you paint his features in your mind.—
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo.

Flo. O! that must be
 I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
 I shall have more than you can dream of yet,
 Enough then for your wonder.

Aut. Master Graybeard, hark! a word with you;
 be sure you remember to let us all kiss the bride.

King. Fear it not; when they are married, you shall
 kiss the bride.

Flo. Come on; why do you now delay my bliss?

King. Soft, swain, a while; 'beseech you,
 Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

King. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

King. Methinks a father
 Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
 That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
 Is not your father grown incapable
 Of reasonable affairs?

Flo. No, good Sir;
 He has his health, and ampler strength indeed
 Than most have of his age.

King. By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong.
 Something unfilial. Let him know it.

Flo. He shall not.

King. Prithce let him.

Flo. No; he must not.

Al. Let him, my son, he shall not need to grieve.
 At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.
 You interrupt us, Sir: no more of this,
 But mark our vows!—

King. Mark your divorce, young Sir,

[Discovering himself.]

Whom son I dare not call: thou art too base
 To be acknowledg'd. Thou a sceptre's heir,
 That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
 I'm sorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
 Shorten thy life one week. And thou fresh piece
 Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
 The royal fool thou cop'st with.

Per. Wilt please you, Sir, be gone? [To Flo.
I told you what would come of this. Beseech you,
Of your own state take care. This dream of mine,
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

King. By heav'n he knows me! yet he blushes not.

Flo. What! blush to love? Shame light on him that
I glory in't: for 'tis the next approach [does!
Of mortal souls to the divine perfection!

King. I tax not love, but thy degenerate choice.

Flo. Can you look there, and yet arraign my choice?
No: 'tis the will of heav'n she shou'd be lov'd;
And 'twere an impious pride to contradict it.

King. Dost thou still persist?

Flo. Persist to death.—My Perdita, my love!
Let not affliction change that lovely cheek;
I've sworn, and will be thine till death.

King. And thou shalt keep thy vow. Camillo, call
Our guards, and lead this sorceress and her fire
To instant death.

Flo. I charge you, Sir, forbear.
By heav'n, the first that touches her shall die!

King. Resistance is in vain. There waits without
An armed force, full fifty times your strength.

Aut. O blood! I shall be hang'd too for the damn'd
lies I told him of himself.

King. For thee, fond boy, if I but see thee sigh,
We will cut off the hopes of thy succession,
Nor hold thee of our blood.

Flo. From my succession wipe me; I shall be
Heir to her love, and reign within her heart.

Cam. This is madness, Sir.

Flo. Call it what you will:
To barter show for happiness is gain.
Not for Bithynia will I break my faith,
Plighted to this my fair beloved bride.

Al. Most gracious king! if thou'lt vouchsafe to hear
A wretch, whom once you honour'd with your friendship,
As did Camillo, hearken to Antigonus.

[Discovering himself.

King. Antigonus!

Cam. How! risen from the dead?

King.

King. 'Tis he indeed,
If my own senses vouch the wond'rous truth!
'Twas said thou wert devour'd by hungry wolves.

Al. So it has been for sixteen years believ'd.

King. Whence then this mystery? How cam'st thou
thither?

Al. You may remember, (for you bore a part
Then in Sicilia in our sad calamities),
Leontes, growing jealous of his queen
Far gone with child, most barbarously doom'd
The infant she shou'd bear to sudden death.
I undertook the cruel task;
First vowing to myself to save the babe,
And fly with it to some more peaceful shore.
Entering a wood with this determination,
I spy'd the carcase of a man but newly
Slain, and half devour'd by a wolf.
On that I put my clothes, and near it strew'd
The infant's little weeds all smear'd with blood;
Which being found and known, 'twas thought by all
That we were both devour'd by wild beasts.
Then flying with my little charge, I came to seek
An hospitable shelter in Bithynia.—
How well my ward in sixteen years hath grown,
Turn there, and you may see.

Flo. My Perdita is then a princess!

Al. My Lord, I knew that Doricles was Florizel;
Else shou'd he not
Have leave to look upon her royal beauties.
Take her, my Lord.—In truth she is a treasure
More worth than all the riches of the east!
So sweet her disposition,
You'd think that mercy, charity, and peace,
Were come from heav'n, and lodg'd within her breast!
My child, my child! thou'rt now my child no more!
Yet don't forget that once you call'd me father.

Per. Ne'er shalt thou meet less reverence and love
Than heretofore, but much more gratitude.

King. Since thou hast lost one father, gentlest maid,
'Tis fitting I provide thee with another.
Give me thy hand, my son: here take thy Perdita;
And may the gods show'r blessings on ye both!

102 FLORIZEL AND PERDITA; OR,

Flo. O let me fall and kiss your royal feet?
My lord! my father! now I'm blest indeed!
And you, my Perdita! my love, my princess!
O 'tis too much! 'tis happiness too great!

Per. That you are mine, I joy, howe'er it be;
But no less truly shou'd I joy, had you
Fall'n to my state, than that I rise to your's.

Cam. Now to confirm thy joy, Antigonus,
Leontes, satisfy'd his queen was virtuous,
For many years has mourn'd his infant lost,
Depriv'd of ev'ry child; and now thy Perdita
Is only heiress of Sicilia's crown.

All. Joy, joy to Perdita and Florizel!

Aut. [*kneeling.*] O my good lady princess, let the
joy be universal; leave not a wrinkled brow, or cloudy
face, in all the realm, upon this happy day: begin your
reign with *graceless* acts of mercy; intreat the good
king, your worthy father-in-law; to forgive me all the
damn'd lies I told him of himself. I own I have been
a very great rogue, and deserve hanging; but I will
mend my life, and promise that I will never do the like
no more. Oh, oh! [*Cries.*]

Per. May I presume to sue for mercy for him?

King. He needs it not; he is a pleasant knave,
And ne'er offended us.—Be merry, Sirrah.

Aut. Huzza, huzza, huzza!—a reprieve, a re-
prieve!—But may it please your grace—he, he, he!
—I hope you don't forget your promise—he, he, he!
—that when they were married, I should kiss the
bride.

King. And so thou shalt; I'll set thee an example.

[*Kisses Perdita.*]

Aut. [*Kisses her.*] This is the first time I ever kiss'd
a princess; and this shall be the last, [*Again.*] By
Jupiter I think myself inspir'd: and if all your maje-
sties will give me leave, I'll sing you a song I have made
extrumpety upon the occasion. [*Sings.*]

I.

Then let us all be blithe and gay,

Upon this joyful bridal day,

That Florizel weds Perdita.

And

THE SHEEP-SHEARING.

103

II.

And let each nymph and shepherd tell,
No happy pair e'er lov'd so well
As Perdita and Florizel.

Sing high, sing low, sing ding dong bell;
No happy pair e'er lov'd so well
As Perdita and Florizel.

HIGH

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

IN TWO ACTS.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	Drury-Lane.	Edinburgh, 1782.
Lovel, a young West Indian } of fortune.	Mr O'Brien.	Mr Knight.
Freeman, his friend.	Mr Packer.	Mr Simpson.
Philip,	Mr Yates.	Mr Hollingsworth.
Tom,	Mr Mozzen.	Mr Tannet.
Coachman,	Mr Glough.	Mr T. Banks.
Kingston, a black,	Mr Moody.	
Kitty,	Mrs Clive.	Mrs Kniveton.
Cook,	Mrs Bradshaw.	Mr Charteris.
Gloe, a black,	Mrs Smith.	
Duke's servant,	Mr Palmer.	Mr Taylor.
Sir Harry's serv.	Mr King.	Mr Hallion.
Lady Bob's maid,	Miss Hippefley.	Mrs Tannet.
L. Charlotte's maid,	Mrs Bennet.	Mrs Mountfort.
Robert, servant to Freeman.	Mr Acman.	
Fidler.	Mr Atkins.	

Scene, LONDON.

A C T I.

SCENE, *An apartment in Freeman's house.*

FREEMAN and LOVEL, *entering.*

FREEMAN.

A Country boy! ha, ha, ha! How long has this scheme been in your head?

Lov. Some time.—I am now convinc'd of what you have often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh, are you satisfied at last, Mr Lovel? I always

ways told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St James's, than in your kitchen.

Lov. 'Tis with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr Freeman; though, I must own, my expences often make me stare.—Philip, I am sure, is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks.—If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is an hypocritical rascal; Tom has a good deal of surly honesty about him; and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

Lo. Prithce, Freeman, how came you to be so well acquainted with my people? None of the wenches are handsome enough to move the affections of a middle-aged gentleman as you are—ha, ha, ha!

Free. You are a young man, Mr Lovel, and take a pride in a number of idle unnecessary servants, who are the plague and reproach of this kingdom.

Lov. Charles, you are an old-fashion'd fellow. Servants a plague and reproach! ha, ha, ha! I would have forty more, if my house would hold them. Why, man, in Jamaica, before I was ten years old, I had a hundred blacks kissing my feet every day.

Free. You gentry of the Western Isles are high-mettled ones, and love pomp and parade.—I have seen it delight your soul, when the people in the street have stared at your equipage; especially if they whispered loud enough to be heard, "That is squire Lovel, the great West-Indian"—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. I should be very sorry if we were as splenetic as you northern islanders, who are devoured with melancholy and fog—ha, ha, ha! No, Sir, we are children of the sun, and are born to diffuse the bounteous favour which our noble parent is pleased to bestow on us.

Free. I wish you had more of your noble parent's regularity, and less of his fire. As it is, you consume so fast, that not one in twenty of you live to be fifty years old.

Lov. But in that fifty we live two hundred, my dear; mark that—But to business—I am resolved upon my frolic—I will know whether my servants are rogues or not. If they are, I'll bastinado the rascals; if not,

I think I ought to pay for my impertinence.—Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house.—However, if you have a mind to ask him any question, he shall be forthcoming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall: but it is an hundred to one if you get any thing out of him; for though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant, that he'll never tell any thing to the disadvantage of another.—Who waits? [*Enter servant.*] Send Robert to me. [*Exit servant.*] And what was it determin'd you upon this project at last?

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my curiosity.—Read it.

[*Gives the letter.*]

Free. I should know something of this hand—[*Reads.*]

“ To Peregrine Lovel, Esq;

“ Please your honour,

“ I take the liberty to acquaint your honour, that
“ you are sadly cheated by your servants.—Your honour will find it as I say—I am not willing to be
“ known; whereof, if I am, it may bring one into
“ trouble.

“ So no more, from your honour's

“ Servant to command.”

—Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the steps you intend to take?

[*Returns the letter.*]

Lov. I shall immediately apply to my friend the manager for a disguise.—Under the form of a gawky country boy, I will be an eye-witness of my servants behaviour.—You must assist me, Mr Freeman.

Free. As how, Mr Lovel?

Lov. My plan is this—I gave it out that I was going to my borough in Devonshire; and yesterday set out with my servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke.—

Free. Well?

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow

low

low him; instead of that, I turn'd back, and am just come to town: *Ecce signum!*— [*Points to his boots.*

Free. It is now one o'clock.

Lov. This very afternoon I shall pay my people a visit.

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenants sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear; I'll be so countrify'd, that you shall not know me.—As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they'll be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them.—

Free. Shall you be able to play your part?

Lov. I am surpris'd, Mr Freeman, that you, who have known me from my infancy, should not remember my abilities in that way.—'But you old fellows have ' short memories.

Free. What should I remember?

Lov. How I play'd Daniel in the Conscious Lovers at school, and afterwards arriv'd at the distinguished character of the mighty Mr Scrub— [*Mimicking.*

Free. Ha, ha, ha! that is very well—Enough—Here is Robert.

Enter Robert.

Rob. Your honour order'd me to wait on you.

Free. I did, Robert.—Robert—

Rob. Sir—

Free. Come here.—You know, Robert, I have a good opinion of your integrity.—

Rob. I have always endeavour'd that your honour should.

Free. Pray, have not you some acquaintance among Mr Lovel's people?

Rob. A little, please your honour.

Free. How do they behave?—We have nobody but friends—you may speak out.

Lov. Ay, Robert, speak out.

Rob.

Rob. I hope your honours will not insist on my saying any thing in an affair of this kind.

Lov. Oh, but we do insist—If you know any thing—

Rob. Sir, I am but a servant myself; and it would not become me to speak ill of a brother-servant.

Free. Psha! this is false honesty—speak out.

Rob. Don't oblige me, good Sir.—Consider, Sir, a servant's bread depends upon his *carackter*.

Lov. But if a servant uses me ill—

Rob. Alas, Sir! what is one man's poison is another man's meat.

Free. You see how they trim for one another.

Rob. Service, Sir, is no inheritance.—A servant that is not approv'd in one place, may give satisfaction in another. Every body must live, your honour.

Lov. I like your heartiness as well as your caution; but in my case, it is necessary that I should know the truth.

Rob. The truth, Sir, is not to be spoken at all times; it may bring one into trouble, whereof if—

Free. [*Musing.*] "Whereof if"—Pray, Mr Lovel, let me see that letter again. [*Lovel gives the letter.*]—Aye—It must be so.—Robert—

Rob. Sir—

Free. Do you know any thing of this letter?

Rob. Letter, your honour?

Free. Yes, letter.

Rob. I have seen the hand before.

Lov. He blushes!

Free. I ask you, if you were concern'd in writing this letter?—You never told me a lie yet, and I expect the truth from you now.

Rob. Pray, your honour, don't ask me.

Free. Did you write it?—Answer me.—

Rob. I cannot deny it. [*Boaving.*]

Lov. What induc'd you to it?

Rob. I will tell truth.—I have seen such waste and extravagance, and riot and drunkenness, in your kitchen, Sir, that, as my master's friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

Lov. Go on.

Rob. I am sorry to say it to your honour, but your honour

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honour is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all your servants, especially by Philip, who is a—very bad man.

Lov. Philip? An ungrateful dog!—Well?

Rob. I could not presume to speak to your honour; and therefore I resolv'd, though but a poor scribe, to write your honour a letter.

Lov. Robert, I am greatly indebted to you!—Here—

[Offers money.]

Rob. On any other account than this, I should be proud to receive your honour's bounty; but now I beg to be excus'd.

[Refuses the money.]

Lov. Thou hast a noble heart, Robert, and I'll not forget you.—Freeman, he must be in the secret.—Wait your master's orders.—

Rob. I will, your honour.

[Exit.]

Free. Well, Sir, are you convinc'd now?

Lov. Convinc'd? Yes; and I'll be among the scoundrels before night.—You or Robert must contrive some way or other to get me introduc'd to Philip as one of your cottagers boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure.—It must be done this afternoon: walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole.—My name shall be *Jemmy*;—and I am come to be a gentleman's servant—and will do my best, and hope to get a good character.

[Mimicking.]

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Lov. Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil.—Come along.—

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo—*Jemmy*—Bravo, ha, ha!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE, *The Park.*

Duke's Servant.

What wretches are ordinary servants that go on in the same vulgar track every day! eating, working, and sleeping!—But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters.—Ha!—my dear Sir Harry—

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Enter

(Enter Sir Harry's Servant.)

—How have you done these thousand years?

Sir Har. My Lord Duke!—your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been?

Sir Har. At Newmarket, my Lord.—We have had dev'lish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance, I hear—Pox take it, I should have been there; but our old duchefs died, and we were obliged to keep house, for the decency of the thing.

Sir Har. I pick'd up fifteen pieces.

Duke. Psha! a trifle!

Sir Har. The viscount's people have been bloodily taken in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the turf.

Sir Har. I assure you, my lord, they lost ev'ry match; for Crab was beat hollow, Careless threw his rider, and Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't.—Taste this snuff, Sir Harry. [Offers his box.

Sir Har. 'Tis good rapee.

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you; and of my own importing.

Sir Har. Aye!

Duke. The city-people adulterate it so confoundedly, that I always import my own snuff.—I wish my lord would do the same; but he is so indolent.—When did you see the girls? I saw lady Bab this morning; but, 'fore Gad, whether it be love or reading, she look'd as pale as a penitent.

Sir Har. I have just had this card from Lovel's people.—[Reads.] “Philip and Mrs Kitty present their compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and eat a bit of supper.”

Duke. I have the same invitation.—Their master, it seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir Har. You'll be with us, my Lord?—Philip's a blood.—

Duke.

Duke. A buck of the first head. I'll tell you a secret, he's going to be married.

Sir Har. To whom?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir Har. No!

Duke. Yes he is; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir Har. Then we may depend upon your Grace for certain. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. If our house breaks up in a tolerable time, I'll be with you.—Have you any thing for us?

Sir Har. Yes, a little bit of poetry.—I must be at the Cocoa-tree myself till eight.

Duke. Heigh ho!—I am quite out of spirits—I had a damn'd debauch last night, baronet.—Lord Francis, Bob the bishop, and I, tipt off four bottles of Burgundy a-piece.—Ha! there are two fine girls coming! Faith—lady Bab—aye, and lady Charlotte.

[Takes out his glass.]

Sir Har. We'll not join them.

Duke. O yes—Bab is a fine wench notwithstanding her complexion; though I shou'd be glad she would keep her teeth cleaner.—Your English women are damn'd negligent about their teeth.—How is your Charlotte in that particular?

Sir Har. My Charlotte!

Duke. Ay, the world says you are to have her.

Sir Har. I own I did keep her company; but we are off, my Lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir Har. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh! damn it—that's insufferable.

Sir Har. Besides, she's a fool, and miss'd her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money.—Rot it, I never save a shilling.—Indeed I am sure of a place in the excise.—Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to-night; how do you manage that?

Sir Har. Why, we do meet at a third place; are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. A-la-mode, ha!—Here they are.

Sir Har. Let us retire.

[*They retire.*]

Enter Lady Bab's Maid and Lady Charlotte's Maid.

L. Bab. Oh fie, lady Charlotte! you are quite indelicate; I am sorry for your taste.

L. Char. Well, I say it again, I love Vauxhall.

L. Bab. O my stars! Why, there is nobody there but filthy citizens.

L. Char. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha!

L. Bab. Ha, ha, ha!—*Runelaw* for my money.

L. Char. Now you talk of *Runelaw*, when did you see the colonel, lady Bab?

L. Bab. The colonel! I hate the fellow.—He had the assurance to talk of a creature in Gloucestershire before my face.

L. Char. He is a pretty man for all that.—Soldiers, you know, have their mistresses ev'ry where.

L. Bab. I despise him.—How goes on your affair with the baronet?

L. Char. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him.—You are to be at Lovel's to-night, lady Bab?

L. Bab. Unless I alter my mind—I don't admire visiting these commoners, Lady Charlotte.

L. Char. Oh, but Mrs Kitty has taste.

L. Bab. She affects it.

L. Char. The duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

L. Bab. The duke might shew his judgment much better.

[*Holding up her head.*]

L. Char. There he is, and the baronet too.—Take no notice of them.—We'll rally them by-and-by.

L. Bab. Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

L. Char. Ay—let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us—we shall certainly be mobb'd.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!

[*Exeunt.*]

Duke and Sir Harry come forward.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us.—I must follow.—

Sir Har. No, no.

Duke. I must—I must have a party of raillery with them,

them, a bon mot or so. Sir Harry, you'll excuse me: Adieu; I'll be with you in the evening, if possible: though, hark ye! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so you know, mum! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle.—Adieu. [Exit.]

Sir Har. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read. It was but the other day that he was cow-boy in the country; then was bound prentice to a perriwig-maker, got into my lord duke's family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman. *O Tempora, O Mores!*

Re-enter Duke's Servant.

Duke. Sir Harry, prithee what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there?

Sir Har. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy, I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little— [Makes a motion as if with the dice-box.]

Sir Har. Fie, my lord duke.

Duke. Look ye, baronet, I insist on it.—Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it?—But I shall lose the girls.—How grave you look, ha, ha, ha!—Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir Har. But, my dear lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.—

Duke. Well, I won't be particular; I'll do as the rest do.—Tol, lol, lol. [Exit singing and dancing.]

Sir Har. *(solus.)* He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesman's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune,—and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment; so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter Philip.

—Mr Philip, your servant.

Phil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry; I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company.—My master is gone into Devonshire.—We'll have a roaring night.

Sir Har. I'll certainly wait on you.

Phil. The girls will be with us.

Sir Har. Is this a wedding-supper, Philip?

Phil. What do you mean, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. The duke tells me so.

Phil. The duke's a fool.

Sir Har. Take care what you say; his grace is a bruiser.

Phil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid of him, I assure you. Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch—I have such wine for you!

Sir Har. I am your man, Phil.

Phil. Egad the cellar shall bleed; I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor.—My master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my lord what d'ye-call-him with; but I told him it was all gone—ha! charity begins at home, ha!—Odso, here is Mr Freeman, my master's intimate friend; he's a dry one—Don't let us be seen together—he'll suspect something.

Sir Har. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away;—remember—*Burgundy* is the word.

Sir Har. Right—Long corks! ha, Phil! [*Mimicks the drawing of a cork.*]—Your's. [*Exit.*]

Phil. Now for a cast of my office—A starch phiz, a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary.—Hem!

Enter Freeman.

Free. Oh, Philip—How do you do, Philip?—You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss indeed, Sir.—So good a gentleman!—He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time.

—Sir, your servant.

[*Going.*]

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants at such times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, Sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, Sir.—Sir, your servant.

[*Going.*]

Free.

Free. Oh, Mr Philip!—pray stay—you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, Sir— [Bows.]

Free. I look upon you, Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest [Philip bows] rascals in the world. [Aside.]

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man——Poor fellow, he has a great number of children; and they have sent me one of 'em, a tall gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

Phil. Let me have him, Sir.

Free. In truth, he is an unlick'd cub.

Phil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, Sir.—Now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, Sir: in two months I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it. [Aside.]

Phil. I have twenty pupils in the parish of St James's; and for a table, or a side-board, or behind an equipage, or in the delivery of a message, or any thing——

Free. What have you for entrance?

Phil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea——I beg he may be taken care of.

Phil. That he shall I promise you [Aside.] Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly. [Aside.]

Phil. When can I see him, Sir?

Free. Now; directly—Call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Phil. Sir, I will be with you in a minute——I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board-wages.—Humph!

Free. How happy is Mr Lovel in so excellent a servant! [Exit.]

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a-week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas.

bears at Christmas.—Damn all such sneaking scoundrels, I say. [Exit:]

SCENE, *The Servants Hall in Lovel's House.*

Kingston and Coachman, drunk and sleepy.

[A knocking at the door.]

Kingsf. Somebody knocks——Coachy, go——go to the door, Coachy——

Coach. I'll not go——do you go——you black dog.

Kingsf. Devil shall fetch me if I go. [Knocking.]

Coach. Why then let 'em stay—I'll not go——damme——Ay, knock the door down, and let yourself in.

[Knocking.]

Kingsf. Ay, ay, knock again——knock again——

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire——so he can't be there——So I'll go to sleep.——

Kingsf. So will I——I'll go to sleep too.

Coach. You lie, devil——you shall not go to sleep till I am asleep——I am king of the kitchen.

Kingsf. No, you are not king; but when you are drunk, you are sulky as hell.—Here is cooky coming——she is king and queen too.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Somebody has knock'd at the door twenty times, and nobody hears.—Why, coachman—Kingston——Ye drunken bears, why don't one of you go to the door?

Coach. You go, cook; you go——

Cook. Hang me if I go——

Kingsf. Yes, yes, cooky go; Mollfy, Pollfy, go——

Cook. Out you black toad——It is none of my business, and go I will not. [Sits down.]

Enter Philip with Lovel disguis'd.

Phil. I might have staid at the door all night, as the little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of the door in my pocket——What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John coachman and Kingston as drunk as two bears.

Phil. Ah, ha! my lads; what, finish'd already? These are the very best of servants——Poor fellows, I suppose they have been drinking their master's good journey——ha, ha, ha!

Lov.

Lov. No doubt on't.

[*Aside.*

Phil. Yo ho! get to-bed, you dogs, and sleep yourselves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-and-by—They are as fast as a church—Jemmy.

Lov. Anon?

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov. Yes—I loves ale.

Phil. You dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgundy! what's that?

Phil. Cook, wake those honest gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake 'em, Sir, if I might—

Phil. Do, Jemmy, wake 'em, Jemmy—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip—Mr coachman.

[*Gives him a great slap on the face.*

Coach. Oh! oh!—What!—Zounds!—Oh!—damn you!—

Lov. What, blackey! blackey! [*Pulls him by the nose.*

Kinf. Oh! oh!—What now! Curse you! Oh!—
'Cot tam you.'

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. Ha, ha, ha!—Well done, Jemmy.—Cook, see these gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed—

Coach. She shan't see us to bed—We'll see ourselves to bed.

Kinf. We got drunk together, and we'll go to-bed together.

[*Exeunt reeling.*

Phil. You see how we live, boy.

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live.—

Phil. Let the supper be elegant, cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Phil. My master, to be sure; who else? ha, ha, ha!
He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humh!

[*Aside.*

Phil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. Soh!

[*Aside.*

Cook. Prithee, Philip, what boy is this?

Phil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov.

Lov. Yes, I'm squire Freeman's boy——heh——

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound, and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! that is good——Freeman shall have it. *[Aside.]*

Cook. I must step to the tallow-chandler's to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Phil. Well said, cook, that is right, the perquisite is the thing, cook.

Cook. Cloe, Cloe! where are you, Cloe?—— *[Calls.]*
Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Yes, mistress——

Cook. Take that box and follow me. *[Exit.]*

Cloe. Yes, mistress *[Takes the box:]*——Who is this? *[seeing Lovel.]*——Hee, hee, hee——Oh——This is pretty boy——Hee, hee, hee!——Oh——This is pretty red hair, hee, hee, hee!——You shall be in love with me by-and-by——Hee, hee!

[Exit chucking Lovel under the chin.]

Lov. A very pretty amour *[Aside.]* Oh la! what a fine room is this!——Is this the dining-room, pray Sir?

Phil. No; our drinking-room.

Lov. La! la! what a fine lady here is——This is madam, I suppose.

Phil. Where have you been Kitty?

Enter Kitty.

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his honour's shirts, and other linen, which it is a shame his honour should wear any longer.——Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Phil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here? *[Lovel bows.]*

Phil. A boy of Freeman's; a poor silly fool——

Lov. Thank you—— *[Aside.]*

Phil. I intend the entertainment this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr Philip.

Phil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil. *[Fawningly.]*

Phil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something

thing handsome upon you; and with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's family——

Lov. A dog! [*Aside.*]——O la, la! what! have you got five hundred pounds?

Phil. Peace, blockhead——

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Phil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear——

Phil. Yes, and be cuckolded—— [*Apart.*

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one.—I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native——*Comment vous porter vous, Monsieur.*

[*Awkwardly.*

Phil. Psha, psha!——

Kit. One is nothing without French—I shall shine in the bar—Do you speak French, boy!

Lov. Anon——

Kit. Anon—O the fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here, do, and let me new-mould you a little—You must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentlefolks to-night.

[*She ties and powders his hair.*

Lov. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! O the natural!—This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy—It is so coarse, and so carrotty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in the pole.

Phil. Kit. Ha, ha, ha! [*Laugh.*

Kit. There—Now you are something like——Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of the Servant's Guide.

Phil. Come, Sir, first, Hold up your head—very well——Turn out your toes, Sir—very well——Now call coach——

Lov. What is call coach?

Phil. Thus, Sir—Coach, coach, coach! [*Loud.*

Lov. Coach, coach, coach! [*Imitating.*

Phil. Admirable! the knave has a good ear—Now, Sir, tell me a lie.

Lov. O la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Phil. Then it is high-time you should begin now; what is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit.

Kit. And stand in it—Now I'll lecture him [*Takes out a book.*] This is "The servant's guide to wealth," by Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly servant to several noblemen, and now an officer in the customs; necessary for all servants."

Phil. Mind, Sir, what excellent rules the book contains, and remember them well—Come, Kitty, begin—

Kit. (*Reads.*) Advice to the footman.

"Let it for ever be your plan

"To be the master, not the man,

"And do as little as you can.

Lov. He, he, he!—Yes, I'll do nothing at all—not I.

Kit. "At market, never think it stealing

"To keep with tradesmen proper dealing;

"All stewards have a fellow-feeling.

Phil. You will understand that better one day or other, boy.

Kit. To the groom.

"Never allow your master able

"To judge of matters in the stable:

"If he should roughly speak his mind,

"Or to dismiss you seems inclin'd,

"Lame the best horse, or break his wind.

Lov. Oddities! that's good—he, he, he!

Kit. To the coachman.

"If your good master on you doats,

"Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger;

"But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,

"And let the horses eat the manger."

Lov. Eat the manger!—he, he, he!

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time—Here, boy, take the book, and read it every night and morning before you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha! very good; but now for business.

Kit. Right—I'll go and get one of the damask tablecloths, and some napkins; and be sure, *Phil.* your sideboard is very smart.

Phil. That it shall—Come, *Jemmy*—

Lov. Soh!—foh!—It works well.

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Servants Hall, with the Supper and Side-board set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL.

Kit. **W**ELL, Phil, what think you? Don't we look very smart?—Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Phil. 'Tis all very well; but—

Kit. But what?

Phil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur, Tom, to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him!

Phil. I don't know—he is a queer son of a—

Kit. Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking half-bred fellows, that prefers his master's interest to his own.

Phil. —Here he is.

Enter Tom.

—And why won't you make one to-night, Tom?—Here's cook and coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Phil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Phil. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest—ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honefter than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Hark you, Mr Honesty, don't be saucy—

Lov. This is worth listening to.

[Aside.]

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah, cully! Afraid, sirrah! afraid of what?

[Goes up to Tom.]

Phil. Ay, Sir, afraid of what?

[Goes up on the other side.]

Lov. Ay, Sir, afraid of what?

[Goes up too.]

Tom. I value none of you—I know your tricks.

Phil. What do you know, Sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

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Lov.

Lov. Ay, Sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house—and that you, Mr Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hang'd.—

[*Strikes Lovel.*

Phil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow.

[*Aside.*

Tom. I'll strike him again——'Tis such as you that bring a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. Egad, madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses.—There's your good friend, mother Barter, the old cloaths woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, Sir, and did you never—ha?

Tom. No, never: I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that [*Snapping his fingers.*—His honour is a prince, gives noble wages, and keeps noble company; and yet you two are not contented, but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers.—Shame on you!—

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue, is the only honest servant in my house.

[*Aside.*

Kit. Out you mealy-mouth'd cur.

Phil. Well, go tell his honour, do—ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that—Damn an informer!—But yet I hope his honour will find you two out one day or other, —that's all—

[*Exit.*

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Phil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You lie, you scoundrel, you will not. —O la! here is a fine gentleman.

[*Aside.*

Enter Duke's Servant.

Duke. Ah, ma chere mademseile! Comment vous portez vous?

[*Salute.*

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercier, Monsieur.

Phil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you do, Philip?

Phil. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But, my dear Kitty—

[*Talk apart.*

Phil.

Phil. Jemmy.

Lov. Anon?

Phil. Come along with me, and I'll make you free of the cellar.

Lov. Yes—I will—But won't you ask *he* to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and-by—
Come along.

Lov. Yes.

[*Exeunt Philip and Lovel.*]

Kit. Indeed I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour, our house is but this moment up.—You have a damn'd vile collection of pictures I observe, above stairs, Kitty.—Your 'squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste! that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection—Where could he pick 'em up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre eau de luce—My head aches confoundedly [*She gives a smelling-bottle*].—Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. Pardonnez moi for that.

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be godfather, faith.—

Kit. How you rattle, duke! —I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you first.

Duke. At the play, Mademoiselle.—

Kit. Your grace loves a play?

Duke. No—it is a dull, old-fashioned entertainment; I hate it—

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one then—You are devilish handsome, Kate—Kiss me— [*Offers to kiss her.*]

Enter Sir Harry's Servant.

Sir Har. Oho!—are you thereabouts, my Lord Duke? That may do very well by-and-by—However, you'll never find me behind hand.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner—Nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir Har. You are so devilish proud of your nobility—Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you—Let me tell you, Sir, a knight of the shire—

Duke. A knight of the shire! ha, ha, ha! a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. O lud! this is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir Har. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry, that is good *morillity*.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord—Now, Sir Harry—

Sir Har. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt—

Duke. Zounds, Sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here—Ha' done, Sir Harry—

Sir Har. Not I—Why, he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity.

[*Slow.*]

Sir Har. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies?

[*Quick.*]

Kit. Peace, peace—Here's Lady Bab—

Enter Lady Bab's Servant in a Chair.

—Dear lady Bab—

Lady Bab. Mrs Kitty, your servant—I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well, and how do you do?—My lord Duke, your servant—and Sir Harry too—your's.

Duke. Your ladyship's devoted—

Lady Bab. I'm afraid I have trespassed in point of time—[*Looks on her watch.*]—But I got into my favourite author.

Duke. Yes, I found her ladyship at her studies this morning—Some wicked poem—

Lady Bab. O you wretch!—I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady Bab. *Shikspur*. Did you never read *Shikspur*?

Kit. *Shikspur*! *Shikspur*!—Who wrote it?—No, I never read *Shikspur*.

Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit.

Kit. Well then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other—Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter Lady Charlotte's Maid in a Chair.

—Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady Char. Oh, Mrs Kitty, I thought I never shou'd have reach'd your house—Such a fit of the colic seiz'd me—Oh, Lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here?—My chairmen were such drones—My Lord Duke! the pink of all good breeding.

Duke. O Ma'am—

[*Bowing.*]

Lady Char. And Sir Harry!—Your servant, Sir Harry.

[*Formally.*]

Sir Har. Madam, your servant—I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.—

Lrdy Char. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, Sir—Remember the Park.

Sir Har. The Park! I'll explain that affair, Madam.

Lady Char. I want none of your explanations.

[*Scornfully.*]

Sir Har. Dear lady Charlotte!

Lady Char. No, Sir; I have observ'd your coolness of late, and despise you—A trumpery baronet!

Sir Har. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility—That sly dog the marquis—

Lady Char. None of your reflections, Sir—The marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir Har. I—I—Madam? I scorn such a thing—I assure you, Madam, I never—that is to say—Egad I am confounded—My Lord Duke, what shall I say to her?—Pray help me out—

[*Aside.*]

Duke. Ask her to show her legs—ha, ha, ha!—

[*Aside.*]

Enter Philip and Lovel, loaded with bottles.

Phil. Here, my little peer—here is wine that will ennoble your blood—Both your ladyships most humble servant.

Lov. [*Affecting to be drunk.*]: Both your ladyships most humble servant.

Kit. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar—ha, ha, ha!!

Lov. Yes, I am free—I am very free——

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble Port to imperial Tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking Kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on his lordship by-and-by.

Lov. Thank you, Madam——I will certainly wait on their lordships, and their ladyships too.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper? ‘Have you had your tea?’

All. A dance, a dance!—‘no tea—no tea.’

‘*Phil.* Here, fiddler—[*calls.*] I have provided a very good hand, you see.

‘*Enter Fiddler with a wooden leg.*

‘*Sir Har.* Not so well legg’d, Mr Philip.

‘*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

‘*Duke.* Le drole!—Hark ye, Mr—which leg do you beat time with?

‘*All.* Ha, ha, ha!

[*Loud laugh.*]

‘*Sir Har.* What can you play, Domine?

‘*Fid.* Any thing, an’t please your honour, from a jig to a sonata.

‘*Phil.* Come here——Where are all our people?’——

[*Enter Coachman, Cook, Kingston, Cloe.*]

‘——I’ll couple you—My Lord Duke will take Kitty,—Lady Bab will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry and lady Charlotte—Coachman and Cook, and the two devils, dance together——ha, ha, ha!’

Duke. With submission, the country-dances by-and-by.

Lady Char. Ay, ay, French dances before supper, and country-dances after——I beg the Duke and Mrs. Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout—Sir Harry will oblige us. [*Sir Harry bows.*]

All. Minuet, Sir Harry—minuet, Sir Harry——

Fid. What minuet would your honours please to have?

Kit. What minuet?——Let me see——Play Marshal Thingumbob’s minuet.

[*A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty, awkward and conceited.*]

Lady

Lady Char. Mrs Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper—A gentleman and a lady—Here, fiddler [*gives money*] wait without.

Fid. Yes, an't please your honour.

[*Exit with a tankard.*]

Phil. [*They sit down.*] We will set the wine on the table—Here is claret, Burgundy, and Champagne, and a bottle of Tokay for the ladies—There are tickets on every bottle—If any gentleman chooses port—

Duke. Port!—'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab, what shall I send you?—Lady Charlotte, pray be free: the more free the more welcome, as they say in my country.—The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves. [*A pause.*]

Duke. Lady Charlotte, "Hob or Nob!"

Lady Char. Done—my Lord—in Burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company. [*They drink. A pause.*]

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round—I have a health for you—"Here is to the amendment of our masters and mistresses"

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh. A pause.*]

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single-gentleman's service?

Lady Char. Do you mean an *old* single-gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*]

Phil. My Lord Duke, your toast.

Duke. Lady Betty—

Phil. Oh no—A health and a sentiment.

Duke. A health and a sentiment!—No, no, let us have a song—Sir Harry, your song—

Sir Har. Would you have it?—Well then—Mrs Kitty, we must call upon you—Will you honour my muse!—

All. A song, a song; ay, ay, Sir Harry's song—Sir Harry's song—

Duke. A song to be sure—but first—preludo,—
[*Kisses Kitty.*]—Pray, gentlemen, put it about.

[*Kissing round—Kingston kisses Cloe heartily.*]

Sir

Sir Har. See how the devils kifs!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but—hem—I must clear up my pipes—hem—This is Sir Harry's song; being a new song, intituled and called, *The Fellow-Servant*; or, *All in a livery*. [*Sings.*]

I.

Come here, fellow-servant, and listen to me,
I'll show you how those of superior degree
Are only dependents, no better than we.

[*Chor.*] Both high and low in this do agree,
'Tis here fellow-servant,
And there fellow-servant,
And all in a livery.

II.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile is blest;
What is he, I'faith, but a servant at best?

Cho. Both high, &c.

III.

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves:
So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its knaves;
For we are all servants, but they are all slaves.

Cho. Both high, &c.

IV.

The fat-shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.

Cho. Both high, &c.

V.

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,
And with eyes, lips, and neck, sets the smarts all in
Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms. [*arms.*]

Cho. Both high, &c.

VI.

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing and
love;

And when sick of one place, to another we'll move;
For, with little and great, the best joy is to rove.

Cho. Both high and low in this do agree,
That 'tis here fellow-servant,
And there fellow-servant,
And all in a livery.

Phil.

Phil. How do you like it, my Lord Duke?

Duke. It is a damn'd vile composition——

Phil. How so?

Duke. O very low! very low indeed!

Sir Har. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir Har. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir Har. Scoundrel!—You are a rascal——I'll pull you by the nose——

[*All rise.*]

Duke. Look ye, friend, don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies——If you are a gentleman, name your weapons.

Sir Har. Weapons!—What you will—Pistols——

Duke. Done——behind Montague house.

Sir Har. Done——with seconds.

Duke. Done——

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen!—My Lord Duke——Sir Harry, the ladies!—fie!

[*Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing.*]

Phil. [*A violent knocking.*] What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. [*Exit Kingston.*] It sounds like my master's rap——Pray Heaven it is no the!—[*Enter Kingston.*]—Well, Kingston, what is it?

King. It is master and Mr Freeman—I peep'd thro' the key-hole, and saw them by the lamp-light—Tom has just let them in——

Phil. The devil he has! What can have brought him back?

Kit. No matter what——Away with the things——

Phil. Away with the wine——Away with the plate——Here, Coachman, Cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand——Out with the candles——Away, away.

[*They carry away the table, &c.*]

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do?

[*They all run about in confusion.*]

Kit. Run up stairs, ladies.

Phil. No, no, no!—He'll see you then——

Sir Har. What the devil had I to do here!

Duke

Duke. Pox take it, face it out.

Sir Har. Oh no; these West-Indians are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Lov. (*without.*) Philip—Where's Philip?

Phil. Oh the devil? he's certainly coming down stairs—Sir Harry, run down into the cellar—My Lord Duke, get into the pantry—Away, away!

Kit. No, no; do you put their ladyships into the pantry, and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole.

Visitors. Any where, any where—Up the chimney, if you will.

Phil. There—in with you.

[*They all go into the pantry.*]

Lov. (*without.*) Philip—Philip—

Phil. Coming, Sir—[*Aloud.*]*—*Kitty, have you never a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is one.

Phil. 'Egad, this is black Monday with us—Sit down—Seem to read your book—Here he is, as drunk as a piper—

[*They sit down.*]

Enter Lovel with pistols, affecting to be drunk; Freeman following.

Lov. Philip, the son of Alexander the Great, where are all my myrmidons!—What the devil makes you up so early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk indeed—[*Aside.*]*—*Mrs Kitty and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare say—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Come, sit down, Freeman.—Lie you there—[*Lays his pistols down.*] I come a little unexpectedly, perhaps, Philip.

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught, Sir—

Lov. I have some accounts that I must settle—

Phil. Accounts, Sir?—To-night?

Lov. Yes, to-night—I find myself perfectly clear—You shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Lov. No, I'll settle 'em all here.—

Kit. Your honour must not sit here—

Lov.

Lov. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, Sir; the room has not been washed above an hour.

Lov. What a cursed lie that is! *[Aside.]*

Duke. Philip——Philip——Philip. *[Peeping out.]*

Phil. Pox take you!——hold your tongue——*[Aside.]*

Free. You have just nick'd them in the very minute. *[Aside to Lovel.]*

Lov. I find I have——Mum——*[Aside to Freeman.]*
Get some wine, Philip——*[Exit Philip.]*——Though I must eat something before I drink——Kitty, what have you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? Lard, your honour! we are at board-wages.——

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lov. You shall have it——Here——*[Rises.]*——Open the pantry-door——I'll be about your board-wages!——I have treated you often, now you shall treat your master.——

Kit. If I may be believed, Sir, there is not a scrap of any thing in the world in the pantry. *[Opposing him.]*

Lov. Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman.——Let us have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine. *[Sits down again.]*

Kit. Sir, had not my master better go to-bed?——*[Makes signs to Freeman that Lovel is drunk.]*

Lov. Bed! not I——I'll sit here all night——'Tis very pleasant; and nothing like variety in life.

Sir Har. *[peeping.]* Mrs Kitty——Mrs Kitty——

Kit. Peace, on your life. *(Aside.)*

Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's, Sir.——Hem——

Lov. *[Philip brings wine.]* Soh——very well——Now do you two march off——March off, I say.——

Phil. We can't think of leaving your honour——For egad, if we do, we are undone. *[Aside.]*

Lov. Begone——My service to you, Freeman——This is good stuff——

Free. Excellent. *[Somebody in the pantry sneezes.]*

Kit. We are undone; undone. *[Aside.]*

Phil. Oh, that is the Duke's damn'd rapee. *[Aside.]*

Lov. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free.

Free. Somebody sneez'd, I thought.

Lov. Damn it, there are thieves in the house—
I'll be among 'em— [Takes a pistol.

Kit. Lack-a-day, Sir, it was only the cat—They
sometimes sneeze for all the world like a Christian—
Here, Jack, Jack—He has got a cold, Sir—Pufs,
—pufs—

Lov. A cold! then I'll cure him—Here, Jack,
Jack—pufs, pufs—

Kit. Your honour won't be so rash—Pray your
honour, don't— [Opposing.

Lov. Stand off—Here, Freeman—here's a barrel
for business, with a brace of slugs, and well prim'd, as
you see—Freeman—I'll hold you five to four—
nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the cat through
the key-hole of that pantry-door.

Free. Try, try; but I think it impossible.

Lov. I am a damn'd good marksman. [Cocks the pistol,
and points it at the pantry-door.]—Now for it! [A
violent shriek, and all is discovered.]—Who the devil
are all these? One—two—three—four—

Phil. They are particular friends of mine, Sir; ser-
vants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

Lov. I told you there were thieves in the house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your honour they have been entertained
at our own expence, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your honour, if it was the last
word I had to speak.—

Lov. Take up that bottle—[Philip takes up a bottle
with a ticket to it, and is going off.]—Bring it back.
—Do you usually entertain your company with To-
kay, Monsieur?

Phil. I, Sir, treat with wine!

Lov. O yes, from humble Port to imperial Tokay too.
Yes, I loves Kokay. [Mimicking himself.

Phil. How!—Jemmy, my master!

Kit. Jemmy!—the devil!—

Phil. Your honour is at present in liquor—but in the
morning, when your honour is recovered, I well set all
to rights again—

Lov. [changing his countenance] We'll set all to rights
now—

now—There, I am sober, at your service—What have you to say, Philip? [*Philip starts.*] You may well start—Go, get out of my sight.

Duke. Sir—I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his grace the duke of —

Lov. And the impudence familiarly to assume his title—Your grace will give me leave to tell you, That is the door—And if you ever enter there again, I assure you, my lord Duke, I will break every bone in your grace's skin—Begone—

Duke. [*Aside.*] Low-bred fellows. [*Exit.*]

Lov. I beg their ladyships pardon; perhaps they cannot go without chairs—ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! [*Sir Harry steals off.*]

Lady Char. This comes of visiting commoners. [*Exit.*]

Lady Bab. They are downright Hottenpots. [*Exit.*]

Phil. and Kit. I hope your honour will not take away our bread.

Lov. “Five hundred pounds will set you up in a “chocolate-house—You’ll shine in the bar, Madam.”—I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Phil. and Kit. Oh, Sir—Good Sir!

Lov. You, madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning—And there, madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you’ll read “night and morning before you say your prayers.”

Kit. I am ruin’d and undone. [*Exit.*]

Lov. But you, Sir, for your villany, and (what I hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this house; and here comes an honest man to show you the way out—Your keys, Sir—

[*Philip gives the keys.*]

Enter Tom.

Tom, I respect and value you—You are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement—Be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of my house, [*points to Philip*]—and then take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow-servant.

134 HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

Lov. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

Phil. What a cursed fool have I been?

[*Exeunt servants.*]

Lov. Well, Charles, I must thank you for my frolic—It has been a wholesome one to me—Have I done right?

Free. Entirely—No judge could have determin'd better—As you punish'd the bad, it was but justice to reward the good.—

' *Lov.* A faithful servant is a worthy character.

' *Free.* And can never receive too much encouragement.

' *Lov.* Right.

' *Free.* You have made Tom very happy.

' *Lov.* And I intend to make your Robert so too.—

' Every honest servant should be made happy.'

Free. But what an insufferable piece of assurance is it in some of these fellows to affect and imitate their masters manners?

Lov. What manners must those be which they can imitate?

Free. True.

Lov. If persons of rank would act up to their standard, it would be impossible that their servants could ape them—But when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the power of any low creature to follow their example.

T H E

T H E
MOCK DOCTOR;
 O R, T H E
DUMB LADY CUR'D.

I N T W O A C T S.

B Y H E N R Y F I E L D I N G, E S Q.

D R A M A T I S P E R S O N Æ.

M E N.

<i>Sir Jasper,</i>	.	.	<i>D. Lant, originally. Edinburgb, 1787.</i>	
<i>Leander,</i>	.	.	Mr Shepherd.	Mr Charteris.
<i>Gregory,</i>	.	.	Mr Stopelaer.	Mr Powel.
<i>Robert,</i>	.	.	Mr Cibber, jun.	Mr Johnson.
<i>James,</i>	.	.	Mr Jones.	
<i>Harry,</i>	.	.	Mr Mullart.	Mr Southgate.
<i>Davy,</i>	.	.	Mr Roberts.	Mr White.
<i>Hellebore,</i>	.	.	Mr Jones.	Mr Fowler.
			Mr Roberts.	Mr Hallion.

W O M E N.

<i>Dorcas,</i>	.	.	Miss Rastor.	Mrs Heaphy.
<i>Charlotte,</i>	.	.	Miss Williams.	Mrs Collins.
<i>Maid,</i>	.	.	Mrs Mears.	

S C E N E, Partly in a Country-town, and partly in a Wood.

A C T I. S C E N E, A Wood.

D O R C A S, G R E G O R Y.

G R E G O R Y.

I Tell you No, I won't comply; and it is my business to talk, and to command.

M 2

Der.

136 THE MOCK DOCTOR.

Dor. And I tell you, You shall conform to my will ; and that I was not married to you to suffer your ill-humours.

Greg. O the intolerable fatigue of matrimony ! Aristotle never said a better thing in his life, than when he told us, *That a wife is worse than a devil.*

Dor. Hear the learned gentleman with his Aristotle.

Greg. And a learned man I am too : find me out a maker of fagots that's able, like myself, to reason upon things, or that can boast such an education as mine.

Dor. An education !

Greg. Ay, huffy, a regular education ; first at the charity-school, where I learnt to read ; then I waited on a gentleman at Oxford, where I learnt—very near as much as my master ; from whence I attended a travelling physician six years, under the facetious denomination of a *Merry Andrew*, where I learnt physic.

Dor. O that thou had'st follow'd him still ! Curs'd be the hour wherein I answer'd the parson, *I will.*

Greg. And curs'd be the parson that ask'd me the question !

Dor. You have reason to complain of him indeed, who ought to be on your knees every moment, returning thanks to heaven for that great blessing it sent you, when it sent you myself.—I hope you have not the assurance to think you deserv'd such a wife as me.

Greg. No, really, I don't think I do.

Dorcas sings.

When a lady, like me, condescends to agree

To let such a jackanapes taste her,

With what zeal and care shou'd he worship the fair,

Who gives him—what's meat for his master ?

His actions should still

Attend on her will :

Hear, firrah, and take it for warning ;

To her he should be

Each night on his knee,

And so he should be on each morning.

Greg. Meat for my master ! you were meat for your master, if I an't mistaken ; ' for, to one of our shames
* be it spoken, you rose as good a virgin from me as
* you

‘you went to-bed.’ Come, come, Madam, it was a lucky day for you when you found me out.

Dor. Lucky indeed! a fellow who eats every thing I have.

Greg. That happens to be a mistake, for I drink some part on’t.

Dor. That has not even left me a bed to lie on.

Greg. You’ll rise the earlier.

Dor. And who from morning till night is eternally in an alehouse.

Greg. It’s genteel; the squire does the same.

Dor. Pray, Sir, what are you willing I shall do with my family?

Greg. Whatever you please.

Dor. My four little children that are continually crying for bread?

Greg. Give ’em a rod! best cure in the world for crying children.

Dor. And do you imagine, for—

Greg. Hark ye, my dear, you know my temper is not over and above passive, and that my arm is extremely active.

Dor. I laugh at your threats, poor beggarly insolent fellow.

Greg. Soft object of my wishing eyes, I shall play with your pretty ears.

Dor. Touch me if you dare, you insolent, impudent, dirty, lazy, rascally—

Greg. Oh ho, ho! you will have it then, I find.

[Beats her.]

Dor. O murder, murder!

Enter Squire Robert.

Rob. What’s the matter here? Fy upon you, fy upon you, neighbour, to beat your wife in this scandalous manner!

Dor. Well, Sir, and I have a mind to be beat, and what then?

Rob. O dear, Madam, I give my consent with all my heart and soul.

Dor. What’s that to you, saucebox? Is it any business of your’s?

Rob. No certainly, Madam.

138 THE MOCK DOCTOR.

Dor. Here's an impertinent fellow for you, won't suffer a husband to beat his own wife!

A I R, Winchester Wedding.

Go thrash your own rib, Sir, at home,

Nor thus interfere with our strife;

May cuckoldom still be his doom,

Who strives to part husband and wife.

Suppose I've a mind he should drub,

Whose bones are they, Sir, he's to lick?

At whose expence is it, you scrub?

You are not to find him a stick.

Rob. Neighbour, I ask your pardon heartily; here, take and thresh your wife; beat her as you ought to do.

Greg. No, Sir, I won't beat her.

Rob. O Sir, that's another thing.

Greg. I'll beat her when I please, and will not beat her when I do not please. She is my wife, and not your's.

Rob. Certainly.

Dor. Give me the stick, dear husband.

Rob. Well, if ever I attempt to part husband and wife again, may I be beaten myself! [*Exit Sq. Rob.*]

Greg. Come, my dear, let us be friends.

Dor. What, after beating me so!

Greg. 'Twas but in jest.

Dor. I desire you will crack your jests on your own bones, not on mine.

Greg. Pshaw! you know you and I are one, and I beat one half of myself when I beat you.

Dor. Yes, but for the future I desire you will beat the other half of yourself.

Greg. Come, my pretty dear, I ask pardon; I'm sorry for't.

Dor. For once I pardon you—but you shall pay for it.

[*Aside.*]

Greg. Psha! psha! child, these are only little affairs, necessary in friendship; four or five good blows with a cudgel between your very fond couples, only tend to heighten the affections. I'll now to the wood, and I promise thee to make a hundred faggots before I come home again.

[*Exit.*]

Dor. If I am not reveng'd on those blows of your's!

—Oh, that I could but think of some method to be

're-

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‘ reveng’d on him! Hang the rogue, he’s quite insensible of cuckoldom.

‘ A I R, *Oh London is a fine town.*

‘ In ancient days, I’ve heard, with horns.

‘ The wife her spouse could fright,

‘ Which now the hero bravely scorns,

‘ So common is the fight.

‘ To city, country, camp, or court,

‘ Or wherefoe’er he go,

‘ No horned brother dares make sport;

‘ They’re cuckolds all a-row.’

Oh that I could find out some invention to get him well drubb’d!

Enter Harry and James.

Har. Were ever two fools sent on such a message as we are, in quest of a dumb doctor!

Ja. Blame your own cursed memory that made you forget his name. For my part, I’ll travel through the world rather than return without him; that were as much as a limb or two were worth.

Har. Was ever such a cursed misfortune, to lose the letter! I should not even know his name if I were to hear it.

Dor. Can I find no invention to be reveng’d!—Hey-day! who are these?

Ja. Hark ye, mistress, do you know where—where—where doctor What-d’ye-call-him lives?

Dor. Doctor who?

Ja. Doctor—doctor—what’s his name?

Dor. Hey! what, has the fellow a mind to banter me?

Har. Is there no physician hereabouts famous for curing dumbness?

Dor. I fancy you have no need of such a physician, Mr Impertinence.

Har. Don’t mistake us, good woman, we don’t mean to banter you: we are sent by our master, whose daughter has lost her speech, for a certain physician who lives hereabouts; we have lost our direction, and ’tis as much as our lives are worth to return without him.

Dor. There is one Dr Lazy lives just by, but he has left off practising. You would not get him a mile to save the lives of a thousand patients.

Ja.

Ja. Direct us but to him ; we'll bring him with us one way or other, I warrant you.

Har. Ay, ay, we'll have him with us, though we carry him on our backs.

Dor. Ha ! Heav'n has inspir'd me with one of the most admirable inventions to be reveng'd on my hang-dog ! [*Aside.*] I assure you, if you can get him with you, he'll do your young lady's business for her ; he's reckoned one of the best physicians in the world, especially for dumbness.

Har. Pray tell us where he lives ?

Dor. You'll never be able to get him out of his own huose ; but if you watch hereabouts, you'll certainly meet with him, for he very often amuses himself here with cutting wood.

Har. A physician cut wood !—

Ja. I suppose he amuses himself in searching after herbs you mean.

Dor. No ; he's one of the most extraordinary men in the world : he goes dress'd like a common clown ; for there is nothing he so much dreads as to be known for a physician.

Ja. All your great men have some strange oddities about 'em.

Dor. Why, he will suffer himself to be beat before he will own himself to be a physician—and I'll give you my word, you'll never make him own himself one, unless you both of you take a good cudgel and thrash him into it ; 'tis what we are all forced to do when we have any need of him.

Ja. What a ridiculous whim is here !

Dor. Very true ; and in so great a man.

Ja. And is he so very skilful a man ?

Dor. Skilful ? why he does miracles. About half a year ago, a woman was given over by all her physicians, nay, she had been dead some time ; when this great man came to her, as soon as he saw her, he pour'd a little drop of something down her throat—he had no sooner done it, than she got out of her bed, and walk'd about the room as if there had been nothing the matter with her.

Both. O prodigious !

Dor.

Dor. 'Tis not above three weeks ago, that a child of twelve years old fell from the top of a house to the bottom, and broke its scull, its arms, and legs.—Our physician was no sooner drubb'd into making him a visit, than, having rubb'd the child all over with a certain ointment, it got upon its legs, and run away to play.

Both. Oh most wonderful!

Har. Hey! Gad, James, we'll drub him out of a pot of this ointment.

Ja. But can he cure dumbness?

Dor. Dumbness! Why the curate of our parish's wife was born dumb; and the doctor, with a sort of wash, washed her tongue, till he set it a-going so, that in less than a month's time she out-talk'd her husband.

Har. This must be the very man we were sent after.

Dor. Yonder is the very man I speak of.

Ja. What, that he yonder!

Dor. The very same.—He has spy'd us, and taken up his bill.

Ja. Come, Harry, don't let us lose one moment.—Mistress, your servant; we give you ten thousand thanks for this favour.

Dor. Be sure you make good use of your sticks.

Ja. He shan't want that. [Exeunt.]

SCENE, *Another part of the Wood.*

Gregory discover'd sitting on the ground with faggots about him.

Greg. Pox on't, 'tis most confounded hot weather. Hey, who have we here?

Enter James and Harry.

Ja. Sir, your most obedient humble servant—

Greg. Sir, your servant.

Ja. We are mighty happy in finding you here—

Greg. Ay, like enough—

Ja. 'Tis in your power, Sir, to do us a very great favour—We come, Sir, to implore your assistance in a certain affair.

Greg. If it be in my power to give you any assistance, masters, I am very ready to do it.

Ja. Sir, you are extremely obliging—But, dear Sir, let

let me beg you be cover'd, the sun will hurt your complexion.

Har. For Heaven's sake, Sir, be cover'd.

Greg. These should be footmen by their dress, but courtiers by their ceremony. [*Aside.*

Ja. You must not think it strange, Sir, that we come thus to seek after you; men of your capacity will be sought after by the whole world.

Greg. Truly, gentlemen, though I say it, that should not say it, I have a pretty good hand at a faggot.

Ja. O dear, Sir!

Greg. You may perhaps buy faggots cheaper otherwise; but if you find such in all this country, you shall have mine for nothing. To make but one word then with you, you shall have mine for ten shillings a hundred.

Ja. Don't talk in that manner, I desire you.

Greg. I could not sell 'em a penny cheaper, if 'twas to my father.

Ja. Dear Sir, we know you very well—don't jest with us in this manner.

Greg. Faith, master, I am so much in earnest, that I can't bate one farthing.

Ja. O pray, Sir, leave this idle discourse.—Can a person like you amuse himself in this manner? Can a learned and famous physician like you, try to disguise himself to the world, and bury such fine talents in the woods?

Greg. The fellow's a fool.

Ja. Let me intreat you, Sir, not to dissemble with us.

Har. It is in vain, Sir; we know what you are.

Greg. Know what you are! what do you know of me?

Ja. Why, we know you, Sir, to be a very great physician.

Greg. Physician in your teeth: I a physician!

Ja. The fit is on him—Sir, let me beseech you to conceal yourself no longer, and oblige us to you know what.

Greg. Devil take me if I know what, Sir.—But I know this, that I'm no physician.

Ja.

Ja. We must proceed to the usual remedy, I find—
And so you are no physician?

Greg. No.

Ja. You are no physician?

Greg. No, I tell you.

Ja. Well, if we must, we must. [*Beat him.*]

Greg. Oh, oh! gentlemen! gentlemen! what are you doing? I am—I am—whatever you please to have me.

Ja. Why will you oblige us, Sir, to this violence?

Har. Why will you force us to this troublesome remedy?

Ja. I assure you, Sir, it gives me a great deal of pain.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, and so it does me. But pray, gentlemen, what is the reason that you have a mind to make a physician of me?

Ja. What! do you deny your being a physician again?

Greg. And the devil take me if I am.

Har. You are no physician?

Greg. May I be pox'd if I am. [*They beat him.*]—
Oh, oh!—Dear gentlemen; oh! for Heaven's sake! I am a physician, and an apothecary too, if you'll have me: I had rather be any thing, than be knock'd o' the head.

Ja. Dear Sir, I am rejoic'd to see you come to your senses; I ask pardon ten thousand times for what you have forc'd us to.

Greg. Perhaps I am deceiv'd myself, and am a physician without knowing it. But, dear gentlemen, are you certain I'm a physician?

Ja. Yes, the greatest physician in the world.

Greg. Indeed!

Har. A physician that has cur'd all sorts of distempers.

Greg. The devil I have!

Ja. That has made a woman walk about the room after she was dead six hours.

Har. That set a child upon its legs immediately after it had broke 'em.

Ja.

Ja. That made the curate's wife, who was dumb, talk faster than her husband.

Har. Look ye, Sir, you shall have content; my master will give you whatever you will demand.

Greg. Shall I have whatever I will demand?

Ja. You may depend upon it.

Greg. I am a physician, without doubt—I had forgot it, but I begin to recollect myself.—Well, and what is the distemper I am to cure?

Ja. My young mistress, Sir, has lost her tongue.

Greg. The devil take me if I have found it.—But, come, gentlemen, if I must go with you, I must have a physician's habit; for a physician can no more prescribe without a full wig, than without a fee. [Exeunt.

* Enter Dorcas.

* *Dor.* I don't remember my heart has gone so pit-a-pat with joy a long while.—Revenge is surely the most delicious morsel the devil ever dropt into the mouth of a woman. And this is a revenge which costs nothing; for, alack-a-day! to plant horns upon a husband's head, is more dangerous than is imagin'd. Odd! I had a narrow escape when I met with this fool; the best of my market was over, and I began to grow almost as cheap as a crack'd china-cup.

* A I R, *Pinks and Lilies.*

* A woman's ware, like china,
 * Now cheap, now dear is bought;
 * When whole, though worth a guinea,
 * When broke's not worth a groat.
 * A woman at St James's,
 * With hundreds you obtain;
 * But stay till lost her fame is,
 * She'll be cheap in Drury-Lane.

ACT II.

SCENE, *Sir Jasper's House.*

Enter Sir JASPER and JAMES.

Sir Jasf. **W**HERE is he? Where is he?

Ja. Only recruiting himself after his journey. You need not be impatient, Sir; for were my young

young lady dead, he'd bring her to life again—He makes no more of bringing a patient to life, than other physicians do of killing him.

Sir Jas. 'Tis strange so great a man should have those unaccountable odd humours you mention'd.

Ja. 'Tis but a good blow or two, and he comes immediately to himself—Here he is.

Enter Gregory.

Har. Sir, this is the Doctor.

Sir Jas. Dear Sir, you're the welcomest man in the world.

Greg. Hippocrates says, we should both be cover'd.

Sir Jas. Ha! does Hippocrates say so? In what chapter, pray?

Greg. In his chapter of Hats.

Sir Jas. Since Hippocrates says so, I shall obey him.

Greg. Doctor, after having exceedingly travell'd in the highway of letters—

Sir Jas. Doctor! pray whom do you speak to?

Greg. To you, Doctor.

Sir Jas. Ha, ha!—I am a knight, thank the King's grace for it; but no doctor.

Greg. What, you're no doctor?

Sir Jas. No, upon my word.

Greg. You're no doctor?

Sir Jas. Doctor! no.

Greg. There—'tis done.

[Beats him.]

Sir Jas. Done, in the devil's name! What's done?

Greg. Why now you are made a doctor of physie—I am sure it's all the degrees I ever took.

Sir Jas. What devil of a fellow have you brought here?

Ja. I told you, Sir, the doctor had strange whims with him.

Sir Jas. Whims, quotha!—Egad, I shall bind his physicianship over to his good behaviour, if he has any more of these whims.

Greg. Sir, I ask pardon for the liberty I have taken.

Sir Jas. Oh! it's very well, it's very well for once.

Greg. I am sorry for those blows.

Sir Jas. Nothing at all, nothing at all, Sir.

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N

Greg.

Greg. Which I was oblig'd to have the honour of laying on so thick upon you.

Sir Jas. Let's talk no more of 'em, Sir—My daughter, doctor, is fallen into a very strange distemper.

Greg. Sir, I am overjoy'd to hear it: and I wish, with all my heart, you and your whole family had the same occasion for me, as your daughter, to show the great desire I have to serve you.

Sir Jas. Sir, I am oblig'd to you.

Greg. I assure you, Sir, I speak from the very bottom of my soul.

Sir Jas. I do believe you, Sir, from the very bottom of mine.

Greg. What is your daughter's name?

Sir Jas. My daughter's name is Charlot.

Greg. Are you sure she was christen'd Charlot?

Sir Jas. No, Sir, she was christen'd Charlotta.

Greg. Hum! I had rather she should have been christen'd Charlotte. Charlotte is a very good name for a patient; and let me tell you, the name is often of as much service to the patient, as the physician is.

Sir Jas. Sir, my daughter's here.

Enter Charlotte and Maid.

Greg. Is that my patient? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance—and I fancy a healthy young fellow would sit very well upon her.

Sir Jas. You make her smile, doctor.

Greg. So much the better; 'tis a very good sign when we can bring a patient to smile; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—Well, child, what's the matter with you? What's your distemper?

Cha. Han, hi, hon, han.

Greg. What do you say?

Cha. Han, hi, han, hon.

Greg. What, what, what?—

Cha. Han, hi, hon—

Greg. Han! Hon! Honin ha!—I don't understand a word she says. Han! Hi! Hon! What the devil of a language is this?

Sir Jas. Why, that's her distemper, Sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, Sir, has kept back her marriage.

Greg.

Greg. Kept back her marriage! Why so?

Sir Jas. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cur'd.

Greg. O lud! Was ever such a fool, that wou'd not have his wife dumb!—Would to heaven my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does this distemper, this Han, hi, hon, oppress her very much?

Sir Jas. Yes, Sir.

Greg. So much the better. Has she any great pains?

Sir Jas. Very great.

Greg. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—Ha—a very dumb pulse indeed.

Sir Jas. You have guess'd her distemper.

Greg. Ay, Sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately: I know some of the college would call this the *boree*, or the *coupee*, or the *sinkee*, or twenty other distempers; but I give you my word, Sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—So I'd have you be very easy, for there is nothing else the matter with her——If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir Jas. But I should be glad to know, doctor, from whence her dumbness proceeds?

Greg. Nothing so easily accounted for.—Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Sir Jas. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech?

Greg. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir Jas. But if you please, dear Sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Greg. Aristotle has upon that subject said very fine things; very fine things.

Sir Jas. I believe it, doctor.

Greg. Ah! he was a great man, he was indeed a very great man—A man, who upon that subject was a man that—But to return to our reasoning: I hold that this impediment of the action of the tongue is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call—Humours—Humours—Ah! you understand Latin—

Sir Jas. Not in the least.

Greg. What, not understand Latin?

Sir Jas. No indeed, doctor.

Greg. Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singulariter nom. Hæc musa hic, hæc, hoc, genitivo hujus, hunc, hanc musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus? Etiam. Quia substantivo & adjectivum concordat in generi numerum & casus, sic dicunt, aiant, prædicant, clamitant, & similibus.

Sir Jas. Ah! why did I neglect my studies?

Har. What a prodigious man is this!

Greg. Besides, Sir, certain spirits passing from the left-side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, *whiskerus*, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, *jackbootos*, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew *periwigus*, meet in the road with the said spirits, which fill the ventricles of the omotaplasmus; and because the said humours have—you comprehend me well, Sir? and because the said humours have a certain malignity—listen seriously, I beg you.

Sir Jas. I do.

Greg. Have a certain malignity that is caused—be attentive, if you please.

Sir Jas. I am.

Greg. That is caused, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engender'd in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arrives, that these vapours, *Propria quæ maribus tribuuntur*, mascula dicas, ut sunt divorum, Mars. Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.—This, Sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Har. O that I had but his tongue!

Sir Jas. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear Sir, there is one thing—I always thought 'till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Greg. Ay, Sir, so they were formerly, but we have chang'd all that.—The college at present, Sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir Jas. I ask your pardon, Sir.

Greg. Oh, Sir! there's no harm—you're not oblig'd to know so much as we do.

Sir

Sir Jas. Very true; but, doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Greg. What would I have done with her? Why, my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a brass warming-pan: Cause her to drink one quart of spring-water, mix'd with one pint of brandy, six Seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double-refin'd sugar.

Sir Jas. Why, this is punch, doctor.

Greg. Punch, Sir! ay, Sir;—and what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—this, and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a long time.—I love to do a business all at once.

Sir Jas. Doctor, I ask pardon; you shall be obey'd.

[Gives money.]

Greg. I'll return in the evening, and see what effect it has had on her. But hold, there's another young lady here that I must apply some little remedies to.

Maid. Who, me? I was never better in my life, I thank you, Sir.

Greg. So much the worse, Madam, so much the worse—'Tis very dangerous to be very well;—for, when one is very well, one has nothing else to do but to take physic and bleed away.

Sir Jas. Oh strange! What, bleed when one has no distemper?

Greg. It may be strange, perhaps, but 'tis very wholesome. Besides, Madam, it is not your case, at present, to be very well: at least, you cannot possibly be well above three days longer; and it is always best to cure a distemper before you have it.—or, as we say in Greek, Distemperum bestum est curare ante habestum.—What I shall prescribe you, at present, is to take every six hours one of these boluses.

Maid. Ha, ha, ha! Why doctor, these look exactly like lumps of loaf-sugar.

Greg. Take one of these boluses, I say, every six hours, washing it down with six spoonfuls of the best Holland's geneva.

Sir Jas. Sure you are in jest, doctor!—This wench does not show any symptom of a distemper.

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Greg. Sir Jasper, let me tell you, it were not amiss if you yourself took a little lenitive physick; I shall prepare something for you.

Sir Jas. Ha, ha, ha! No, no, doctor; I have escaped both doctors and distempers hitherto, and I am resolv'd the distemper shall pay me the first visit.

Greg. Say you so, Sir? Why then if I can get no more patients here, I must even seek 'em elsewhere; and so humbly beggo te domine domitii veniam goundi foras.

[Exit Gregory.

Sir Jas. Well, this is a physician of vast capacity, but of exceeding odd humours.

[Exit.

SCENE, The Street.

Leander solus.

Ah, Charlotte! thou hast no reason to apprehend my ignorance of what thou endurest, since I can so easily guess thy torment by my own.—Oh how much more justifiable are my fears, when you have not only the command of a parent, but the temptation of fortune to allure you!

A I R, set by Mr Seedo.

O cursed power of gold,
For which all honour's sold,
And honesty's no more!
For thee, we often find
The great in leagues combin'd
To trick and rob the poor.
By thee the fool and knave
Transcend the wise and brave,
So absolute thy reign:
Without some help of thine,
The greatest beauties shine,
And lovers plead, in vain.

To him, Gregory.

Greg. Upon my word, this is a good beginning, and since——

Lean. I have waited for you, doctor, a long time. I'm come to beg your assistance.

Greg. Ay, you have need of assistance indeed! What a pulse is here! What do you out o' your bed?

[Feels his pulse.

Lean.

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Lean. Ha, ha, ha! Doctor, you're mistaken; I am not sick, I assure you.

Gre. How, Sir! not sick! Do you think I don't know when a man is sick, better than he does himself?

Lean. Well, if I have any distemper, it is the love of that young lady your patient, from whom you just now came, and to whom if you can convey me, I swear, dear doctor, I shall be effectually cur'd.

Gre. Do you take me for a pimp, Sir, a physician for a pimp?

Lean. Dear Sir, make no noise.

Gre. Sir, I will make a noise; you're an impertinent fellow.

Lean. Softly, good Sir!

Gre. I shall show you, Sir, that I'm not such a sort of a person, and that you are an insolent, saucy——
[*Leander gives a purse.*]——I'm not speaking to you, Sir; but there are certain impertinent fellows in the world, that take people for what they are not——which always puts me, Sir, into such a passion; that——

Lean. I ask pardon, Sir, for the liberty I have taken.

Gre. O dear, Sir; no offence in the least.——Pray, Sir, how am I to serve you?

Lean. This distemper, Sir, which you are sent for to cure, is feign'd. The physicians have reason'd upon it, according to custom, and have derived it from the brain, from the bowels, from the liver, lungs, lights, and every part of the body: but the true cause of it is love; and is an invention of Charlotte's, to deliver her from a match she dislikes.

Gre. Hum!——Suppose you were to disguise yourself as an apothecary?

Lean. I'm not very well known to her father, therefore believe I may pass upon him securely.

Gre. Go then, disguise yourself immediately; I'll wait for you here—Ha! methinks I see a patient.

[*Exit Leander.*]

Enter James and Davy.

Gre. Gad! matters go swimmingly. I'll even continue a physician as long as I live.

Ja. [*Speaking to Davy.*] Fear not, if he relapse into his

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his humours, I'll quickly thrash him into the physician again. Doctor, I have brought you a patient.

Dav. My poor wife, doctor, has kept her bed these six months. [*Greg. holds out his band.*] If your worship would find out some means to cure her——

Gre. What's the matter with her?

Dav. Why, she has had several physicians; one says 'tis the dropfy; another, 'tis the what-d'ye-call it, the tumpany; a third says 'tis a slow fever; a fourth says the rumatiz; a fifth——

Gre. What are the symptoms?

Dav. Symptoms, Sir!

Gre. Ay, ay, what does she complain of?

Dav. Why, she is always craving and craving for drink, eats nothing at all. Then her legs are swell'd up as big as a good handsome post, and as cold they be as a stone.

Gre. Come to the purpose; speak to the purpose, my friend.

[*Holding out his band.*]

Dav. The purpose is, Sir, that I am come to ask what your worship pleases to have done with her.

Gre. Psha, psha, psha! I don't understand one word what you mean.

Ja. His wife is sick, doctor, and he has brought you a guinea for your advice. Give it the doctor, friend.

[*Davy gives the guinea.*]

Gre. Ay, now I understand you; here's a gentleman explains the case. You say your wife is sick of the dropfy?

Davy. Yes, an't please your worship.

Gre. Well, I have made a shift to comprehend your meaning at last; you have the strangest way of describing a distemper. You say your wife is always calling for drink: let her have as much as she desires; she can't drink too much: and, d'ye hear, give her this piece of cheese.

Davy. Cheese, Sir!

Gre. Ay, cheese, Sir. The cheese, of which this is a part, has cur'd more people of a dropfy than ever had it.

Davy.

Davy. I give your worship a thousand thanks; I'll go make her take it immediately. [Exit.]

Gre. Go; and if she dies, be sure to bury her after the best manner you can.

Enter Dorcas.

Dor. I'm like to pay severely for my frolic, if I have lost my husband by it.

Gre. O physic and matrimony! my wife!

Dor. For though the rogue used me a little roughly, he was as good a workman as any in five miles of his head.

A I R, *Thomas* I cannot.

' A fig for the dainty civil spouse

' Who's bred at the court or France;

' He treats his wife with smiles and bows,

' And minds not the good main-chance.

' Be Gregory

' The man for me,

' Though given to many a maggot:

' For he would work

' Like any Turk;

' None like him e'er handled a faggot, a faggot,

' None like him e'er handled a faggot.

Greg. What evil stars, in the devil's name, have sent her hither? If I could but persuade her to take a pill or two that I'd give her, I should be a physician to some purpose—Come hider, shild, leta me feela your pulse.

Dor. What have you to do with my pulse?

Greg. I am de French physicion, my dear, and I am to feela de pulse of de pation.

Dor. Yes, but I am no pation, Sir, nor want no physicion, good doctor Ragou.

Greg. Begar, you must be puta to-bed, and taka de peel; me sal give you de litle peel dat sal cure you, as you have more distempere den evere were hered off.

Dor. What's the matter with the fool? If you feel my pulse any more, I shall feel your ears for you.

Grog. Begar, you must taka de peel.

Dor. Begar, I shall not taka de peel.

Greg. I'll take this opportunity to try her. [Aside.]
Maye dear, if you will not letta me cura you, you sala
cura

cure me; you shall be my physician, and I will give you de fee. [*Holds out a purse.*]

Dor. Ay, my stomach does not go against those pills; and what must I do for your fee?

Greg. O, begar! me vill show you, me vill teacha you what you shal doe; you must come kissa me now, you must come kissa me.

Dor. [*Kisses him.*] As I live, my very hang-dog! I've discover'd him in good time, or he had discover'd me. [*Aside.*—Well, doctor, and are you cur'd now?

Greg. I shall make myself a cuckold presently. — [*Aside.*—Dis is not a propre place, dis is too public; for sud any one pass by while I taka dis physic, it vill preventa de operation.

Dor. What physic, doctor?

Greg. In your ear, dat— [*Whispers.*

Dor. And in your ear dat, firrah. [*Hitting him a box.*] Do you dare affront my virtue, you villain! D'ye think the world should bribe me to part with my virtue, my dear virtue! There, take your purse again.

Greg. But where's the gold!

Dor. The gold I'll keep, as an eternal monument of my virtue.

Greg. O what a happy dog am I, to find my wife so virtuous a woman when I least expected it! Oh my injur'd dear! behold your Gregory, your own husband!

Dor. Ha!

Gre. O me, I'm so full of joy, I cannot tell thee more, than that I am as much the happiest of men, as thou art the most virtuous of women.

Dor. And art thou really my Gregory? And hast thou any more of these purses?

Gre. No, my dear, I have no more about me; but 'tis probable in a few days I may have a hundred; for the strangest accident has happened to me!

Dor. Yes, my dear; but I can tell you whom you are oblig'd to for that accident: had you not beaten me this morning, I had never had you beaten into a physician.

Gre. Oh, oh! then 'tis to you I owe all that drubbing.

Dor.

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Dor. Yes, my dear, though I little dreamt of the consequence.

Gre. How infinitely I'm oblig'd to thee!—But hush!

To them enter Hellebore.

Hel. Are not you the great doctor just come to this town, so famous for curing dumbness?

Gre. Sir, I am he.

Hel. Then, Sir, I should be glad of your advice.

Gre. Let me feel your pulse.

Hel. Not for myself, good doctor; I am, myself, Sir, a brother of the faculty, what the world calls a *mad-doctor*. I have at present under my care a patient, whom I can by no means prevail with to speak.

Gre. I shall make him speak, Sir.

Hel. It will add, Sir, to the great reputation you have already acquir'd; and I am happy in finding you.

Gre. Sir, I am as happy in finding you. [*Taking him aside.*] You see that woman there; she is possessed with a most strange sort of madness, and imagines every man she sees to be her husband. Now, Sir, if you will but admit her into your house—

Hel. Most willingly, Sir.

Gre. The first thing, Sir, you are to do, is to let out thirty ounces of her blood: then, Sir, you are to shave off all her hair; all her hair, Sir: after which you are to make a very severe use of your rod twice a-day; and take a particular care that she have not the least allowance beyond bread and water.

Hel. Sir, I shall readily agree to the dictates of so great a man; nor can I help approving of your method, which is exceeding mild and wholesome.

Gre. [*to his wife.*] My dear, that gentleman will conduct you to my lodgings.—Sir, I beg you will take a particular care of the lady.

Hel. You may depend on't, Sir, nothing in my power shall be wanting; you have only to inquire for Dr Hellebore.

Dor. 'Twon't be long before I see you, husband?

Hel. Husband! this is as unaccountable a madness as any I have yet met with.

[*Exit with Dorcas.*
Enter

Enter Leander.

Gre. I think I shall be reveng'd of you now, my dear.—So, Sir.

Lean. I think I make a pretty good apothecary now.

Gre. Yes, faith, you're almost as good an apothecary as I'm a physician; and if you please I'll convey you to the patient.

Lean. If I did but know a few physical hard words—

Gre. A few physical hard words! why, in a few hard words consists the science. Would you know as much as the whole faculty in an instant, Sir? Come along, come along.—Hold; the doctor must always go before the apothecary. *[Exit.*

SCENE, *Sir Jasper's House.*

Sir Jasper, Charlotte, Maid.

Sir Jas. Has she made no attempt to speak yet?

Maid. Not in the least, Sir; so far from it, that as she used to make a sort of noise before, she is now quite silent.

Sir Jas. *[looking on his watch.]* 'Tis almost the time the doctor promis'd to return—Oh, he is here. Doctor, your servant.

Enter Gregory and Leander.

Gre. Well, Sir, how does my patient?

Sir Jas. Rather worse, Sir, since your prescription.

Gre. So much the better; 'tis a sign that it operates.

Sir Jas. Who is that gentleman, pray, with you?

Gre. An apothecary, Sir. Mr Apothecary, I desire you would immediately apply that song I prescrib'd.

Sir Jas. A song, doctor! prescribe a song?

Gre. Prescribe a song, Sir! Yes, Sir, prescribe a song, Sir. Is there any thing so strange in that? Did you never hear of *pills to purge melancholy*? If you understand these things better than I, why did you send for me? 'Sbud, Sir, this song would make a stone speak.—But if you please, Sir, you and I will confer at some distance, during the application; for this song will do you as much harm as it will do your daughter good. Be sure, Mr Apothecary, to pour it down her ears very closely.

A I R,

A I R.

Lean. Thus, lovely patient, Charlotte sees

Her dying patient kneel:

Soon cur'd will be your feign'd disease;

But what physician e'er can ease

The torments which I feel?

Think, charming nymph, while I complain,

Ah, think what I endure!

All other remedies are vain;

The lovely cause of all my pain

Can only cause my cure.

Gre. It is, Sir, a great and subtle question among the doctors, Whether women are more easy to be cur'd than men. I beg you would attend to this, Sir, if you please.—Some say, No; others say, Yes: and for my part, I say both Yes and No; forasmuch as the incongruity of the opaque humours that meet in the natural temper of women, are the cause that the brutal part will always prevail over the sensible.—One sees that the inequality of their opinions depends on the black movement of the circle of the moon; and as the sun, that darts his rays upon the concavity of the earth, finds—

Char. No, I am not at all capable of changing my opinion.

Sir Jas. My daughter speaks! my daughter speaks! Oh, the great power of physie! Oh, the admirable physician! How can I reward thee for such a service?

Gre. This distemper has given me a most insufferable deal of trouble. [*Traversing the Stage in a great boat, the apothecary following.*]

Char. Yes, Sir, I have recover'd my speech; but I have recover'd it to tell you, that I never will have any husband but Leander. [*Speaks with great eagerness, and drives Sir Jasper round the Stage.*]

Sir Jas. But—

Char. Nothing is capable to shake the resolution I have taken.

Sir Jas. What!

Cha. Your rhetorick is in vain; all your discourses signify nothing.

Sir Jas. I—

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Cha. I am determin'd; and all the fathers in the world shall never oblige me to marry contrary to my inclinations.

Sir Jas. I have —

Cha. I never will submit to this tyranny; and if I must not have the man I like, I'll die a maid.

Sir Jas. You shall have Mr Dapper —

Cha. No; not in any manner; not in the least, not at all: you throw away your breath; you lose your time: you may confine me, beat me, bruise me, destroy me, kill me; do what you will, use me as you will, but I never will consent; nor all your threats, nor all your blows, nor all your ill-usage, never shall force me to consent. So far from giving him my heart, I never will give him my hand: for he is my aversion; I hate the very sight of him; I had rather see the devil, I had rather touch a toad: you may make me miserable any other way; but with him you shan't, that I'm resolv'd.

Gre. There, Sir, there; I think we have brought her tongue to a pretty tolerable consistency.

Sir Jas. Consistency, quotha! why, there is no stopping her tongue. — Dear doctor, I desire you would make her dumb again.

Gre. That's impossible, Sir; all that I can do to serve you is, I can make you deaf, if you please.

Sir Jas. And do you think —

Cha. All your reasoning shall never conquer my resolution.

Sir Jas. You shall marry Mr Dapper this evening.

Cha. I'll be buried first.

Gre. Stay, Sir, stay; let me regulate this affair; it is a distemper that possesses her, and I know what remedy to apply to it.

Sir Jas. Is it possible, Sir, that you can cure the distempers of the mind?

Gre. Sir, I can cure any thing. Hark ye, Mr Apothecary, you see that the love she has for Leander is entirely contrary to the will of her father, and that there is no time to lose, and that an immediate remedy is necessary. For my part, I know of but one; which is a dose of purgative running-away, mixt with two drams of pills matrimoniac, and three large handfuls of the

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the *arbor vite*: perhaps she will make some difficulty to take them; but as you are an able apothecary, I shall trust to you for the success. Go, make her walk in the garden; be sure lose no time; to the remedy, quick; to the remedy specific.

[*Exeunt Leander and Charlotte.*]

Sir Jaf. What drugs, Sir, were those I heard you mention, for I don't remember I ever heard them spoke of before?

Gre. They are some, Sir, lately discover'd by the Royal Society.

Sir Jaf. Did you ever see any thing equal to her insolence?

Gre. Daughters are indeed sometimes a little too headstrong.

Sir Jaf. You cannot imagine, Sir, how foolishly fond she is of that Leander.

Gre. The heat of blood, Sir, causes that in young minds.

Sir Jaf. For my part, the moment I discover'd the violence of her passion, I have always kept her lock'd up.

Gre. You have done very wisely.

Sir Jaf. And I have prevented them from having the least communication together: for who knows what might have been the consequence? Who knows but she might have taken it into her head to have run away with him?

Gre. Very true.

Sir Jaf. Ay, Sir, let me alone for governing girls; I think I have some reason to be vain on that head; I think I have shown the world that I understand a little of women, I think I have: and let me tell you, Sir, there is not a little art requir'd. If this girl had had some fathers, they had not kept her out of the hands of so vigilant a lover as I have done.

Gre. No certainly, Sir.

[*Enter Dorcas.*]

Dor. Where is this villain, this rogue, this pretended physician?

Sir Jaf. Heyday! what, what, what's the matter now?

Dor. Oh, firrah, firrah!—would you have destroyed
O 2 your

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your wife, you villain? Would you have been guilty of murder, dog!

Gre. Hoity toity!—What madwoman is this?

Sir Jas. Poor wretch!—For pity's sake cure her, doctor.

Gre. Sir, I shall not cure her, unless somebody gives me a fee.—If you will give me a fee, Sir Jasper, you shall see me cure her this instant.

Dor. I'll see you, you villain—Cure me!

A I R, set by Mr Seedo.

* If you hope by your skill

* To give Dorcas a pill,

* You are not a deep politician:

* Cou'd wives but be brought

* To swallow the draught,

* Each husband would be a physician.

Enter James.

Ja. O Sir, undone, undone! Your daughter is run away with her lover Leander, who was here disguised like an apothecary—and this is the rogue of a physician who has contriv'd all the affair.

Sir Jas. How! am I abus'd in this manner! Here, who is there? Bid my clerk bring pen, ink, and paper; I'll send this fellow to jail immediately.

Ja. Indeed, my good doctor, you stand a very fair chance to be hang'd for stealing an heiress.

Gre. Yes indeed, I believe I shall take my degrees now.

Dor. And are they going to hang you, my dear husband?

Gre. You see, my dear wife.

Dor. Had you finish'd the faggots, it had been some consolation.

Gre. Leave me, or you'll break my heart.

Dor. No, I'll stay to encourage you at your death—nor will I budge an inch till I've seen you hang'd.

To them Leander and Charlotte.

Lean. Behold, Sir, that Leander whom you had forbid your house, restores your daughter to your power, even when he had her in his. I will receive her, Sir, only at your hands.—I have received letters, by which I have learnt the death of an uncle, whose estate far exceeds

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ceeds that of your intended son-in-law.

Sir Jaf. Sir, your virtue is beyond all estates; and I give you my daughter with all the pleasure in the world.

Lean. Now my fortune makes me happy indeed, my dearest Charlotte.—And, doctor, I'll make thy fortune too.

Gre. If you would be so kind to make me a physician in earnest, I should desire no other fortune.

Lean. Faith, doctor, I wish I could do that in return for your having made me an apothecary; but I'll do as well for thee, I warrant.

Dor. So, so; our physician, I find, has brought about fine matters. And is it not owing to me, sirrah, that you have been a physician at all?

Sir Jaf. May I beg to know whether you are a physician or not—or what the devil you are?

Gre. I think, Sir, after the miraculous cure you have seen me perform, you have no reason to ask whether I am a physician or no—And for you, wife, I'll henceforth have you behave with all deference to my greatness.

Dor. Why, thou puff'd up fool, I could have made as good a physician myself; the cure was owing to the apothecary, not the doctor.

A I R, *We've cheated the Parson, &c.*

When tender young virgins look pale and complain,

You may send for a dozen great doctors in vain:

All give their opinion, and pocket their fees;

Each writes her a cure, though all miss her disease;

Powders, drops,

Juleps, slops,

A cargo of poison from physical shops.

Though they physic to death the unhappy poor maid,

What's that to the doctor—since he must be paid?

Would you know how you may manage her right?

Our doctor has brought you a nostrum to-night,

Can never vary,

Nor miscarry,

If the lover be but the apothecary.

CHORUS.

Can never vary, &c.

T A S T E.

IN TWO ACTS.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

	<i>Drury-Lane.</i>
<i>Carmine,</i>	Mr Palmer.
<i>Puff,</i>	Mr Yates.
<i>Bruff,</i>	Mr Crofs.
<i>Novice,</i>	Mr Blakes.
<i>Lord Dupe,</i>	Mr Shuter.
<i>Alderman Pentwazel,</i>	Mr Tafwell.
<i>Caleb,</i>	Mr Costello.
<i>Boy,</i>	Master Crofs.
<i>Lady Pentwazel,</i>	Mr Worsdale.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by Mr GARRICK,

And spoken by him in the character of an *Auctioneer*.

BEFORE this Court, I PETER PUFF appear,

A Briton born, and bred an *Auctioneer*;

Who for myself, and eke a hundred others,

My useful, honest, learned, bawling brothers,

With much humility and fear implore ye,

To lay our present desp'rate case before ye.

'Tis true this night a certain wag intends

To laugh at us, our calling, and our friends ::

If lords and ladies, and such dainty folks,

Are cur'd of auction-hunting by his jokes;

Should this odd doctrine spread throughout the land;

Before you buy, be sure to understand;

Oh, think on us what various ills will flow

When great ones only purchase—what they know!

Why

Why laugh at *TASTE*? It is a harmless fashion,
 And quite subdues each detrimental passion:
 The fair ones hearts will ne'er incline to man,
 While thus they rage for—china and japan.
 The *virtuoso*, too, and *connoisseur*,
 Are ever decent, delicate, and pure;
 The smallest hair their looser thoughts might hold,
 Just warm when single, and when married, cold:
 Their blood at sight of beauty gently flows;
 Their *Venus* must be old, and want a nose!
 No am'rous passion with deep knowledge thrives;
 'Tis the complaint, indeed, of all our wives!
 'Tis said *Virtù* to such a height is grown,
 All artists are encourag'd—but our own.
 Be not deceiv'd, I here declare an oath,
 I never yet sold goods of foreign growth:
 Ne'er sent commissions out to Greece or Rome;
 My best antiquities are made at home.
 'Ere *Romans*, *Greeks*, *Italians*, near at hand,
 True *Britons* all—and living in the Strand.
 I ne'er for trinkets rack my pericranium,
 They furnish out my room from *Herculaneum*.
 But hush—
 Should it be known that *English* are employ'd,
 Our manufacture is at once destroy'd;
 No matter what our countrymen deserve,
 They'll thrive as ancients, but as moderns starve—
 If we should fall—to you it will be owing;
 Farewell to *arts*—they're going, going, going!
 The fatal hammer's in your hand, oh Town!
 Then set *Us* up—and knock the *POET* down.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A painting Room.*

Enter CARMINE, followed by the Boy.

CARMINE.

LAY these colours in the window, by the pallet.
 Any visitors or messages?

Boy. Squire Fellret has been here, and insists upon
 Miss Racket's pictures being immediately finish'd and
 carry'd home—As to his wife and children, he says,
 you may take your own time.

Car. Well—

Boy. Here has been a message too from my lady
 Pen—

Pen—I can't remember her name, but 'tis upon the slate. She desires to know if you will be at home about noon.

Car. Fetch it. [*Exit Boy.*] Was the whole of our profession confined to the mere business of it, the employment would be pleasing as well as profitable; but, as matters are now managed, the art is the last thing to be regarded. Family connections, private recommendations, and an easy genteel method of flattering, is to supply the delicacy of a Guido, the colouring of a Rubens, and the design of a Raphael—all their qualities centring in one man, without the first requisites, would be useless; and with these, not one of them is necessary.

Enter Boy with the Slate.

Car. Let's see—Oh! lady Pentweazel from Blow-bladder-street—Admit her by all means; and if Puff or Varnish should come, I am at home. [*Exit Boy.*] Lady Pentweazel! ha, ha! Now here's a proof that avarice is not the only or last passion old age is subject to.—This superannuated beldame gapes for flattery, like a nest of unfledged crows for food; and with them, too, gulps down every thing that's offered her—no matter how coarse. Well, she shall be fed; I'll make her my introductory key to the whole bench of aldermen.

Enter Boy with Puff.

Boy. Mr. Puff, Sir.

Carm. Let us be private. What have you there?

Puff. Two of Rembrandt's etching, by Scrape in May's buildings: a paltry affair, a poor ten-guinea job; however, a small game—you know the proverb.—What became of you yesterday?

Car. I was detained by Sir Positive Bubble. How went the pictures? The Guido, what did that fetch?

Puff. One hundred and thirty.

Car. Hum! Four guineas the frame, three the painting; then we divide just one hundred and twenty-three.

Puff. Hold—not altogether so fast—Varnish had two pieces for bidding against Squander, and Brush five for bringing Sir Tawdry Trifle.

Car. Mighty well! Look ye, Mr Puff, if these people

people are eternally quarter'd upon us, I declare off, Sir; they eat up the profit. There's that damn'd Brush—but you'll find him out. I have upon his old plan given him copies of all the work I executed upon his recommendation; and what was the consequence? He clandestinely sold the copies, and I have all the originals in my lumber-room.

Puff. Come, come, Carmine, you are no great loser by that. Ah! that lumber-room! that lumber-room out of repair, is the best condition'd estate in the county of Middlesex. Why now there's your Susannah, it could not have produc'd you above twenty at most; and by the addition of your lumber-room dirt, and the salutary application of the 'spaltham-pot, it became a Guido, worth a hundred and thirty pounds. ' Besides, in all ' traffic of this kind, there must be combinations.—' Varnish and Brush are our jackalls, and it is but fair ' they should partake of the prey. Courage, my boy! ' never fear! Praise be to folly and fashion, there are, ' in this town, dupes enough to gratify the avarice of ' us all.'

Car. Mr Puff, you are ignorant and scurrilous, and very impertinent, Mr Puff; and, Mr Puff, I have a strange mind to leave you to yourselves, and then see what a hand you would make of it——Sir, if I do now and then add some tints of antiquity to my pictures, I do it in condescension to the foible of the world; for, Sir, age, age, Sir, is all my pictures want to render 'em as good pieces as the masters from whom they are taken: and let me tell you, Sir, he that took my Susannah for a Guido, gave no mighty proofs of his ignorance, Mr Puff.

Puff. Why, thou post-painter, thou dauber, thou execrable white-washer, thou——' Sirrah,' have you so soon forgot the wretched state from whence I dragg'd you? The first time I set eyes on you, ' rascal!' what was your occupation then? Scribbling, in scarce legible letters, *Coffee, tea, and chocolate*, on a bawdy-house window in Goodman's-fields.

Car. The meanness of my original demonstrates the greatness of my genius.

Puff. Genius! Here's a dog. Pray, how high did your

your genius soar? To the daubing diabolical angels for ale-houses, dogs with chains for tanners yards, rounds of beef and roasted pigs for Porridge island.

Car. Hannibal Scratchi did the same.

Puff. From that contemptible state did not I raise you to the Cat and Fiddle in Petticoat-lane; the Goose and Gridiron in Paul's Church-yard; the first *live* things you ever drew, 'dog?'

Car. Pox take your memory. Well, but, Mr Puff—you are so—

Puff. Nor did I quit you then: Who, firrah, recommended you to Prim Stiff, the mercer upon Ludgate-hill; how came you to draw the queen there?

[*Loud knocks at the door.*]

Car. Mr Puff, for Heaven's sake! Dear Sir, you are so warm, we shall be blown—

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lady Pen—

Car. Send her to the—Show her up stairs. Dear Puff—

Puff. Oh! Sir, I can be calm; I only wanted to let you see I had not forgot, tho' perhaps you may.

Car. Sir, you are very obliging. Well, but now as all is over, if you will retreat a small time—Lady Pentweazel fits for her picture, and she's—

Puff. I have some business at next door; I suppose in half an hour's time—

Car. I shall be at leisure. Dear Puff—

Puff. Dear Carmine—

[*Exit Puff.*]

Car. Son-of-a-whore—Boy, show the lady up stairs.

Enter Lady Pentweazel.

L. Pen. Fine pieces!—very likely pieces! And, indeed, all alike. Hum! Lady Fuffock—and, ha, ha, ha! Lady Glumstead, by all that's ugly—Pray now, Mr Carmine, how do you limners contrive to overlook the ugliness, and yet preserve the likeness?

Car. The art, Madam, may be convey'd in two words: where nature has been severe, we soften; where she has been kind, we aggravate.

L. Pen. Very ingenious, and very kind, truly. Well, good Sir, I bring you a subject that will demand the whole

whole of the first part of your skill; and, if you are at leisure, you may begin directly.

Car. Your ladyship is here a little ungrateful to nature, and cruel to yourself; even lady Pentweazel's enemies (if such there be) must allow she is a fine woman.

L. Pen. Oh! your servant, good Sir. Why, I have had my day, Mr Carmine; I have had my day.

Car. And have still, Madam. The only difference I shall make between what you were, and what you are, will be no more than what Rubens has distinguished between Mary de Medicis a virgin and a regent.

L. Pen. Mr Carmine, I vow you are a very judicious person. I was always said to be like that family. When my piece was first done, the limner did me after Venus de Medicis, 'which, I suppose, might be one of Mary's 'sisters:' but things must change; to be fitting for my picture at this time of day; ha! ha!—But my daughter Sukey, you must know, is just married to Mr Deputy Dripping, of Candlewick-ward, and would not be said nay; so it is not so much for the beauty, as the similitude. Ha! ha!

Car. True, Madam; ha, ha! But if I hit the likeness, I must preserve the beauty.—Will your ladyship be seated? [*She sits.*]

L. Pen. I have heard, good Sir, that every body has a more betterer and more worserer side of the face than the other—now which will you choose?

Car. The right-side, Madam—the left—now, if you please, the full—Your ladyship's countenance is so exactly proportion'd, that I must have it all; no feature can be spar'd.

L. Pen. When you come to the eyes, Mr Carmine, let me know, that I may call up a look.

Car. Mighty well, Madam—your face a little nearer to the left, nearer me—your head more up—shoulders back—and chest forward.

L. Pen. Bless me, Mr Carmine, don't mind my shape this bout; for I'm only in jumps.—Shall I send for my tabbies?

Car. No, Madam, we'll supply that for the present—Your ladyship was just now mentioning a daughter—

Is she—your face a little more towards me—Is she the sole inheritor of her mother's beauty? Or—have you—

L. Pen. That? Ha, ha, ha!—Why that's my youngest of all, except Caleb. I have had, Mr Carmine, live-born and christen'd—stay—don't let me lie now—One—two—three—four—five—' Then I lay fallow—' but the year after I had twins—they came in Mr Pentweazel's sheriffalty; then Roger, then Robin, then Reuben——' in short, I have had twenty as fine babes as ever trod in shoe of leather.

Car. Upon my word, Madam, your ladyship is an admirable member of the commonwealth; 'tis a thousand pities that, like the Romans, we have not some honours to reward such distinguish'd merit.

L. Pen. Ay, ay, Mr Carmine, if breeding amongst Christians was as much encouraged as amongst dogs and horses, we need not be making laws to let in a parcel of outlandish locusts to eat us all up.

Car. I am told, Madam, that a bill for some such purpose is about to pass, and that we begin now to have almost as much regard for the propagation of the species, as the preservation of the game in these kingdoms—Now, Madam, I am come to the eyes—Oh!—that look, that, that, I must despair of imitating.

L. Pen. Oh! oh! good Sir, have you found out that? Why, all my family by the mother's side were famous for their eyes: I have a great aunt among the beauties at Windsor; she has a sister at Hampton-court, a perdidigious fine woman—she had but one eye, indeed, but that was a piercer; that one eye got her three husbands—we were called the gimlet-ey'd family. Oh! Mr Carmine, you need not mind these heats in my face; they always discharge themselves about Christmas—my true carnation is not seen in my countenance. That's carnation! Here's your flesh and blood

[*Shewing her arm.*]

Car. Delicate, indeed! finely turn'd, and of a charming colour!

L. Pen. And yet it has been employ'd enough to spoil the best hand and arm in the world.—Even before marriage never idle; none of your galloping, golfiping, Ranelagh romps, like the forward minxes of the present

present age. I was always employ'd either in painting your lambskins, playing upon the haspicols, making paste, or something or other — All our family had a geno; and then I sung! Every body said I had a monstrous fine voice for music.

Car. That may be discern'd by your ladyship's tones in conversation.

L. Pen. Tones — you are right, Mr Carmine; that was Mr Purce's word. Miss Molly Griskin, says he, (my maiden name) you have tones.

Car. As your ladyship has preserved every thing else so well, I dare swear you have not lost your voice. Will you favour me with an air?

L. Pen. Oh! Sir, you are so polite, that it's impossible — But I have none of your new playhouse songs — I can give you one that was made on myself by Laurence Lutestring, a neighbour's son.

Car. What you please, Madam.

L. Pen. (Sings.)

As I was a walking by the side of a river,
I met a young damsel so charming and clever;

Her voice to please it could not fail,

She sung like any nightingale.

Fal, de, rol; hugh, hugh, &c.

Bless me! I have such a cough; but there are tones.

Car. Inimitable ones.

L. Pen. But, Mr Carmine, you limners are all ingenious men — you sing

Car. A ballad, or so, Madam; music is a sister-art; and it would be a little unnatural not to cultivate an acquaintance there

L. Pen. Why truly, we ought not to be ashamed of our relations, unless they are poor; and then, you know —

Enter Boy.

Boy. Alderman Pentweazel, and Mr Puff.

L. Pen. Oh! he was to call upon me; we go to the auction. Desire him to walk up — Mr Pentweazel, you must know, went this morning to meet Caleb, my youngest boy, at the Bull and Gate. The child has been two years and three quarters at school, with Dr Jerk, near Doncaster, and comes to-day by the York

waggon : for it has always been my maxum, Mr Carmine, to give my children learning enought ; for, as the old saying is,

When house and land are gone and spent,
Then learning is most excellent.

Car. Your ladyship is quite right. Too much money cannot be employed in so material an article.

L. Pen. Nay, the cost is but small ; but poor ten pounds a-year, for head, back, books, bed, and belly ; and they say the children are all wonderful Latiners, and come up, lack-a-day, they come up as fat as pigs. — Oh ! here they are ; odda me ! he's a thumper. You see, Mr Carmine, I breed no starvelings. Come hither, child. Mind your haviours. Where's your best bow ? Turn out your toes. One would think he had learnt to dance of his father. I'm sure my family were none so aukward. There was my brother George, a perfect picture of a man ; he daned, lud ! But come, all in good time — Hold up thy head, Caleb.

Ald. Pr'ythee, sweet honey, let the child alone. His master says, he comes on wonderful in his learning ; and as to your bows and your congees, never fear, he'll learn them fast enough at home.

L. Pen. Lack-a-day ! well said We now — If he does, I know who must teach him. Well, child, and dost remember me ? Hey ? Who am I ?

Caleb. Anon ?

L. Pen. Dost know me ?

Caleb. Yes ; you be mother.

L. Pen. Nay, the boy had always a good memory. And what hast learnt, Caleb, hey ?

Caleb. I be got into Æsop's Fables, and can say all *As in presenti* by heart.

L. Pen. Upon my word — that's more than ever thy father could.

Ald. Nay, nay, no time has been lost ; I question'd the lad as we came along ; I ask'd him himself —

L. Pen. Well, well ; speak when you are spoken to, Mr Alderman. How often must I — Well, Caleb, and hadst a good deal of company in the waggon, boy ?

Caleb. O la ! powers of company, mother. There was Lord Gorman's fat cook, a blackamore drumming man,

man, two actor people, a recruiting serjeant, a monkey, and I.

L. Pen. Upon my word, a pretty parcel.

Caleb. Yes, indeed; but the—the fat cook got drunk at Coventry, and so fell out at the tail of the waggon; so we left she behind. The next day the serjeant ran away with the showman's wife; the t'other two went after; so only the monkey and I came to town together.

Car. Upon my word, the young gentleman gives a good account of his travels.

L. Pen. Ay, ay, Mr Carmine, he's all over the blood of the Griskins. I warrant the child will make his way. Go, Caleb, go and look at them pretty paintings—Now, Mr Carmine, let us see if my goodman can find me out.

Ald. Lack-a-day; well, I profess they are all so handsome, that I am puzzled to know which is thine, chuck.

Puff. I am surpris'd at your want of discernment, Mr Alderman; but the possession of a jewel destroys its value with the wearer: now, to me it seems impossible to err; and though Mr Carmine is generally successful, in this instance he is particularly happy. Where can you meet with that mixture of fire and softness, but in the eyes of Lady Pentweazel?

L. Pen. Oh, Sir!

Puff. That clearness and delicacy of complexion, with that flow of ruddiness and health.

L. Pen. Sir! Sir! Sir!

Puff. That fall of shoulders, turn of neck, set on head, full chest, taper waist, plump—

L. Pen. Spare me, sweet Sir!—You see, Mr Pentweazel, other people can find out my charms, tho' you overlook them—Well, I profess, Sir, you are a gentleman of great discernment: and, if business should bring you into the city; for, alas! what pleasure can bring a man of your refined taste there!—

Puff. Oh! Ma'am!

L. Pen. I say, Sir, if such an accident should happen, and Blowbladder-street has any charms—

Puff. Oh! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am! Ma'am!—

L. Pen. It is not impossible but we may receive you, though not equal to your merits——

Puff. Ma'am!

L. Pen. Yet in such a manner as to show our sense of them. Sir, I'm your very obedient.

Puff. Your ladyship's most——

L. Pen. Not a step.

Puff. Ma'am——

L. Pen. Sir——Mr Alderman, your bow to the gentleman. The very finest.

Puff. Ma'am!

L. Pen. Sir——your most obedient.

Puff. Your devoted. [*Exeunt Alder. and Wife.*]

Car. Ha! ha! Well said, Puff. What a calamity hast thou drawn upon the knight! Thou hast so tickled the vanity of the harradan, that the poor helpmate will experience a double portion of her contempt.

Puff. Rot them.

Car. Come, Puff, a matrimonial assistant to a rich alderman is no contemptible employment.

Puff. Ay, if it were a sinecure.

Car. No, that you must not expect; but unless I am greatly mistaken in the language of the eyes, her ladyship's were address'd to you with most persuasive tenderness.

Puff. Well, of that hereafter—— But to our business. The auction is about beginning; and I had promised to meet Mr David Dussedorpe, Sir Positive Bubble, and Lord Dupe, to examine the pictures, and fix on those for which they are to bid—— But since, we have settled the German plan; so Varnish or Brush must attend them.

Car. Oh! by all means pursue that. 'You have no conception how dear the foreign accent is to your true virtuoso; it announces taste, knowledge, veracity, and in short every thing——' But can you enough disguise the turn of your face, and tone of your voice? A discovery of Mr Puff in mynheer Groningen blasts us at once.

Puff. Never fear me. I wish you may have equal success in the part of Canto.

Car. Pho! mine's a trifle. A man must have very slender

slender abilities indeed, who can't for ten minutes imitate a language and deportment that he has been witness to for ten years.

Puff. ' But you must get their tones, their tones ; ' 'tis easy enough. Come, hand up here that there ' Corregio ; an inimitable piece, gentlemen and ladies : ' the very best work of the best master ; subject agreeable, highly finished, and well preserved ; a feat for the ' ladies ; hand it to Sir Positive ; a-going for fifty : Joy ' to your ladyship : Come, the next.' But remember, let your bob be bushy, and your bow low.

Car. Enough, enough ; we are strangers to each other, you know.

Puff. Absolute. Oh ! but what pictures of your's are in the sale ?

Car. There's my Holy Family, by Raphael ; the Marriage in Cana, by Rembrandt ; Tom Jackson's Teniers ; and for busts, Taylor's head without a nose from Herculaneum.

Puff. Are the antique seals come home ?

Car. No ; but they will be finish'd by next week.

Puff. You must take care of Novice's collection of medals—he'll want them by the end of the month.

Car. The coins of the first emperors are now sleeping in copperas ; and I have an Otho, a Galba, a Nero, and two Domitians, reeking from the dunghill.—The rest we can have from Dr Mummy ; a never-failing chap, you know.

Puff. Adieu.

Car. Your's, Sir—A troublesome fellow, this—confounded memory—useful, tho'—Rounds of beef and roasted pigs!—Must get rid of him—Ay, but when?—Why when—when I have gain'd my point. But how, how then?—Oh, then it does not signify two pence.

A C T II.

SCENE, Auction-room.

Enter Puff as Monsieur Baron de Groningen, Carmine as Canto, and Brush.

Canto. **C**OME, bustle, bustle. Brush, you introduce Puff. Puff, how are you in your German?

Puff. I cannot speak for Englandt, but I can mak understand very mightily. Will that do?

Brush. To a hair. Remember you are come hither to purchase pictures for the elector of Bavaria. Carmine, you must clap lord Dupe's coat of arms on that half-length of Erasmus; I have sold it him as his great-grandfather's third brother for fifty guineas.

Can. It shall be done.—Be it my province to establish the baron's reputation as a connoisseur.—Brush has seen you abroad at the court of the reigning prince of Blantin.

Puff. Yes; I was do business mightily for prince Blantin.

Brush. Your portraits go first, Carmine. Novice, Sir Positive Bubble, Jack Squander, Lord Dupe, and Mordecai Lazarus the Jew broker, have appointed me to examine with them the history-pieces.—Which are most likely to stick?

Car. Here's a list.

Brush. Hush! hide the Erasmus; I hear the company on the stairs. [*Exit Carmine, and re-enters anon.*]

Enter Lord Dupe, Bubble, Squander, &c.

L. Dupe. Mr Brush, I am your devoted servant. You have procured my ancestor.

Brush. It is in my possession, my lord; and I have the honour to assure your lordship, that the family-features are very discernible; and allowing for the difference of dress, there's a strong likeness between you and your predecessor.

L. Dupe. Sir, you have oblig'd me. All these you have mark'd in the catalogue are originals?

Brush. Undoubted. But, my lord, you need not depend

depend solely on my judgement : here's Mynheer Baron de Groningen, who is come hither to survey, and purchase for the elector of Bavaria ; an indisputable connoisseur : his bidding will be a direction for your lordship. 'Tis a thousand pities that any of these masters should quit England. They were conducted hither at an immense expence ; and if they now leave us, what will it be but a public declaration, that all taste and liberal knowledge is vanish'd from amongst us ?

L. Dupe. Sir—leave the support of the national credit to my care.—Could you introduce me to Mynheer ?—Does he speak English ?

Brush. Not fluently, but so as to be understood. Mynheer, Lord Dupe—the patron of arts, the Petronius for taste, and for well-timed generosity the Leo—and the Mæcenas—of the present age, desires to know you.

Puff. Sir, you honour me very mightily. I was hear of Lord Dupes in Hollandt. I was tell he was one delatant, one curieuse, one precieuse of his country.

L. Dupe. The Dutch are an obliging, civilized, well-bred, 'pretty' kind of people. But pray, Sir, what occasions us the honour of a visit from you ?

Puff. I was come to bid for paints for de elector of Bavaria.

L. Dupe. Are there any here that deserve your attention ?

Puff. O, dare are good pieces ; but dare is one I likes mightily ; de off-sky, and home-track is fine, and de master is in it.

L. Dupe. What is the subject ?

Puff. Dat I know not ; vat I minds, vat you call the draws and the colors.

L. Dupe. Mr Canto, what is the subject ?

Can. It is, my Lord, St Anthony of Padua exorcising the devil out of a ram-cat : it has a companion somewhere—oh, here !—which is the same saint in a wilderness, reading his breviary by the light of a glow-worm.

Brush. Invaluable pictures both ! and will match your lordship's Corregio in the saloon.

L. Dupe. I'll have them. What pictures are those, Mr Canto ?

Can.

Can. They are not in the sale; but I fancy I could procure them for your lordship.

L. Dupe. This, I presume, might have been a land-skip; but the water, and the men, and the trees, and the dogs, and the ducks, and the pigs, they are all obliterated, all gone.

Brush. An indisputable mark of its antiquity; its very merit; besides, a little varnish will fetch the figures again.

L. Dupe. Set it down for me.—The next.

Can. That is a Moses in the bulrushes. The blended joy and grief in the figure of the sister in the corner, the distress and anxiety of the mother here, and the beauty and benevolence of Pharaoh's daughter, are circumstances happily imagined, and boldly express'd.

Brush. Lack-a-day, 'tis but a modern performance; the master is alive, and an Englishman—

L. Dupe. Oh, then I would not give it house-room.

Puff. Here is a pretty piece I find stuck up here in de corner. I was see in Holland, at Loo, a piece mighty like; there was little mices, that was nibble, nibble, nibble, upon vat you call frumage, and little shurels all vit brush tails ran up de trees; and there was great things, vat you call—psha, that have long bearts, and cry *Ba*.

Brush. What! goats?

Puff. Ay, dat was de name.

L. Dupe. I should think, by the cheefe and the goats, mynheer, your's was a Welch piece instead of a Dutch.

Puff. Ah, 'twas good piece. I wish to my heart Lord Dupes was have that piece.

Enter Novice.

Nov. Where's Mr Brush? My dear Brush, am I too late?

Brush. In pretty good time.

Nov. May I lose my Otho, or be tumbled from my phaeton the first time I jehup my sorrels, if I have not made more haste than a young surgeon to his first labour. But the lots, the lots, my dear Brush, what are they? I'm upon the rack of impatience till I see them, and in a fever of desire till I possess them.

Brush. Mr Canto, the gentleman would be glad to see

see the busts, medals, and precious relics, of Greece and ancient Rome.

Can. Perhaps, Sir, we may show him something of greater antiquity—Bring them forward—the first lot consists of a hand without an arm, the first joint of the forefinger gone, supposed to be a limb of the Apollo Delphos—the second, half a foot, with the toes entire, of the Juno Lucina—the third, the Caduceus of the Mercurius Infernalis—the fourth, the half of the leg of the infant Hercules—All indisputable antiques, and of the Memphian marble.

Puff. Let me see Juno's half foot! All the toes entire?

Can. All.

Puff. Here is a little swelt by this toe, dat looks bad proportion.

All. Hey, hey!

Puff. What's dat?

Can. That! Pfha! that! Why that's only a corn.

All. Oh! Oh!

Puff. Corn! dat was extreme natural; dat is fine; de maister is in it.

All. Very fine! Invaluable!

Puff. Where is de Hercules' calf? Upon my word 'tis a very large calf; big, big, big, all de way up, all de way down.

L. Dupe. I believe this Hercules was an Irishman.

Nov. But where are your busts? Here, here, gentlemen, here's a curiosity! a medal of Oriuna; got for me by Doctor Mummy; the only one in the visible world; there may be some under ground.

L. Dupe. Fine, indeed! Will you permit me to taste it? It has the relish. *[All taste.]*

Nov. The relish! Zooks, it cost me a hundred guineas.

Puff. By gar, it is a dear bit, tho'.

Nov. So you may think; but three times the money should not purchase it.

L. Dupe. Pray, Sir, whose bust is it that dignifies this coin?

Nov. The empress Oriuna, my Lord.

L. Dupe.

L. Dupe. And who, Sir, might she be? I don't recollect to have heard of the lady before.

Nov. She, my Lord? Oh! she was a kind of a what-d'ye-call-'em—a sort of a queen, or wife, or something or other to somebody that liv'd a damn'd while ago—Mummy told me the whole story; but, before Gad, I've forgot it. But come, the busts.

Can. Bring forward the head from Herculaneum. Now, gentlemen, here is a jewel.

All. Ay, ay, let's see.

Can. 'Tis not entire, though.

Nov. So much the better!

Can. Right, Sir—the very mutilations of this piece are worth all the most perfect performances of modern artists.—Now, gentlemen, here's a touchstone for your taste!

All. Great! great, indeed!

Nov. Great! amazing! divine! Oh, let me embrace the dear dismember'd bust! A little farther off. I'm ravish'd! I'm transported! What an attitude! But then the locks! How I adore the simplicity of the ancients! How unlike the present, priggish, crop-eared puppets! How gracefully they fall all adown the cheek! so decent, and so grave, and—Who the devil do you think it is, Brush? Is it a man or a woman?

Can. The connoisseurs differ. Some will have it to be the Jupiter Tonans of Phidias, and others the Venus of Paphos from Praxiteles: but I don't think it fierce enough for the first, nor handsome enough for the last.

Nov. Yes, handsome enough.

All. Very handsome; handsome enough.

Can. Not quite—therefore I am inclined to join with Signor Julio de Pampedillo, who, in a treatise dedicated to the king of the Two Sicilies, calls it the Serapis of the Egyptians; and supposes it to have been fabricated about eleven hundred and three years before the Mosaic account of the creation.

Nov. Prodigious! and I dare swear true.

All. Oh! true, very true.

Puff. Upon my honour 'tis a very fine bust; but where is de nose?

Nov. The nose; what care I for the nose? Where is

is de nose? Why, Sir, if it had a nose, I would not give sixpence for it—How the devil should we distinguish the works of the ancients, if they were perfect?—The nose, indeed! Why, I don't suppose now, but, barring the nose, Roubiliac could cut as good a head every whit—Brush, who is this man with his nose? The fellow should know something of something too, for he speaks broken English.

Brush. It is Mynheer Groningen, a great connoisseur in painting.

Nov. That may be; but as to sculpture, I am his very humble servant. A man must know damn'd little of statuary, that dislikes a bust for want of a nose.

Can. Right, Sir—The nose itself, without the head, nay, in another's possession would be an estate—But here are behind, gentlemen and ladies, an equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius without the horse, and a complete statue of the emperor Trajan with only the head and legs missing; both from Herculaneum.—This way, gentlemen and ladies.

Enter Lady Pentweazel, Alderman, and Caleb.

L. Pen. Now, Mr Pentweazel, let us have none of your Blowbladder breeding. Remember you are at the court-end of the town. This is a quality auction.—

Ald. Where of course nothing is sold that is useful—I am tutor'd, sweet honey.

L. Pen. Caleb, keep behind, and don't be meddling. Sir—

[To Brush.]

Brush. Your pleasure, Ma'am?

L. Pen. I should be glad you would inform me if there are any lots of very fine old china. I find the quality are grown infinitely fond of it; and I am willing to show the world, that we in the city have taste.

Brush. 'Tis a laudable resolution, Ma'am; and, I dare say, Mr Canto can supply—Bless me, what's that?

[Caleb throws down a china dish.]

L. Pen. That boy, I suppose! Well, if the mischievous brat has not broke a—and look how he stands—Sirrah, sirrah, did I not bid you not meddle—Leave sucking your thumbs. What, I suppose you learnt that trick of your friend the monkey in the waggon?

Cal. Indeed I did not go to do it, mother.

Ald.

Ald. Prythee, sweet honey, don't be so passionate. What's done can't be undone. The loss is not great; come, come.

Brush. Mr Alderman is in the right. The affair is a trifle; but a twenty guinea job.

L. Pen. Twenty guineas! You should have twenty of my teeth as—

Can. You mean if you had them.—Your ladyship does not know the value of that piece of China. It is the right old japan of the pea-green kind. Lady Mandarin offer'd me, if I could match it, fourscore guineas for the pair.

L. Dupe. A fine piece, indeed!

Puff. 'Tis ver fine!

Cal. Indeed, father, I did not break it. 'Twas crack'd in the middle, and so fell a-two in my hand.

L. Pen. What! was it crack'd?

Cal. Yes, indeed, mother.

L. Pen. There, gentlemen!

L. Dupe. Ma'am, I would willingly set you right in this affair: you don't seem acquainted with these kinds of things; therefore, I have the honour to tell you, that the crack in the middle is a mark of its antiquity, and enhances its value; and these gentlemen are, I dare say, of the same opinion.

All. Oh, entirely.

L. Pen. You are all of a gang, I think. A broken piece of china better than a whole one!

L. Dupe. Ma'am, I never dispute with a lady; but this gentleman has taste; he is a foreigner, and so can't be thought prejudic'd; refer it to him: the day grows late, and I want the auction to begin.

Ala. Sweet honey, leave it to the gentleman.

L. Pen. Well, sir.

Puff. Madam, I love to serve de lady. 'Tis a ver fine piece of china. I was see such another piece sell at Amsterdam for a hundred ducats. 'Tis ver well worth twenty guinea.

Cal. Mother!—father! never stir if that gentleman ben't the same that we see'd at the painting-man's, that was so zivil to mother; only he has got a black wig on, and

and speaks outlandish. I'll be fur enough if it en't a may-game.

L. Pen. Hey! let me die but the boy's in the right. My dear, as I'm alive, Mr Puff, that we saw at the limner's. I told you he was a more cleverer man than I ever saw. Caleb is right; some matter of merriment, I warrant.

Puff. I wish it was. [*Aside.*] I no understand.

Can. So, Mr Puff, you are caught. [*Aside.*

L. Dupe. This is a most unfortunate old lady.—— Ma'am, you are here under another mistake. This is Mynheer baron de——

L. Pen. Mynheer Figs-end. Can't I believe my own eyes? What! do you think because we live in the city, we can't see?

Nov. Fire me, my lord, there may be more in this than we can guess. It's worth examining into. Come, Sir, if you are Mynheer, who the devil knows you?

Puff. I was know Mr Canto mightily.

Nov. Mr Canto, do you know this baron?

Can. I see the dog will be detected, and now is my time to be even with him for his rounds of beef and roasting pigs. [*Aside.*] I can't say I ever saw the gentleman before.

Nov. Oh, oh!

L. Dupe. The fellow is an impostor; a palpable cheat. Sir, I think you came from the Rhine; pray, how should you like walking into the Thames?

Nov. Or what think you, my lord? The rascal complain'd but now that the bust wanted a nose; suppose we were to supply the deficiency with his?

L. Dupe. But justice, Mr Novice.

Can. Great rascal, indeed, gentlemen! If rogues of this stamp get once a footing in these assemblies, adieu to all moral honesty. I think an example should be made of him. But, were I to advise, he is a properer subject for the rabble to handle than the present company

All Away with him—

Puff. Hands off. If I must suffer, it shall not be singly. Here is the obsequious Mr Brush, and the very courtly Mr Canto, shall be the partners of my distress.

VOL. I.

Q

Know

Know then, we all are rogues, if the taking advantage of the absurdities and follies of mankind can be call'd roguery. I own I have been a cheat, and I glory in it. But what point will you virtuosi, you connoisseurs, gain by the detection? Will not the publishing of our crimes trumpet forth your folly?

L. Dupe. Matchless impudence!

Puff. My noble lord here, the dilletanti, the curieu, the precieu of this nation! what infinite glory will he acquire from this story, that the Leo, the Mæcenas, the Petronius, notwithstanding his exquisite taste, has been drawn in to purchase, at an immense expence, a cart-load of—rubbish!

L. Dupe. Gentlemen and ladies—I have the honour to take my leave.

Puff. Your Lordship's most obedient—When shall I send you your Corregio, your St Anthony of Padua, your Ram Cat, my good lord?

L. Dupe. Rascal!

[*Exit.*

Nov. This won't do, Sir—Though my lord has not spirit enough, damn me if I quit you.

Puff. What, my sprightly squire! Pray favour me with a sight of your Oriuna.—It has the relish; an indisputable antique; being a Bristol farthing, coin'd by a soap-boiler to pay his journeymen in the scarcity of cash, and purchased for twopence of a travelling tinker by, Sir, your humble servant, Timothy Puff. Ha, ha, ha!

Nov. My Oriuna a Bristol farthing!

Puff. Most assuredly.

Nov. I'll be reveng'd.

[*Going.*

Puff. Stay, stay, and take your bust, my sweet squire; your Serapis. Two heads, they say, are better than one; lay them together. But the locks! how gracefully they fall all adown? so decent, and so—ha, ha, ha!

Nov. Confound you!

Puff. Why, Sir, if it had a nose, I would not give sixpence for it.—Pray, how many years before the creation was it fabricated, squire?

Nov. I shall live to see you hang'd, you dog. [*Exit.*

Puff. Nay, but, squire; ha, ha, ha!—Now, Madam, to your ladyship I come; to whose discernment,
aided

aided by the sagacity of your son Caleb, I owe my discovery.

Ald. Look you, don't think to abuse my lady. I am one of the—

Puff Quorum—I know it, Mr Alderman; but I mean to serve your worship, by humbling a little the vanity of your wife.

L. Pen Come along, chuck. I'll not stay to hear the rascality of the fellow,

Puff. Oh, my lady *Pentweazel*, correct the severity of that frown, lest you should have more of the Medusa than the Medicis in your face.

L. Pen. Saucy jackanapes!

Puff What, then, I have quite lost my city acquaintance; why, I've promised all my friends tickets for my lord mayor's ball through your ladyship's interest.

L. Pen. My interest, indeed, for such a—

Puff. If Blowbladder-street has any charms—Sir—Ma'am—not a step—The finest gentleman! ha, ha, ha!—And what can you say for yourself, you cowardly ill-looking rascal? [*to Canto.*] Desert your friend at the first pinch—your ally—your partner!—No apology, Sir—I have done with you. From poverty and shame I took you; to that I restore you. 'Your crime' be your punishment.' [*Turning to the audience.*] Could I be as secure from the censure of this assembly, as I am safe from the resentment of Dupe, Novice, Squander, from the alluring baits of my amorous city lady, and the dangerous combination of my false friend, I should be happy.

'Tis from your sentence I expect my fate;
Your voice alone my triumph can complete.

THE UPHOLSTERER;

OR,

WHAT NEWS?

IN TWO ACTS.

By MR MURPHY.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

	<i>Covent-Garden.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1872.</i>
<i>Quidnunc, the upholsterer,</i>	Mr Dunstall.	Mr Hollingsworth.
<i>Pamphlet,</i>	Mr Shuter.	Mr Johnson.
<i>Razor, a barber,</i>	Mr Woodward.	Mr Ward.
<i>Feeble,</i>	Mr Hayes.	Mr Charteris.
<i>Belmour,</i>	Mr White.	Mr Taylor.
<i>Rouewell,</i>	Mr Davis.	Mr Simpson.
<i>Codwell, a lawyer,</i>		
<i>Brisk,</i>		
<i>Watchman,</i>	Mr Weller.	

WOMEN.

<i>Harriet,</i>	Miss Miller.	Mrs Woods.
<i>Termagant,</i>	Miss Elliot.	Mrs Kniveton.
<i>Maid to Feeble,</i>	Miss Cockayne.	Mrs Mountfort.

P R O L O G U E.

WHEN first, in falling Greece's evil hour,
Ambition aim'd at universal pow'r;
When the fierce man of Macedon began
Of a new monarchy to form the plan;
Each Greek——(as fam'd Demosthenes relates)
Politically mad!——won'd rave of states!
And help'd to form, where'er the mob could meet,
An *Areopagus* in ev'ry street.

What

What news, what news? was their eternal cry:
Is *Philip* sick!—then soar'd their spirits high;—
Philip is well!—dejection in each eye.
Athenian cobblers join'd in deep debate,
While gold in secret undermin'd the state;
Till wisdom's bird the vulture's prey was made,
And the sword gleam'd in *Academus'* shade.

Now modern *Philips* threaten this our land,
What say *Britannia's* sons?—along the Strand
What news? ye cry—with the same passion smit;
And there at least you rival *Attic* wit.
A parliament of porters here shall muse
On state-affairs—"swall'wing a taylor's news;"
For ways and means no starv'd projector sleeps;
And ev'ry shop some mighty statesman keeps:
He *Britain's* foes, like *Bobadil*, can kill:
Supply th' *EXCHEQUER*, and neglect his till.
In ev'ry ale house legislators meet;
And patriots settle kingdoms in the Fleet.

To show this phrenzy in its genuine light,
A modern newsmonger appears to night:
Trick'd out from *Addison's* accomplish'd page,
Behold! th' *Upbolsterer* ascends the stage.

No minister such trials e'er hath stood;
He turns a *BANKRUPT* for the public good!
Undone himself, yet full of *England's* glory!
A politician!—neither whig nor tory—
Nor can ye high or low the *Quixote* call;

"He's knight o' th' shire, and represents ye all."
As for the bard,—to you he yields his plan;
For well he knows, you're candid where you can.
One only praise he claims,—no party-stroke
Here turns a public character to joke.
His *Panacea* is for all degrees,
For all have more or less of this disease:
Whatever his success, of this he's sure,
There's merit even to attempt the cure.

• *Vide the first Philippic.*

A. C T I.

SCENE, *Belmour's Lodging.*

• *Enter BELMOUR beating BRISK.*

• *BRISK.*

• *M*R Belmour!—Let me die, Sir—as I hope
to be saved, Sir—

• *Bel.* Sirrah! Rogue! Villain!—I'll teach you,

Q3.

• I 1

‘ I will, you rascal, to speak irreverently of her I love.

‘ *Br.* As I am a sinner, Sir, I only meant——

‘ *Bel.* Only meant! You could not mean it, jack-anapes—you had no meaning, booby.——

‘ *Br.* Why, no, Sir—that’s the very thing, Sir—I had no meaning

‘ *Bel.* Then, firrah, I’ll make you know your meaning for the future.

‘ *Br.* Yes, Sir—to be sure, Sir;—and yet upon my word, if you would be but a little cool, Sir, you’d find I’m not much to blame.——Besides, master, you can’t conceive the good it would do your health, if you will but keep your temper a little.

‘ *Bel.* Mighty well, Sir, give your advice.

‘ *Br.* Why, really now, this same love hath metamorphosed us both very strangely, master:—for, to be free, here have we been at this work these six weeks, —stark-staring mad in love with a couple of baggages not worth a groat;—and yet, heav’n help us! they have as much pride as comes to the share of a lady of quality before she has been caught in the fact with a handsome young fellow,—or indeed after she has been caught, for that matter.——

‘ *Bel.* You won’t have done, rascal——

‘ *Br.* In short, my young mistress and her maid have as much pride and poverty as—as—no matter what; they have the devil and all—when at the same time every body knows the old broken upholsterer, Miss Harriet’s father, might give us all he has in the world, and not eat the worse pudding on a Sunday for it.

‘ *Bel.* Impious, execrable atheist! What! detract from Heav’n? I’ll reform your notions, I will, you saucy——

[*Beats him.*]

‘ *Br.* Nay, but my dear Sir—a little patience—not so hard——

Enter Rovewell, and Belmour, meeting.

Rove. Belmour, your servant——‘ What, at logger-heads with my old friend Brisk?’

‘ *Bel.* Confusion!—Mr Rovewell, your servant—this is your doing, hang-dog.’——*Jack Rovewell, I am glad to see thee.*——

‘ *Rove.*

• *Rove.* Brisk used to be a good servant—he has not
• been tampering with any of his master's girls, has he?

• *Bel.* Do you know, Rovewell, that he has had the
• impudence to talk detractingly and profanely of my
• mistress?—

• *Br.* For which, Sir, I have suffered unhumanly
• and most unchristian-like, I assure you.

• *Bell.* Will you leave prating, booby?

• *Rove.* Well but, Belmour, where does she live?
• —I'm but just arrived, you know, and I'll go and
• beat up her quarters.—

• *Bel.* [*Half aside.*] Beat up her quarters!—

[*Looks at him smilingly, then half aside.*]

• Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;

• Oft she rejects, but never once offends.

[*Stands musing.*]

• *Rove.* Hey! what, fallen into a reverie!—Prithee,
• Brisk, what does all this mean?

• *Brisk.* Why, Sir, you must know—I am over head
• and ears in love.—

• *Rove.* But I mean your master; what ails him?

• *Brisk.* That's the very thing I'm going to tell you,
• Sir—As I said, Sir—I am over head and ears in love
• with a whimsical queer kind of a piece here in the
• neighbourhood; and so nothing can serve my master,
• but he must fall in love with the mistress—Look at
• him now, Sir—

• [*Belmour continues musing and muttering to himself.*]

• *Rov.* Ha, ha, ha!—Poor Belmour, I pity thee
• with all my heart—

• [*Strikes him on the shoulder, then ludicrously repeats,*

• Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,—

• And make two lovers happy.

• *Bell.* My dear Rovewell, such a girl!—Ten thou-
• sand cupids play about her mouth, you rogue—

• *Rove.* Ten thousand pounds had better play about
• her pocket.—What fortune has she?

• *Br.* Heaven help us, not much to crack of.—

• *Bell.* Not much to crack off, Mr Brazen!—Pri-
• thee, Rovewell, how can you be so ungenerous as to
• ask such a question? You know I don't mind for-
• tune; though by the way she has an uncle who is de-
• termined

‘ terminated to settle very handsomely upon her, and on the strength of that does she give herself innumerable airs.

‘ *Rov.* Fortune not to be minded!—I’ll tell you what, Belmour, though you have a good one already, there’s no kind of inconvenience in a little more.—I’m sure if I had not minded fortune, I might have been in Jamaica still, not worth a sugar-cane; but the widow Molosses took a fancy to me—Heav’n, or a worse destiny, has taken a fancy to her; and so, after ten years exile, and being turn’d a-drift by my father, here am I again, a warm planter, and a widower, most wofully tired of matrimony.—But, my dear Belmour, we were both so overjoy’d to meet one another yesterday evening, just as I arrived in town, that I did not hear a syllable from you of your love-fit. How, when, and where, did this happen?

Bel. Oh, by the most fortunate accident that ever was—I’ll tell thee, Rovewell—I was going one night from the tavern about six weeks ago—I had been there with a parcel of blades, whose only joy is center’d in their bottle; and ’faith, till this accident, I was no better myself—but ever since I am grown quite a new man.

Rov. Ay, a new man indeed!—Who in the name of wonder would take thee, sunk as thou art into a musing, moping, melancholy lover, for the gay Charles Belmour, whom I knew in the West Indies?

Bel. Poh! that is not to be mentioned.—You know my father took me against my will from the university, and consigned me over to the academic discipline of a man of war; so that, to prevent a dejection of spirits, I was obliged to run into the opposite extreme—as you yourself were wont to do.

Rov. Why, yes, I had my moments of reflection, and was glad to dissipate them.—You know I always told you there was something extraordinary in my story; and so there is still: I suppose it must be cleared up in a few days now.—I’m in no hurry about it though: I must see the town a little this evening, and have my frolic first. But to the point, Belmour—you was going from the tavern, you say.—

Bell. Yes, Sir, about two in the morning; and I perceived

perceived an unusual blaze in the air—I was in a rambling humour, and so resolved to know what it was.

‘*Br.* I and my master went together, Sir —’

‘*Bel.* Oh, Rovewell! my better stars ordain’d it to light me on to happiness. — By sure attraction led, I came to the very street where a house was on fire; water-engines playing, flames ascending, all hurry, confusion, and distress! when on a sudden the voice of despair, silver sweet, came thrilling down to my very heart. — Poor dear, little soul, what can she do! cried the neighbours. Again she scream’d; the fire gathering force, and gaining upon her every instant. — Here, Ma’am, said I, leap into my arms, I’ll be sure to receive you. — And wou’d you think it? — down she came — my dear Rovewell, such a girl! I caught her in my arms, you rogue, safe, without harm. — The dear naked Venus, just risen from her bed, my boy — her slender waist, Rovewell, the downy smoothness of her whole person, and her limbs “harmonious, swell’d “by nature’s softest hand.” —’

Rov. Raptures and paradise! — What seraglio in Covent-Garden did you carry her to?

Bel. ‘There again now!’ Do, prithee, correct your way of thinking: ‘take a *quantum sufficit* of virtuous love, and purify your ideas.’ Her lovely bashfulness, her delicate fears, — her beauty heighten’d and endear’d by distress, dispers’d my wildest thoughts, and melted me into tenderness and respect.

Rov. But, Belmour, surely she has not the impudence to be modest after you have had possession of her person. —

Bel. My views are honourable, I assure you, Sir; but her father is so absurdly positive — The man’s distract-ed about the balance of power, and will give his daughter to none but a politician — ‘When there was an execution in his house, he thought of nothing but the camp at Pyna; and now, he’s a bankrupt, his head runs upon the ways and means, and schemes for paying off the national debt: The affairs of Europe engross all his attention, while the distresses of his lovely daughter pass unnoticed.’

Rov. Ridiculous enough! — But why do you mind him?

him? Why don't you go to-bed to the wench at once?
 —Take her into keeping, man.—

Bel. How can you talk so affrontingly of her?—
 Have not I told you, tho' her father is ruin'd, still she
 has great expectancies from a rich relation?—

Rove. Then what do you stand watering at the mouth
 for? If she is to have money enough to pay for her
 china, her gaming-debts, her dogs, and her monkeys,
 marry her then, if you needs must be ensnar'd; be in a
 fool's paradise for a honey-moon; then come to your-
 self, wonder at what you've done, and mix with ho-
 nest fellows again:—Carry her off, I say, and never
 stand whining for the father's consent.—

Bel. Carry her off!—I like the scheme—Will
 you assist me?

Rove. No, no; 'there I beg to be excus'd. Don't
 ' you remember what the satyrift says—"Never marry
 ' while there's a halter to be had for money, or a bridge
 ' to afford a convenient leap."

' *Bel.* Prithee leave fooling.

Rove. 'I am in serious earnest, I assure you; I'll
 drink with you, game with you, go into any scheme or
 frolic with you, but 'ware matrimony.—Nay, if you'll
 come to the tavern this evening, I'll drink your mistress's
 health in a bumper; but as to your conjugal scheme, I'll
 have nothing to do with that business, positively.—

Bel. Well, well, I'll take you at your word, and
 meet you at ten exactly, at the same place we were at
 last night; then and there I'll let you know what fur-
 ther measures I've concerted.

Rove. Till then, farewell; a-propos—do you know
 that I've seen none of my relations yet?

Bel. Time enough to-morrow.

Rove. Ay, ay, to-morrow will do—Well, your ser-
 vant.

Bel. Rovewell, your's. [*Exeunt.*] 'see the gentle-
 ' man down stairs—and d'ye hear, come to me in my
 ' study that I may give you a letter to Harriet. And,
 ' hark ye, Sir—be sure you see Harriet yourself; and
 ' let me have no messages from that officious-go-between,
 ' her Mrs Slipslop of a maid, with her unintelligible
 ' jargon of hard words, of which she neither knows the
 ' meaning

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‘ meaning nor pronunciation—[*Exit Brisk.*] I’ll
 ‘ write to her this moment, acquaint her with the soft
 ‘ tumult of my desires, and, if possible, make her mine
 ‘ own this very night— [Exit repeating,
 ‘ Love first taught letters for some wretch’s aid,
 ‘ Some banish’d lover, or some captive maid.—’

SCENE, *The Upholsterer’s House.*

Enter Harriet and Termagant.

Ter. Well, but Ma’am, he has made love to you six weeks successfully; he has been as constant in his ‘moors, poor gentleman, as if you had the subversion of ‘state to settle upon him—and if he slips thro’ your fingers now, Ma’am, you have nobody to depute it to but yourself.

Ha. Lard, Termagant, how you run on!—I tell you again and again, my pride was touched, because he seemed to presume on his opulence and my father’s distresses.

Ter. La, Miss Harriet, how can you be so paradropical in your ‘pinions?

Ha. Well, but you know, tho’ my father’s affairs are ruin’d, I am not in so desperate a way; consider my uncle’s fortune is no trifle, and I think that prospect entitles me to give myself a few airs before I resign my person.

Ter. I grant ye, Ma’am, you have very good pretensions; but then it’s waiting for dead mens shoes: I’ll venture to be perjur’d Mr Bellmour ne’er disclaim’d an idear of your father’s distress—

Ha. Supposing that.

Ter. Suppose, Ma’am—I know it disputably to be so.

Ha. Indisputably, I guess, you mean;—but I’m tired of wrangling with you about words.

Ter. By my troth you’re in the right on’t—there’s ne’er a she in all old England (as your father calls it) is mistress of such phisology, as I am. Incertain I am, as how you does not know nobody that puts their words together with such a curacy as myself. I once lived with a mistress, Ma’am—Mistress!—She was a lady—a great brewer’s wife—and she wore as fine cloaths as any

any person of quality, let her get up as early as she will—and she used to call me—Termagant, says she—what's the signification of such a word—and I always told her—I told her the importation of all my words; though I could not help laughing, Miss Harriet, to see so fine a lady such a downright ignoramus.

Ha. Well—but pray now, Termagant, would you have me, directly upon being asked the question, throw myself into the arms of a man?

Ter. O' my conscience you did throw yourself into his arms with scarce a shift on, that's what you did.

Ha. Yes, but that was a leap in the dark, when there was no time to think of it.

Ter. Well, it does not signify argifying, I wish we were both warm in bed; you with Mr Bellmour, and I with his cockcomb of a man; instead of being manured nere with an old crazy fool—axing your pardon, Ma'am, for calling your father so—but he is a fool, and the worst of fools, with his policies—when his house is full of statues of bangcreffy.

Ha. It's too true, Termagant—yet he's my father still, and I can't help loving him.

Ter. Fiddle faddle—love him!—He's an anecdote against love.

Ha. Hush! here he comes!—

Ter. No, it's your uncle Feeble; poor gentleman, I pities him, eaten up with infirmaries, to be taking such pains with a madman.

Enter Feeble.

Ha. Well, uncle, have you been able to console him?

Feeb. He wants no consolation, child—Lack-a-day—I'm so infirm I can hardly move.—I found him tracing in the map, prince Charles of Lorraine's passage over the Rhine, and comparing it with Julius Cæsar's.

Ter. An old blockhead—I've no patience with him, with his fellows coming after him every hour in the day with news. Well now, I wishes there was no such a thing as a newspaper in the world, with such a pack of lies, and such a deal of jab-jab every day.

Feeb. Ay, there were three or four shabby fellows with him when I went into his room.—I can't get him

him to think of appearing before the commissioners to-morrow, to disclose his effects; but I'll send my neighbour counsellor Codicil to him—Don't be dejected, Harriet; my poor sister, your mother, was a good woman: I love you for her sake, child, and all I am worth shall be your's—But I must be going—I find myself but very ill; good night, Harriet, good night. [*Exit Feeble.*]

Ha. You'll give me leave to see you to the door, Sir.

[*Exit Harriet.*]

Tet. O' my conscience this master of mine within here, might have pick'd up his crums as well as Mr. Feeble, if he had any idear of his business; I'm sure, if I had not hopes from Mr. Feeble, I should not tarry in this house—By my troth, if all who have nothing to say to the 'fairs of the nation would mind their own business, and those who should take care of our 'fairs would mind their business too, I fancy poor old England (as they call it) would fare the better among 'em—This old crazy pate within here—playing the fool—when the man is past his grand clytemnester.

[*Exit Termagant.*]

SCENE, *Discovers Quidnunc at a Table, with Newspapers, Pamphlets, &c. all around him.*

Quid. Six and three is nine—seven and four is eleven, and carry one—let me see, 126 million—199 thousand 328—and all this with about—where, where's the amount of the specie? Here, here—with about 15 million in specie, all this great circulation! good, good—Why then, how are we ruined?—how are we ruined? What says the land-tax at 4 shillings in the pound; two million? now where's my new assessment?—here—here—the 5th part of twenty; 5 in 2 I can't, but 5 in 20 (*pauses*) right, 4 times—why then upon my new assessment there's 4 million—how are we ruined?—What says malt, cyder, and mum?—eleven and carry 1, nought and go 2—good, good; malt, hops, cyder, and mum. Then there's the wine-licence, and the gin-act—The gin-act is no bad article—if the people will shoot fire down their throats, why, in a Christian country they should pay as much as possible for suicide.—Salt, good—sugar, very good

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R

—Win-

— Window-lights—good again!—Stamp-duty, that's not so well—it will have a bad effect upon the newspapers, and we shan't have enough of politics—But there's the lottery—where's my new scheme for a lottery?—here it is—Now for the amount of the whole—how are we ruin'd? 7 and carry nought—nought and carry 1—

Enter Termagant.

Ter. Sir, Sir—

Quid. Hold your tongue, you baggage, you'll put me out—nought and carry 1.

Ter. Counsellor Codicil will be with you presently—

Quid. Prithee be quiet, woman—how are we ruined?

Ter. Ay, I'm confidous as how you may thank yourself for your own ruination.

Quid. Ruin the nation!—hold your tongue, you jade, I'm raising the supplies within the year—how many did I carry?

Ter. Yes, you've carried your pigs to a fine market—

Quid. Get out of the room, hussy—you trollop, get out of the room—

[*Turning her out.*]

Enter Razor with suds on his hands, &c.

Quid. Friend Razor, I'm glad to see thee—Well, hast got any news?

Raz. A budget! I left a gentleman half-shaved in my shop over the way; it came into my head of a sudden, so I could not be at ease till I told you.—

Quid. That's kind, that's kind, friend Razor—never mind the gentleman, he can wait.—

Raz. Yes, so he can, he can wait.—

Quid. Come, now let's hear, what is't?

Raz. I shaved a great man's butler to-day.—

Quid. Did ye?

Raz. I did.

Quid. Ay!

Raz. Very true

(*Both shake their heads.*)

Quid. What did he say?

Raz. Nothing.

Quid. Hum—how did he look?

Raz. Full of thought.

Quid.

Quid. Ay! full of thought—what can that mean?

Raz. It must mean something. [*Staring at each other.*]

Quid. Mayhap somebody may be going out of place.

Raz. Like enough—there's something at the bottom when a great man's butler looks grave; things can't hold out in this manner, master Quidnunc!—Kingdoms rise and fall!—Luxury will be the ruin of us all, it will indeed. [*Stares at him.*]

Quid. Pray now, friend Razor, do you find business as current now as before the war?

Raz. No, no, I have not made a wig the Lord knows when, I can't mind it for thinking of my poor country.

Quid. That's generous, friend Razor—

Raz. Yes, I can't gi' my mind to any thing for thinking of my country; and when I was in Bedlam, it was the same: I cou'd think of nothing else in Bedlam, but poor old England, and so they said as how I was incurable for it.—

Quid. S'bodikins! they might as well say the same of me.

Raz. So they might—Well, your servant, Mr Quidnunc; I'll go now and shave the rest of the gentleman's face—Poor old England! [*Sighs and shakes his head. Going.*]

Quid. But hark ye, friend Razor, ask the gentleman if he has got any news.—

Raz. I will, I will.

Quid. And d'ye hear, come and tell me if he has.—

Raz. I will, I will—poor old England! [*Going, returns*] O, Mr Quidnunc, I want to ask you—pray now—

Enter Termagant.

Ter. Gemini! gemini!—How can a man have so little difference for his customers—

Quid. I tell you, Mrs Malapert—

Ter. And I tell you, the gentleman keeps such a bawling yonder; for shame, Mr Razor—you'll be a bankrupter like my master, with such a house full of children as you have, pretty little things—that's what you will.—

Raz. I'm a-coming, I'm a-coming, Mrs Termagant.—I say, Mr Quidnunc, I can't sleep in my bed for

thinking what will come of the Protestants, if the Papists should get the better in the present war——

Quid. I'll tell you—the geographer of our coffee-house was saying the other day, that there is an huge tract of land about the pole, where the Protestants may retire; and that the Papists will never be able to beat 'em thence, if the northern powers hold together, and the grand Turk make a diversion in their favour.

Raz. (*laughs.*) That makes me easy—I'm glad the Protestants will know where to go, if the Papists shou'd get the better. (*Going, returns.*) Oh! Mr Quidnunc—hark ye——India bonds are risen.

Quid. Are they?—how much?

Raz. A Jew pedlar said in my shop as how they are risen three-sixteenths——

Quid. Why then, that makes some amends for the price of corn——

Raz. So it does, so it does—Good-bye, Mr Quidnunc—I'm so glad the poor Protestants know where to go; 'I shall then have a night's rest mayhap.'

[*Exit Razor, laughing.*]

Quid. I shall never be rightly easy till those careening wharfs at Gibraltar are repaired——

Ter. Fiddle for your dwarfs; impair your ruin'd fortune, do that.

Quid. If only one ship can heave down at a time, 'there will be no end of it—and then, why should waiting be so tedious there?

Ter. Look where your daughter comes, and yet 'you'll be ruining about Give-a-halter, while that 'poor thing is breaking her heart.'

Enter Harriet.

Quid. It's one comfort, however, they can always have fresh provisions in the Mediterranean——

Har. Dear papa, what's the Mediterranean to people in our situation?

Quid. The Mediterranean, child? Why if we should lose the Mediterranean, we're all undone.

Har. Dear Sir, that's our misfortune—we are undone already.

Quid. No, no—here, here, child—I have raised the supplies within the year.

Ter.

Ter. I tell you, you're a lunatic man.

Quid. Yes, yes, I'm a lunatic to be sure—I tell you, Harriet, I have saved a great deal out of my affairs for you—

Har. For heav'n's sake, Sir, don't do that—you must give up every thing; my uncle Feeble's lawyer will be here to talk with you about it—

Quid. Poh, poh, I tell you I know what I am about—you shall have my books and pamphlets, and all the manifestos of the powers at war.—

Har. And so make me a politician, Sir?

Quid. It would be the pride of my heart to find I had got a politician in petticoats—a female Machiavel!—*'Sblood!* you might then know as much as most people that talk in coffee-houses; and who knows but in time you might be a maid of honour, or sweeper of the mall, or—

Har. Dear Sir, don't I see what you have got by politics?

Quid. Psha! my country's of more consequence to me: and let me tell you, you can't think too much of your country in these worst of times; for Mr Monitor has told us, that affairs in the north, and the Protestant interest, begin to grow ticklish.

Term. And your daughter's affairs are very ticklish too, I'm sure:—

Har. Prythee, Termagant:—

Term. I must speak to him—I know you are in a ticklish situation, Ma'am.

Quid. I tell you, Trull:—

Term. But I am convicted it is so—and the posture of my affairs is very ticklish too—and so I imprecate that Mr Belmour would come, and—

Quid. Mr Belmour come! I tell you, Mrs Sauce-box, that my daughter shall never be married to a man that has not better notions of the balance of power.

Term. But what purvision will you make for her now, with your balances?

Quid. There again now!—Why, do you think I don't know what I'm about? I'll look in the papers for a match for you, child—there's often good matches advertised in the papers—Evil betide it—evil betide it!

it!—I once thought to have struck a great stroke, that would have astonished all Europe—I thought to have married my daughter to Theodore king of Corsica—

Har. What, and have me perish in a jail, Sir?

Quid. 'Sbodikins, my daughter would have had her coronation-day;—I should have been allied to a crown'd head, and been first lord of the treasury of Corsica!—But come—now I'll go and talk over the London Evening, till the Gazette comes in—I shan't sleep to-night, unless I see the Gazette.

Enter Codicil.

Cod. Mr Quidmunc, your servant—The door was open, and I entered upon the premises—I'm just come from the hall.

Quid. 'Sbodikins! this man is now come to keep me at home.

Cod. Upon my word, Miss Harriet's a very pretty young lady; as pretty a young lady as one would desire to have and to hold. Ma'am, your most obedient: I have drawn my friend Feeble's will, in which you have all his goods and chattels, lands, and hereditaments.

Har. I thank you, Sir, for the information—

Cod. And I hope soon to draw your marriage-settlement for my friend Mr Belmour.

Har. O lud, Sir! not a word of that before my father—I wish you'd try, Sir, to get him to think of his affairs—

Cod. Why, yes, I have instructions for that purpose. Mr Quidmunc, I am instructed to expound the law to you.

Quid. What, the law of nations?

Cod. I am instructed, Sir, that you're a bankrupt—*Quasi bancus ruptus—banque route faire*—And my instructions say further, that you are summoned to appear before the commissioners to-morrow—

Quid. That may be, Sir; but I can't go to-morrow; and so I shall send 'em word—I am to be to-morrow at Slaughter's Coffee-house with a private committee, about business of great consequence to the affairs of Europe.—

Cod.

‘ *Cod.* Then, Sir, if you don’t go, I must instruct you, that you’ll be guilty of a felony; it will be deem’d to be done *malo animo*—it is held so in the books—And what says the statute? By the 5th Geo. II. cap. 30. not surrendering or embezzling is felony, without benefit of clergy.

‘ *Quid.* Ay!—you tell me news—

‘ *Cod.* Give me leave, Sir—I am instructed to expound the law to you—Felony is thus described in the books: ‘ *Felonia*, saith Hotoman *de verbis feudali-bus, significat capitale facinus*, a capital offence.

‘ *Quid.* You tell me news; you do indeed.

‘ *Cod.* It was so apprehended by the Goths and the Longobards. And what saith Sir Edward Coke? ‘ *Fieri debeat felleo animo.*

‘ *Quid.* You’ve told me news—I did not know it was felony; but if the Flanders mail should come in while I am there—I shall know nothing at all of it—

‘ *Cod.* But why should you be uneasy? *cui bono*, Mr Quidnunc, *cui bono*?

‘ *Quid.* Not uneasy! If the Papists should beat the Protestants.

‘ *Cod.* But I tell you, they can get no advantage of us. The laws against the further growth of Popery will secure us—there are provisos in favour of Protestant purchasers under Papists—10th Geo. I. cap. 4. and 6th Geo. II. cap. 5.

‘ *Quid.* Ay!

‘ *Cod.* And besides, Popish recusants can’t carry arms; so can have no right of conquest, *vi et armis*.

‘ *Quid.* That’s true—that’s true—I’m easier in my mind—

‘ *Cod.* To be sure, what are you uneasy about?—The papists can have no claim to Silesia—

‘ *Quid.* Can’t they?

‘ *Cod.* No, they can set up no claim—If the queen on her marriage had put all her lands into Hotchpot, then indeed—and it seemeth, saith Littleton, that this word *Hotchpot* is in English a pudding—

‘ *Quid.* You reason very clearly, Mr Codicil, upon the rights of the powers at war; and so now, if you
“ will,

' will, I am ready to talk a little of my affairs.

' *Cod.* Nor does the matter rest here; for how can she set up a claim, when she has made a conveyance to the house of Brandenburg? The law, Mr Quidnunc, is very severe against fraudulent conveyances.

' *Quid.* 'Sbodikins, you have satisfied me—

' *Cod.* Why, therefore then—if he will levy fines, and suffer a common recovery, he can bequeath it as he likes in *feodum simplex*, provided he takes care to put it in *ses heres*.

' *Quid.* I'm heartily glad of it—So that with regard to my effects—

' *Cod.* Why, then, suppose she was to bring it to a trial at bar—

' *Quid.* I say, with regard to the full disclosure of my effects—

' *Cod.* What wou'd she get by that?—it would go off upon a special pleading—and as to equity—

' *Quid.* Pray, must I now surrender my books and my pamphlets?

' *Cod.* What wou'd equity do for her? Equity can't relieve her; he might keep her at least twenty years before a master to settle the account—

' *Quid.* You have made me easy about the Protestants in this war, you have indeed—So that with regard to my appearing before the commissioners—

' *Cod.* And as to the ban of the empire, he may demur to that: for all tenures by knight's service are abolished; and the statute 12 Char. II. has declared all lands to be held under a common socage.

' *Quid.* Pray now, Mr Codicil, must not my creditors appear to prove their debts?—

' *Cod.* Why, therefore, then, if they're held in common socage, I submit it to the court—whether the empire can have any claim to knight's service—They can't call to him for a single man for the wars—*unum hominem ad guerram*.—For what is common socage?—*socagium idem est quod servitium socæ*—the service of the plough.

' *Quid.* I'm ready to attend 'em—But pray now, when my certificate is signed—it is of great consequence to me to know this—I say, Sir, when my
' cer-

' certificate is signed, mayn't I then—Hey! [*Starting up*] Hey!—What do I hear?

' *Cod.* I apprehend—I humbly conceive, when your certificate is signed——'

Quid. ' Hold your tongue, man'——Did not I hear the Gazette?

Newsman (within.) Great news in the London Gazette.

Quid. Yes, yes, it is——it is the Gazette—Termagant, run you jade—[*Turns her out.*]—Harriet, fly, it is the Gazette—[*Turns her out.*]

' *Cod.* The law in that case, Mr Quidnunc, *prima facie*——'

' *Quid.* I can't hear you—I have not time'—Termagant, run, 'make haste——' [*Stamps violently.*]

' *Cod.* I say, Sir, it is held in the books——'

' *Quid.* I care for no books—I want the papers——' [*Stamping.*]

' *Cod.* Throughout all the books——Bo! the man is *non compos*; and his friends, instead of a commission of bankruptcy, shou'd take out a commission of lunacy. [*Exit Codicil.*]

Enter Termagant.

Term. What do you keep such a bawling for? the newsmen says as how the emperor of Mocco is dead.

Quid. The emperor of Morocco!

Term. Yes, him.

Quid. My poor dear emperor of Morocco!

[*Bursts into tears.*]

Term. Ah, you old Don Quicksett!——Ma'am. Ma'am,—Miss Harriet, go your ways into the next room, there's Mr Belmour's man there; Mr Belmour has sent you a billydore.—

' *Har.* Oh, Termagant, my heart is in an uproar—I don't know what to say—Where is he? let me run to him this instant.' [*Exit Harriet.*]

Quid. The emperor of Moroecco had a regard for the balance of Europe—[*Sighs.*]—Well, well, come, come, give me the paper.

Term. The newsmen would not trust, because you're a bankrupter, and so I paid twopence-halfpenny for it.

Quid. Let's see—let's see——

Term.

Term. Give me my money then——

[*Running from him.*]

Quid. Give it me this instant, you jade——

[*After her.*]

Term. Give me my money, I say—— [From him.]

Quid. I'll teach you, I will, you baggage——

[*After her.*]

Term. I won't part with it till I have the money.

[*From him.*]

Quid. I'll give you no money, huffley. [After her.]

Term. Your daughter shall marry Mr Belmour.

[*From him.*]

Quid. I'll never accede to the treaty. [After her.]

Term. Go, you old fool. [From him.]

Quid. You vile minx, worse than the whore of Babylon. [After her.]

Term. There, you old crack'd-brain politic,—there's your paper for you. [Throws it down, and exit.]

Quid. [*sitting down.*] O Heavens!—I'm quite out of breath—A jade, to keep my news from me—What does it say, what does it say?—[*Reads very fast while opening the paper.*]—“Whereas a commission of bankrupt is awarded and issued forth against Abraham Quidnunc, of the parish of St Martin's in the Fields, upholsterer, dealer, and chapman, the said bankrupt is hereby required to surrender himself.” Po! what signifies this stuff? I don't mind myself, when the balance of power is concerned.—However, I shall be read of in the same paper, in the London Gazette, by the powers abroad, together with the pope, and the French king, and the Mogul, and all of 'em—Good, good, very good—Here's a pow'r of news—Let me see—[*Reads.*]—“Letters from the vice-admiral, dated “Tyger, off Calcutta.”—[*Mutters to himself very eagerly.*]—Odd's heart, those baggages will interrupt me, I hear their tongues a-going, click, clack, clack: I'll run into my closet, and lock myself up.—A vixen!—a trollop!—to want money from me—when I may have occasion to buy The State of the Sinking Fund, or Faction Detected, or The Barrier Treaty,—or—and besides, how could the jade tell but to-morrow we may have a Gazette extraordinary?

[*Exit.*]

A C T

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Upholsterer's House.*

Enter Quidnunc.

Quid. **W**HERE, where, where is he?—Where's Mr Pamphlet?—Mr Pamphlet!—Termagant, Mr a——a—Termagant, Harriet, Termagant, you vile minx, you faucy—

Enter Termagant.

Term. Here's a racket indeed!

Quid. Where's Mr Pamphlet? You baggage, if he's gone——

Term. Did not I intimidate that he's in the next room—Why, sure the man's out of his wits.

Quid. Shew him in here then—I would not miss seeing him for the discovery of the north-east passage.

Term. Go you old gemini gomini of a politic.

[Exit Term.]

Quid. Shew him in, I say——I had rather see him than the 'whole state of the peace at Utrecht, or the 'Paris-a-la-main, or the' votes, or the minutes, or—(here he comes)—the best political writer of the age.

Enter Pamphlet, in a furtout coat, &c.

Quid. Mr Pamphlet, I am heartily glad to see you;—'as glad as if you were an express from the Groyne, 'or from Berlin, or Zell, or from Calcutta over land, 'or from——'

Pam. Mr Quidnunc, your servant——I'm come from a place of great importance.——

Quid. Look ye there now!—Well, where, where?

Pam. Are we alone?

Quid. Stay, stay, till I shut the door—Now, now, where do you come from?

Pam. From the court of requests.

[Laying aside his furtout coat.]

Quid. The court of requests [*whispers*] are they up?

Pam. Hot work.——

Quid. Debates arising, may be?

Pam. Yes, and like to sit late.

Quid. What are they upon?

Pam.

Pam. Can't say.—

Quid. What carried you thither?

Pam. I went in hopes of being taken up.—

Quid. Look ye there now. [*Shaking his head.*]

Pam. I've been aiming at it these three years.—

Quid. Indeed!— [*Staring at him.*]

Pam. Indeed—Sedition is the only thing an author can live by now—Time has been I could turn a penny by an earthquake, or live upon a jail-distemper, or dine upon a bloody murder;—but now that's all over,—nothing will do now but roasting a minister—or telling the people that they are ruined—The people of England are never so happy as when you tell 'em they are ruined.

Quid. Yes, but they an't ruined—I have a scheme for paying off the national debt.

Pam. Let's see, let's see—[*Puts on his spectacles*]—Well enough! well imagined—a new thought this—I must make this my own—(*Aside.*)—Silly, futile, absurd—abominable; this will never do—I'll put it in my pocket, and read it over in the morning for you—Now look you here—I'll shew you a scheme—[*Rummaging his pockets*]—No, that's not it—that's my Conduct of the ministry, by a country gentleman—I prov'd the nation undone here; this sold hugely—And here now, here's my answer to it, by a noble lord—this did not move among the trade—

Quid. What, do you write on both sides?

Pam. Yes, both sides—I've two hands, Mr Quidnunc—Always impartial, *ambo dexter*.—Now here, here's my dedication to a great man—touch'd twenty for this—and here—here's my libel upon him—

Quid. What, after being oblig'd to him?

Pam. Yes, for that reason—It excites curiosity—White-wash and blacking-ball, Mr Quidnunc; *in utrumque paratus*—no thriving without it.

Quid. What have you here in this pocket?

[*Prying eagerly.*]

Pam. That's my account with Jacob Zorobabel the broker, for writing paragraphs to raise or tumble the stocks, or the price of lottery-tickets, according to his purposes.

Quid. Ay, how do you do that?

Pam.

Pam. As thus—To-day the Protestant interest declines, Madras is taken, and England's undone: then all the long faces in the alley look as dismal as a blank; and so Jacob buys away, and thrives upon our ruin.—Then to-morrow we're all alive and merry again; Pondicherry's taken; a certain northern potentate will shortly strike a blow to astonish all Europe: and then every true-born Englishman is willing to buy a lottery-ticket for twenty or thirty shillings more than its worth; so Jacob sells away, and reaps the fruit of our success.

Quid. What! will the people believe that now?

Pam. Believe it!—believe any thing—No swallow like a true-born Englishman's—A man in a quart-bottle, or a victory, 'tis all one to them—they give a gulp—and down it goes—glib, glib—

Quid. Yes; but they an't at the bottom of things?

Pam. No, not they; they dabble a little, but can't dive—

Quid. Pray now, Mr Pamphlet, what do you think of our situation?

Pam. Bad, Sir, bad—And how can it be better?—the people in power never send to me—never consult me—it must be bad—Now here, here—[*Goes to his loose coat*]—here's a manuscript!—this will do the business, a master-piece!—I shall be taken up for this—

Quid. Shall ye?

Pam. As sure as a gun I shall—I know the book-seller's a rogue, and will give me up.

Quid. But pray now, what shall you get by being taken up?

Pam. I'll tell you—[*Whispers*]—in order to make me hold my tongue.

Quid. Ay, but you won't hold your tongue for all that.

Pam. Po, po! not a jot of that—abuse 'em the next day.

Quid. Well, well, I wish you success—But do you hear no news? have you seen the Gazette?

Pam. Yes, I've seen that—Great news, Mr Quidnunc—But hark ye—[*Whispers*]—and kiss hands next week.

Quid. Ay!

Pam. Certain.

Quid. Nothing permanent in this world. —

Pam. All is vanity. —

Quid. Ups and downs. —

Pam. Ins and outs. —

Quid. Wheels within wheels. —

Pam. No smoke without fire. —

Quid. All's well that ends well.

Pam. It will last our time.

Quid. Whoever lives to see it, will know more of the matter.

Pam. Time will tell all.

Quid. Ay, we must leave all to the determination of time. Mr Pamphlet, I'm heartily oblig'd to you for this visit—I love you better than any man in England.

Pam. And for my part, Mr Quidnunc—I love you better than I do England itself.

Quid. That's kind, that's kind—there's nothing I would not do, Mr Pamphlet, to serve you.

Pam. Mr Quidnunc, I know you're a man of integrity and honour—I know you are—and now since we have open'd our hearts, there is a thing, Mr Quidnunc, in which you can serve me—You know, Sir—this is in the fulness of our hearts—you know you have my note for a trifle—Hard dealing with assignees—Now could not you, to serve a friend—could not you throw that note into the fire?

Quid. Hey! but would that be honest?

Pam. Leave that to me; a refin'd stroke of policy—Papers have been destroyed in all governments.

Quid. So they have—It shall be done; it will be political; it will indeed—Pray now, Mr Pamphlet, what do you take to be the true political balance of power?

Pam. What do I take to be the balance of power?

Quid. Ay, the balance of power!

Pam. The balance of power—what do I take to be the balance of power—the balance of power [*Shuts his eyes*] what do I take to be the balance of power?

Quid. The balance of power, I take to be, when the court of aldermen sits.

Pam. No, no—

Quid.

In deep thought without looking at each other.

Quid. Yes, yes—

Pam. No, no; the balance of power is when the foundations of government and the superstructures are natural.

Quid. How d'ye mean natural?

Pam. Prithce be quiet, man—This is the language—The balance of power is—when superstructures are reduc'd to proper balances, or when the balances are not reduc'd to unnatural superstructures.

Quid. Po, po! I tell you it is when the fortifications of Dunkirk are demolish'd.

Pam. But I tell you, Mr Quidnunc—

Quid. I say, Mr Pamphlet—

Pam. Hear me, Mr Quidnunc—

Quid. Give me leave, Mr Pamphlet—

Pam. I must observe, Sir—

Quid. I am convinc'd, Sir—

Pam. That the balance of power—

Quid. That the fortifications of Dunkirk—

Pam. Depends upon the balances and superstructures—

Quid. Constitute the true political equilibrium—

Pam. Nor will I converse with a man—

Quid. And, Sir, I never desire to see your face—

Pam. Of such anti-constitutional principles—

Quid. Nor the face of any man who is such a Frenchman in his heart, and has such notions of the balance of power. [Exeunt.

Quidnunc re-enters.

Ay, I've found him out—Such abominable principles! I never desire to converse with any man of his notions—no, never while I live—

Re-enter Pamphlet.

Pam. Mr Quidnunc, one word with you, if you please.

Quid. Sir, I never desire to see your face—

Pam. My property, Mr Quidnunc—I shan't leave my property in the house of a bankrupt—[Twisting his handkerchief round his arm]—A silly, empty, incomprehensible blockhead!

Quid. Blockhead! Mr Pamphlet—

Pam. A blockhead to use me thus, when I have you so much in my power——

Quid. In your power!

Pam. In my power, Sir—It's in my power to hang you.

Quid. To hang me!

Pam. Yes, Sir, to hang you—[*Drawing on his coat.*]—Did not you propose but this moment, did not you desire me to combine and confederate to burn a note, and defraud your creditors.

Quid. I desire it!

Pam. Yes, Mr. Quidnunc; but I shall detect you to the world. I'll give your character—You shall have a sixpenny touch next week.

Flebit et insignis tota cantabitur urbe.

[*Exit Pamphlet.*]

Quid. Mercy on me! there's the effect of his anti-constitutional principles—The spirit of his whole party; I never desire to exchange another word with him.

Enter Termagant.

Term. Here's a pothor indeed!—Did you call me?

Quid. No, you trollop, no.

Term. Will you go to-bed?

Quid. No, no, no, no—I tell you no.

Term. Better to go to rest, Sir. I heard a doctor of physic say, as how, when a man is past his grand crime—what the deuce makes me forget my word?—his grand crime-hysteria; nothing is so good against indispositions as rest taken in its prudish natalibus.—

Quid. Hold your prating—I'll not go to-bed, I'll step to my brother Feeble; I want to have some talk with him, and I'll go to him directly. [*Exit Quidnunc.*]

Term. Go thy ways, for an old Hocus-pocus of a newsmonger—You'll have good luck if you find your daughter here when you come back; Mr Belmour will be here in the interim; and if he does not carry her off, why then I shall think him a mere shilly-shally feller; and by my troth I shall think him as bad a politicking as yourself. [*Exit Termagant.*] 'Well, as I live and breathe, I wonders what the dickens the man fees in 'these newspapers, to be for ever intoxicated with them—

' Let

‘ Let me see one of them, to try if I can vestigate any thing—[*Takes the newspaper and reads.*]

‘ “Yesterday at noon, arrived at his lodgings in Pall-mall, John Stukely, Esq; for the remainder of the winter-season.”

‘ Where the dewill has the man been?—Who knows him, or cares a minikin-pin about him!—He may go to Jericho for what I cares—

‘ “The same day Mr William Tabby, an eminent man-milliner, was married to Miss Jenkins, daughter of Mr Jenkins a considerable haberdasher in Bear-binder lane.”——

‘ What the dickins is this to me?—Can’t Miss Jenkins and her man-milliner go to-bed, and hold their tongues?—Why must they kiss and tell?

‘ “By advices from Violenne”——This is policies now. [*Reads to herself.*]——“and promises a general peace.”——Why, can’t that make the old curmudgeon happy?

‘ “By letters from Paris”——This is more policies——[*Reads to herself.*]——“and all seems tending to a general rupture.”——What the dewill does the feller mean?

‘ —Did not he tell me this moment there was to be peace, and now its bloody news again,——To go to tell me such an impudent lie to my face!

‘ “At the academy in Essex-street, grown people are taught to dance.”

‘ Grown people are taught to dance——I likes that well enough——I should like to be betterer in my dancing——I likes the figerre of a minute as well as

‘ a figerre in speech—[*Dances and sings.*]——But such trumpry as the news is, with kings, and cheesemongers, and bishops, and Highwarman, and ladies prayer-

‘ books, and lap-dogs, and the domadary and Camomile, and ambassadors, and hair-cutters, all higgledy-piggledy together——As I hope for marcy I’ll never

‘ read another paper——and I wishes old Quidnunc wou’d do the same——If the man would do as I do, there

‘ would be some sence in it——If instead of his policies, he would manure his mind like me, and read good

‘ altars, and improve himself in fine langidge, and bombast, and polite accollishments——’ [*Exit singing.*]

S 3.

SCENE,

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Belmour, Rovewell, and Brisk, in liquor.

Bel. Women ever were, and ever will be, fantastic beings; vain, capricious, and fond of mischief.—

Br. Well argued, master.

Rov. [*Sings.*]

Deceit is in every woman;

But none in a bumper can be, my brave boys,

But none in a bumper can be.

Bel. To be insulted thus, with such a contemptuous answer to a message of such tender import! She might, methinks, at least have treated me with good manners, if not with a more grateful return.—

Rov. Split her manners, let's go and drink t'other bumper to drown sorrow.

Bel. I'll shake off her fetters—I will, Brisk, this very night I will—

Br. That's right, master; and let her know we have found her out; and, as the poet says,

She that will not when she may,

When she will, she shall have nay, master.

Bel. Very true, Brisk, very true; the ingratitude of it touches me to the quick—My dear Rovewell, only come and see me take a final leave—

Rov. No truly, not I; none of your virtuous minxes for me. I'll fet you down there, if you've a mind to play the fool—I know she'll melt you with a tear, and make a puppy of you with a smile; and so I'll not be a witness to it.

Bel. You're quite mistaken, I assure you—You'll see me most manfully upbraid her with her ingratitude, and with more joy than a fugitive galley-slave escape from the oar to which I have been chain'd.

Br. Master, master, now's our time; for look, by the glimmering of yonder lamp, who comes along by the wall there.—

Bel. Her father, by all that's lucky.—My dear Rovewell, let's drive off.

Rov. I'll speak to him for you, man—

Bel. Not for the world—Prithee come along—

[*Exeunt.*
SCENE,

THE UPHOLSTERER. 211

SCENE changes to a Street.

Enter Quidnunc, with a dark Lantborn.

Quid. If the Grand Turk should actually commence open hostility, and the House-bug Tartars make a diversion upon the frontiers, why then, 'tis my opinion—time will discover to us a great deal more of the matter.

Watch. [*within.*] Past eleven o'clock, a cloudy night.

Quid. Hey! past eleven o'clock—'sbodikins, my brother Feeble will be gone to bed—but he shan't sleep till I have some chat with him. Hark ye, watchman, watchman!

Enter Watchman.

Watch. Call, master.

Quid. Ay, step hither, step hither; have you heard any news?

Watch. News, master!

Quid. Ay, about the Prussians or the Russians?

Watch. Russians, master!

Quid. Yes; or the movements in Pomerania?

Watch. La, master, I know nothing—Poor gentleman! (*pointing to his head*)—Good night to you, master. —Past eleven o'clock. [*Exit Watchman.*]

Quid. That man, now, has a place under the government, and he won't speak. But I'm losing time—*[Knocks at the door.]*—Hazy weather—*[Looking up.]* The wind's fixt in that quarter, and we shan't have any mails this week to come—Come about, good wind, do, come about.

Enter a Servant-maid.

Maid. La, Sir, is it you?

Quid. Is your master at home, child?

Maid. Gone to-bed, Sir.

Quid. Well, well, I'll step up to him.

Maid. Must not disturb him for the world, Sir—

Quid. Business of the utmost importance.

Maid. Pray consider, Sir, my master an't well.

Quid. Prithce be quiet, woman; I must see him.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE,

SCENE, *A Room in Feeble's House.*

Enter Feeble in his Night-gown.

Feeb. I was just stepping in to bed—Bless my heart, what can this man want?—I know his voice,—I hope no new misfortune brings him at this hour.

Quid. Hold your tongue, you foolish huffy—he'll be glad to see me.—Brother Feeble, brother Feeble!

[*Within.*

Feeb. What can be the matter?

Enter Quidnunc.

Quid. Brother Feeble, I give you joy—The nabob's demolish'd—(*Sings*) Britons strike home, revenge, &c.

Feeb. Lack-a-day, Mr Quidnunc, how can you serve me thus?

Quid. Suraja Dowla is no more.

Feeb. Poor man! he's stark-staring mad.

Quid. Our men diverted themselves with killing their bullocks and their camels, till they dislodged the enemy from the octagon, and the counterscarp, and the bunglo,—

Feeb. I'll hear the rest to-morrow morning—Oh! I'm ready to die.

Quid. Odsheart man, be of good cheer—the new nabob, Jaffier Ally Cawn, has acceded to a treaty; and the English Company have got all their rights in the Phirmaud and the Hushbulhoorums.

Feeb. But dear heart, Mr Quidnunc, why am I to be disturb'd for this?

Quid. We had but two seapoys killed, three chokeys, four gaul-walls, and two zemidars.—(*Sings*) Britons never shall be slaves!

Feeb. Would not to-morrow morning do as well for this?

Quid. Light up your windows, man; light up your windows. Chandernagore is taken.

Feeb. Well, well, I'm glad of it—Good night. [*Going.*

Quid. Here, here's the Gazette.—

Feeb. Oh! I shall certainly faint. [*Sits down.*

Quid. Ay, ay, sit down, and I'll read it to you. (*Reads.*) Nay, don't run away—I've more news to tell you;

you; there's an account from Williamsburgh in America
—The superintendant of Indian affairs—

Feeb. Dear Sir, dear Sir—(*Avoiding him.*)

Quid. Has settled matters with the Cherokees—
(*Following him.*)

Feeb. Enough, enough—(*From him.*)

Quid. In the same manner he did before with the
Catabaws. (*After him.*)

Feeb. Well, well, your servant.—(*From him.*)

Quid. So that the back inhabitants—(*After him.*)

Feeb. I wish you would let me be a quiet inhabitant in
my own house.—

Quid. So that the back inhabitants will now be se-
cur'd by the Cherokees and Catabaws.—

Feeb. You'd better go home, and think of appearing
before the commissioners.—

Quid. Go home! no, no, I'll go and talk the mat-
ter over at our coffee-house.—

Feeb. Do so, do so—

Quid. (*Returning.*) Mr Feeble—I had a dispute
about the balance of power—pray now can you tell—

Feeb. I know nothing of the matter—

Quid. Well, another time will do for that—I have a
great deal to say about that.—(*Going, returns.*) Right,
I had like to have forgot, there's an erratum in the last
Gazette—

Feeb. With all my heart—

Quid. Page 3, line 1st, col. 1st and 3d, for *bombs*
read *bagms*.

Feeb. Read what you will—

Quid. Nay, but that alters the sense, you know—
Well, now your servant. If I hear any more news, I'll
come and tell you—

Feeb. For Heaven's sake, no more—

Quid. I'll be with you before you're out of your first
sleep—

Feeb. Good-night, good-night.— [*Runs off.*]

Quid. I forgot to tell you—the emperor of Morocco
is dead, (*Bawling after him.*) So—now I've made him
happy—I'll go and knock up my friend Razor, and
make him happy too—and then I'll go and see if any
body

body is up at the coffee-houses—and make them all happy there too. [Exit Quidnunc.

SCENE, *A Street. A shabby House with a Barber's Pole up—and Candles burning on the outside.*

Enter Quidnunc, with a dark lanthorn.

Quid. Ah, friend Razor!—he has a great respect for a rejoicing night—Who knows but he has heard some more particulars—

Razor looking out of the Window.

Raz. Anan!

Quid. Friend Razor.

Raz. My Master Quidnunc! I'm rejoicing for the news—will you partake of a pipe?—I'll open the door.

Quid. Not now, friend Razor.

Raz. I've something to tell you—I'll come down.

Quid. This may be worth staying for—What can he have heard!

Enter Razor, a Pipe in his Mouth, and a Tankard in his Hand.

Raz. Say, here's to you, Master Quidnunc.

Quid. What have you heard? What have you heard?

Raz. The consumers of oats are to meet next week.

Quid. Those consumers of oats have been meeting any time these ten years to my knowledge, and I never cou'd find what they are about.

Raz. Things an't right, I fear—its enough to put down a body's spirits— [Drinks.

Quid. No, nothing to fear—I can tell you some good news—a certain great potentate has not heard high-mass the Lord knows when.

Raz. That puts a body in spirits again. (Drinks.) Here, drink, No wooden shoes.

Quid. With all my heart—(Drinks) Good liquor this, Master Razor, of a cold night.

Raz. Yes, I put a quartern of British brandy in my beer—whu!—Do you know what a rebel my wife is.

Quid. A rebel!

Raz. Ay, a rebel—I earned nineteen-pence half-penny to-day, and she wanted to lay out all that great sum upon the children—whu—but I bought those candles for the good of my country, to rejoice with, as a body may

may say—a little Virginy for my pipe, and this sup of hot—whu—

Quid. Ay, you're an honest man; and if every body did like you and me, what a nation we shou'd be!—

Raz. Ay, very true— [Shakes his head.

Quid. I can give you the Gazette to read.

Raz. Can you! a thousand thanks—I'll take it home to you when I have done.—[Drinks, and staggers.

Quid. Friend Razor, you begin to be a little in for't.

Raz. Yes, I have a whirligigg of a head—but a body shou'd get drunk sometimes for the good of one's country.

Quid. Well, I shall be at home in half an hour!—Hark ye.

Raz. —Anan!

Quid. I have made a rare discovery—Florida will be able to supply Jamaica with peat for their winter's firing. I had it from a deep politician.

Raz. Ay! I am glad the poor people of Jamaica will have Florida peat to burn.— [Exeunt.

SCENE, *The Upholsterer's House.*

Enter Belmour and Harriet.

Har. Mr Belmour, pray Sir—I desire, Sir, you'll not follow me from room to room.

Bel. Indulge me but a moment.

Har. No, Mr Belmour, I've seen too much of your temper—I'm touch'd beyond all enduring at your unmanly treatment.

Bel. Unmanly, Madam.

Har. Unmanly, Sir, to presume upon the misfortunes of my family, and insult me with the formidable menaces that, “Truly you have done; you'll be no more a slave to me.”—Oh fie, Mr Belmour, I did not think a gentleman capable of it.

Bel. But you won't consider.

Har. Sir, I wou'd have Mr Belmour understand, that tho' my father's circumstances are embarrass'd, I have still an uncle, who can, and will place me in a state of affluence; and then, Sir, your declarations—

Bel. My dearest Harriet, they were but hasty words; let me now intreat you suffer me to convey you hence, far

far from your father's roof, where we may at length enjoy that happiness, of which we have long cherish'd the lov'd idea.—What say you, Harriet?

Har. I don't know what to say—my heart's at my lips.—Why don't you take me then?

Enter Ternagant.

Ter. Undone, undone! I'm all over in a frustration—old Jimini Gomini's coming.

Har. O lud, what is to be done now?

Ter. The devil! what can be done? I have it—don't frustrate yourself—I'll find some nonsense news for him—away with you both into that room. Quick, quick.

[*Exeunt Bel. and Har.*
Let me see—have I nothing in my pocket for the old hocus pocus to read? Psha! that's Mr Belmour's letter to Miss Harriet—I envelop'd that secret for all pains to purvent me.—Old Politic must not have an idear of that business.—Stay, stay, is there ne'er an old trumpery newspaper?—this will do—[*Puts it in her pocket.*]
Now let the Gazette of a fellow come as soon as he will.

Enter Quidnunc.

Quid. Fie upon it—fie upon it!—all the coffee-houses shut up—Where is my Salmon's gazetter, and my map of the world?—in that room, I fancy—I won't sleep till I know the geography of all these places.
[*Going.*

Ter. Sir, Sir, Sir!

Quid. What's the matter?

Ter. Here has been Mr ——— he with the odd name.—

Quid. Mr D—— that writes the pretty verses up on all public occasions—

Ter. Ay, Mr Reptile—the same!—He says as how there are some assays of his in this paper—(*Searches her pockets*) and he desires you will give your idear of them.

Quid. That I will—let me see!—

Ter. The dence fetch it—here is something disintangles in my pocket—there, there it is.—(*Gives the paper, and drops the letter.*) Pray amuse it before you go to bed—or had not you better go and read it in bed—

Quid.

Quid. No, I'll read here.——

Ter. Do so—he'll call in the morning.—I'll get him to bed, I warrant me; and then Miss Harriet may clope as fast as she will.—— [*Exit.*]

Quid. Hey!—this is an old newspaper, I see.—— What's this? (*Takes up the letter.*) Here may be some news.——“To Miss Harriet Quidnunc.”—Let me see—[*Reads.*]

“My dearest Harriet,

“Why will you keep me in a state of suspense? I have given you every proof of the sincerest constancy and love. Surely then, now that you see your father's obstinacy, you may determine to consult your own happiness; if you will permit me to wait on you this evening, I will convey you to a family, who will take the tenderest care of your person, till you resign it to the arms of

“Your eternal admirer,

“Belmour.”

So, so, here's policy detected—Why Harriet, daughter! Harriet!—She has not made her escape, I hope—So, Madam.——

Enter Harriet and Belmour.

Hey, the enemy in our camp!

Har. Mr Belmour is no enemy, Sir.—

Quid. No! What does he lurk in my house for?

Bel. Sir, my designs are honourable; you see, Sir, I am above concealing myself.

Quid. Ay, thanks to Termagant, or I shou'd have been undermined here by you.—

Ter. (*Looking in.*) What the devil is here to do now?—I am all over in a quandery.

Quid. Now, Madam, an't you a false girl—an undutiful child?—But I can get intelligence, you see—Termagant is my friend, and if it had not been for her——

Enter Termagant.

Ter. Oh my stars and garters! here's such a piece of work—What shall I do?—My poor dear Miss Harriet—(*Cries bitterly.*)

Quid. What, is there any more news? What has happen'd now?

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T

Ter.

Ter. Oh Madam, Madam, forgive me, my dear Ma'am—
—I did not do it purpose—I did not, as I hope for
mercy I did not—

Quid. Is the woman crazy!—

Ter. I did not intend to give it him—I would have
seen him gibbeted first.—I found the letter in your-bed-
chamber—I knew it was the same I delivered to you—
and my curiosity did make me peep into it. Says my
curiosity, “Now, Termagant, you may gratify your-
self by finding out the contents of that letter, which
“you have so violent an itching for.”—My curiosity
did say so—and then I own my respect for you did
say to me, “Huffy, how dare you meddle with what
“does not belong to you? Keep your distance, and let
“your mistress’s secrets alone.” And then upon that,
in comes my curiosity again, “Read it, I tell you,
“Termagant; a woman of spirit should know every
“thing.” “Let it alone, you jade,” says my respect,
“it is as much as your place is worth.” “What signi-
“fication’s a place with an old bankrupt?” says my
curiosity; “there’s more places than one; and so read it,
“I tell you, Termagant.”—I did read it, what
could I do?—Heav’n help me—I did read it—I
don’t go to deny it, I don’t—I don’t—I don’t—

[*Crying very bitterly.*]

Quid. And I have read it too; don’t keep such an
uproar, woman—

Ter. And after I had read it, thinks me, I’ll give
this to my mistress again, and her geremancus of a
father shall never see it—And so, as my ill stars
would have it, as I was giving him a newspaper, I
run my hand into the lion’s mouth.— [Crying.]

Bel. What an unlucky jade she has been. [Aside.]

Har. Well, there’s no harm done, Termagant;
for I don’t want to deceive my father.

Quid. ‘Yes, but there is harm done.’ (*Knocking.*)
Hey, what’s all this knocking—Step and see, Ter-
magant.

Ter. Yes, Sir—

[Exit.]

Quid. A waiter from the coffee-house, mayhap, with
some news—You shall go to the round-house, friend
—(*To Belmour.*) I’ll carry you there myself; and who
knows

knows but I may meet a parliament man in the round-house to tell him some politics?

Enter Rovewell.

Rove. But I say I will come in, my friend shan't be murder'd amongst you—

Bel. 'Sdeath, Rovewell! what brings you here?

Bove. I have been waiting in a hackney-coach for you these two hours, and split me but I was afraid they had smother'd you between two feather-beds.

Enter Termagant.

Ter. More misfortunes—here comes the watch.

Quid. The best news I ever heard.

Enter Watchman.

Quid. Here, thieves, robbery, murder, I charge 'em both, take 'em directly.

Watch. Stand, and deliver in the king's name, seize 'em, knock 'em down—

Bel. Don't frighten the lady—here's my sword—I surrender.

Rove. You scoundrels—Stand off, rascals—

Watch. Down with him—down with him— [*Fight.*

Enter Razor with the Gazette in his hand—

Raz. What, a fray at my Master Quidnunc's—knock him down—knock him down—

[*Folds up the Gazette, puts himself in a boxing attitude, and fights with the Watchmen.*]

Quid. That's right, that's right—hold him fast.—

[*Watchmen seize Rovewell.*

Rove. You have overpower'd me, you rascals—

Ter. I believe as sure as any thing, as how he's a highwarman, and as how it was he that robb'd the mail.

Quid. What! rob the mail and stop all the news—Search him—search him—he may have the letters belonging to the mail in his pockets now—Ay, here's one letter—"To Mr Abraham Quidnunc."—Let's see what it is—"Your dutiful son, John Quidnunc."

Rove. That's my name, and Rovewell was but assumed.

Quid. What, and am I your father?

Raz. (*Looks at him.*) Oh my dear Sir, (*Embraces him and powders him all over*) 'tis he sure enough—I

remember the mole on his cheek—I shaved his first beard.

Quid. Just returned from the West Indies, I suppose?

Rove. Yes, Sir; the owner of a rich plantation.

Quid. What, by studying politics?

Rove. By a rich planter's widow; and I have now fortune enough to make you happy in your old age.

Raz. And I hope I shall shave him again.

Rove. So thou shalt, honest Razor—In the mean time, let me intreat you bestow my sister upon my friend Belmour here.

Quid. He may take her as soon as he pleases—'twill make an excellent paragraph in the newspapers.

Ter. There, Madam, calcine your person to him.

Quid. What are the Spaniards doing in the bay of Honduras?

Rove. Truce with politics for the present, if you please, Sir.—We'll think of our own affairs first—before we concern ourselves about the balance of power.

Raz. With all my heart; I'm rare happy.

Come, Master Quidrunc, now with news ha' done,
Bless'd in your wealth, your daughter and your son;
May discord cease, faction no more be seen,
Be high and low for country, king, and queen.

L E.

L E T H E

A DRAMATIC SATIRE.

By **DAVID GARRICK, Esq.**

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Æsop</i>	<i>Drury-Lane originally.</i>	<i>Edinburgh, 1782.</i>
<i>Mercury</i>	Mr Branfby.	Mr Mountfort.
<i>Charon</i>	Mr Beard.	Mr Hallion.
<i>Lord Chalkstone</i>	Mr W. Vaughan.	Mr Simpson.
<i>A Fine Gentleman</i>	Mr Garrick.	
<i>Drunken Man</i>	Mr Woodward.	Mr Knight.
<i>Frenchman</i>	Mr Yates.	Mr Woods.
<i>Old Man</i>	Mr Blakes.	Mr Charteris.
† <i>Mr Tatoo</i>	Mr Marr.	Mr Hollingworth.
† <i>Poet</i>		
§ <i>Taylor</i>		Mr Simpson.

WOMEN.

<i>Mrs Riot</i>	Mrs Clive.	Mrs Kuiveton.
† <i>Mrs Tatoo</i>	Miss Minors.	

† *Mr Tatoo*, the *Poet*, and *Mrs Tatoo*, are always omitted in the representation.

§ *The Taylor* is also omitted very often.

SCENE, *A Grove. With a View of the river Lethe.*

CHARON and ÆSOP discovered.

CHARON.

PRITHEE, philosopher, what grand affair is transacting upon earth? There is something of importance going forward, I am sure; for Mercury flew over the Styx this morning, without paying me the usual compliments.

Æs. I'll tell thee, Charon: This is the anniversary of the rape of Proserpine; on which day, for the future,

T. 3.

Pluto.

Pluto has permitted her to demand from him something for the benefit of mankind.

Char. I understand you——his majesty's passion, by a long possession of the lady, is abated; and so, like a mere mortal, he must now flatter her vanity, and sacrifice his power, to atone for deficiencies——But what has our royal mistress proposed in behalf of her favourite mortals?

Æs. As mankind, you know, are ever complaining of their cares, and dissatisfied with their conditions, the generous Proserpine has begg'd of Pluto, that they may have free access to the waters of Lethe, as a sovereign remedy for their complaints——Notice has been already given above, and proclamation made: Mercury is to conduct them to the Styx, you are to ferry 'em over to Elysium, and I am placed here to distribute the waters.

Char. A very pretty employment I shall have of it, truly! If her majesty has often these whims, I must petition the court either to build a bridge over the river, or let me resign my employment. Do their majesties know the difference of weight between souls and bodies? However, I'll obey their commands to the best of my power; I'll row my crazy boat over and meet 'em; but many of them will be relieved from their cares before they reach Lethe.

Æs. How so, Charon?

Char. Why, I shall leave half of 'em in the Styx; and any water is a specific against care, provided it be taken in quantity.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. Away to your boat, Charon; there are some mortals arriv'd, and the females among 'em will be very clamorous if you make 'em wait.

Char. I'll make what haste I can, rather than give those fair creatures a topic for conversation.

[*Noise within, Boat, boat, boat!*]

Coming—coming——Zounds, you are in a plaguy hurry, sure! No wonder these mortal folks have so many complaints, when there's no patience among 'em; if they were dead now, and to be settled here for ever, they'd be damn'd before they'd make such a rout to
come

come over——‘ But care, I suppose, is thirsty; and till
‘ they have drench’d themselves with Lethe, there will
‘ be no quiet among ‘em:’ however, I’ll e’en to work;
and so, friend *Æsop*, and brother *Mercury*, good bye
to ye. *[Exit Charon.]*

Æs. Now to my office of judge and examiner: in
which, to the best of my knowledge, I will act with
impartiality; for I will immediately relieve real objects,
and only divert myself with pretenders.

Mer. ‘ Act as your wisdom directs, and conformable
‘ to your earthly character, and we shall have few mur-
‘ murers.

Æs. I still retain my former sentiments, never to
‘ refuse advice or charity to those that want either;
‘ flattery and rudeness should be equally avoided; folly
‘ and vice should never be spared: and tho’ by acting
‘ thus, you may offend many, yet you will please the
‘ better few; and the approbation of one virtuous mind,
‘ is more valuable than all the noisy applause and un-
‘ certain favours of the great and guilty.’

Mer. Incomparable *Æsop*! both men and gods ad-
mire thee! We must now prepare to receive these mor-
tals; and, lest the solemnity of the place should strike
‘em with too much dread, I’ll raise music shall dispel
their fears, and embolden them to approach.

S O N G.

Ye mortals whom fancies and troubles perplex,
Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest;

Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

II.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
And young ones the rover they cannot regain;
The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy’d,
And Chloe again be with passion enjoy’d:

Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

III.

The wife at one draught may forget all her wants,
Or drench her fond fool, to forget her gallants;

The

The troubled in mind shall go cheerful away,
And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day:

Obeys then the summons, to Lethe repair,

Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Æf. Mercury, Charon has brought over one mortal already; conduct him hither. [*Exit Mercury.*] Now for a large catalogue of complaints, without the acknowledgment of one single vice.—‘Here he comes—’ if one may guess at his cares by his appearance, he really wants the assistance of Lethe.

Enter Poet.

‘*Poet.* Sir, your humble servant—your humble servant—your name is *Æsop*—I know your person intimately, though I never saw you before; and am well acquainted with you, though I never had the honour of your conversation.

‘*Æsop.* You are a dealer in paradoxes, friend.

‘*Poet.* I am a dealer in all parts of speech, and in all the figures of rhetoric—I am a poet, Sir—and to be a poet, and not acquainted with the great *Æsop*, is a greater paradox than—I honour you extremely, Sir; you certainly, of all the writers of antiquity, had the greatest, the sublimest genius, the—

‘*Æf.* Hold, friend, I hate flattery.

‘*Poet.* My own taste exactly, I assure you—Sir, no man loves flattery less than myself.

‘*Æf.* So it appears, Sir, by your being so ready to give it away.

‘*Poet.* You have hit it, Mr *Æsop*, you have hit it—I have given it away indeed: I did not receive one farthing for my last dedication; and yet, would you believe it?—I absolutely gave all the virtues in heav’n to one of the lowest reptiles upon earth.

‘*Æf.* ’Tis hard indeed to do dirty work for nothing.

‘*Poet.* Ay, Sir, to do dirty work, and still be dirty one’s self, is the stone of Sisyphus, and the thirst of Tantalus—You Greek writers, indeed, carried your point by truth and simplicity—They won’t do now-a-days—our patrons must be tickled into generosity—You gain’d the greatest favours, by showing your own merits; we can only gain the smallest, by publishing those

‘ those of other people.—You flourish’d by truth, we
‘ starve by fiction; *tempora mutantur*.

‘ *Æs.* Indeed, friend, if we may guess by your pre-
‘ sent plight, you have prostituted your talents to very
‘ little purpose.

‘ *Poet.* To very little, upon my word—but they shall
‘ find that I can open another vein—Satire is the
‘ fashion, and satire they shall have—Let ’em look to
‘ it; I can be sharp as well as sweet—I can scourge as
‘ well as tickle—I can bite as—

‘ *Æs.* You can do any thing, no doubt. But to the
‘ business of this visit, for I expect a great deal of com-
‘ pany—what are your troubles, Sir?

‘ *Hoet.* Why, Mr *Æsop*, I am troubled with an odd
‘ kind of disorder—I have a sort of a whistling—a sing-
‘ ing—a whizzing, as it were, in my head, which I
‘ cannot get rid of—

‘ *Æs.* Our waters give no relief to bodily disorders;
‘ they only affect the memory.

‘ *Poet.* From whence all my disorders proceed—
‘ I’ll tell you my case, Sir—You must know, I wrote
‘ a play some time ago; presented a dedication of it to
‘ a certain young nobleman—He approv’d and accepted
‘ of it; but before I could taste his bounty, my piece
‘ was unfortunately damn’d.—I lost my benefit: nor
‘ could I have recourse to my patron; for I was told that
‘ his lordship play’d the best catcall the first night, and
‘ was the merriest person in the whole audience.

‘ *Æs.* Pray, what do you call damning a play?

‘ *Poet.* You cannot possibly be ignorant what it is to
‘ be damn’d, Mr *Æsop*?

‘ *Æs.* Indeed I am, Sir—We had no such thing
‘ among the Greeks.

‘ *Poet.* No, Sir!—No wonder then that you Greeks
‘ were such fine writers—It is impossible to be descri-
‘ bed, or truly felt, but by the author himself—If
‘ you could but get a leave of absence from this world
‘ for a few hours, you might perhaps have an opportu-
‘ nity of seeing it yourself—There is a sort of a new
‘ piece comes upon our stage this very night, and I am
‘ pretty sure it will meet with its deserts; at least it shall

‘ not

‘ not want my helping hand, rather than you should be disappointed of satisfying your curiosity.

‘ *Æf.* You are very obliging, Sir—But to your own misfortunes, if you please.

‘ *Poet.* Envy, malice, and party, destroy’d me—You must know, Sir, I was a great damner myself before I was damn’d—So the frolics of my youth were return’d to me with double interest from my brother authors—But to say the truth, my performance was terribly handled before it appear’d in public.

‘ *Æf.* How so, pray?

‘ *Poet.* Why, Sir, some squeamish friends of mine prun’d it of all the badwy and immorality; the actors did not speak a line of the sense or sentiment; and the manager (who writes himself) struck out all the wit and humour, in order to lower my performance to a level with his own.

‘ *Æf.* Now, Sir, I am acquainted with your case, what have you to propose?

‘ *Poet.* Notwithstanding the success of my first play, I am strongly persuaded, that my next may defy the severity of critics, the sneer of wits, and the malice of authors.

‘ *Æf.* What! have you been hardy enough to attempt another?

‘ *Poet.* I must eat, Sir—I must live—but when I sit down to write, and am glowing with the heat of my imagination, then—this damn’d whistling—or whizzing in my head, that I told you of, so disorders me, that I grow giddy—In short, Sir, I am haunted, as it were, with the ghost of my deceas’d play; and its dying groans are for ever in my ears—Now, Sir, if you will give me but a draught of Lethe, to forget this unfortunate performance, it will be of more real service to me than all the waters of Helicon.

‘ *Æf.* I doubt, friend, you cannot possibly write better, by merely forgetting that you have written before: besides, if, when you drink to the forgetfulness of your own works, you should unluckily forget those of other people too, your next piece will certainly be the worse for it.

‘ *Poet.*

‘ *Poet.* You are certainly in the right—What then would you advise me to!

‘ *Æf.* Suppose you could prevail upon the audience to drink the water; their forgetting your former work might be of no small advantage to your future productions.

‘ *Poet.* Ah, Sir! if I could but do that—but I am afraid—Lethe will never go down with the audience.

‘ *Æf.* Well, since you are bent upon it, I shall indulge you—If you please to walk in that grove, (which will afford you many subjects for your poetical contemplation), till I have examined the rest, I will dismiss you in your turn.

‘ *Poet.* And I in return, Sir, will let the world know, in a preface to my next piece, that your politeness is equal to your sagacity, and that you are as much the fine gentleman as the philosopher.

‘ [*Exit Poet.*

‘ *Æf.* Oh, your servant, Sir’—In the name of misery and mortality, what have we here!

Enter an Old Man, supported by a Servant.

O. Man. Oh la! oh, blest me! I shall never recover the fatigue—Ha! what are you, friend? are you the famous *Æsop*? And are you so kind, so very good, to give people the water of forgetfulness for nothing?

Æf. I am that person, Sir: but you seem to have no need of my waters; for you must have already outliv’d your memory.

O. Man. My memory is indeed impair’d, it is not so good as it was; but still it is better than I wish it, at least in regard to one circumstance: there is one thing which sits very heavy at my heart, and which I would willingly forget.

Æf. What is it, pray?

O. Man. Oh la!—oh!—I am horribly fatigued—I am an old man, Sir, turn’d of ninety—We are all mortal, you know; so I would fain forget, if you please,—that I am to die.

Æf. My good friend, you have mistaken the virtue of the waters: they can cause you to forget only what is past; but if this was in their power, you would surely be your own enemy, in desiring to forget what ought
to

to be the only comfort of one so poor and wretched as you seem. What, I suppose now you have left some dear loving wife behind, that you can't bear to think of parting with?

O. Man. No, no, no! I have buried my wife, and forgot her long ago.

Æf. What, have you children then, whom you are unwilling to leave behind you?

O. Man. No, no, no; I have no children at present—hugh—I don't know what I may have.

Æf. Is there any relation or friend, the loss of whom—

O. Man. No, no: I have outlived all my relations; and as for friends—I have none to lose—

Æf. What can be the reason then, that, in all this apparent misery, you are so afraid of death, which would be your only cure?

O. Man. Oh Lord!—I have one friend, and a true friend indeed, the only friend in whom a wise man places any confidence—I have—get a little farther off, John—[*Servant retires*].—I have, to say the truth, a little money—It is that indeed which causes all my uneasiness.

Æf. Thou never spok'st a truer word in thy life, old gentleman—[*Aside.*].—But I can cure you of your uneasiness immediately.

O. Man. Shall I forget then that I am to die, and leave my money behind me?

Æf. No—but you shall forget that you have it—which will do altogether as well—One large draught of Lethe, to the forgetfulness of your money, will restore you to perfect ease of mind; and as for your bodily pains, no water can relieve them.

O. Man. What does he say, John—eh?—I am hard of hearing.

John. He advises your worship to drink to forget your money.

O. Man. What!—what!—will his drink get me money, does he say?

Æf. No, Sir, the waters are of a wholsomer nature;—for they'll teach you to forget your money.

O. Man. Will they so?—Come, come, John, we are

are got to the wrong place——The poor old fool here does not know what he says——Let us go back again, John——I'll drink none of your waters; not I——Forget my money! Come along, John. [*Exeunt.*]

Æs. Was there ever such a wretch! If these are the cares of mortals, the waters of oblivion cannot cure them.

Re-enter Old Man and Servant.

O. Man. Look ye, Sir, I am come a great way, and am loth to refuse favours that cost nothing——so I don't care if I drink a little of your waters——Let me see——ay—I'll drink to forget how I got my money——and my servant there, he shall drink a little, to forget that I have any money at all——And, d'ye hear, John,—take a hearty draught. If my money must be forgot, why e'en let him forget it.

Æs. Well, friend, it shall be as you wou'd have it——You'll find a seat in that grove yonder, where you may rest yourself till the waters are distributed.

O. Man. I hope it won't be long, Sir; for thieves are busy now—and I have an iron chest in the other world, that I shou'd be sorry any one peep'd into but myself——So pray be quick, Sir. [*Exeunt.*]

Æs. Patience, patience, old gentleman——But here comes something tripping this way, that seems to be neither man nor woman, and yet an odd mixture of both.

Enter a Fine Gentleman.

F. Gent. Harkee, old friend, do you stand drawer here?

Æs. Drawer, young fop! Do you know where you are, and whom you talk to?

F. Gent. Not I, dem me! But 'tis a rule with me, wherever I am, or whosoever I am with, to be always easy and familiar.

Æs. Then let me advise you, young gentleman, to drink the waters, and forget that ease and familiarity.

F. Gent. Why so, daddy? would you not have me well-bred?

Æs. Yes; but you may not always meet with people so polite as yourself, or so passive as I am; and if what you call breeding shou'd be constru'd impertinence, you

may have a return of familiarity may make you repent your education as long as you live.

F. Gent. Well said, old dry beard! egad you have a smattering of an odd kind of a sort of a humour: but come, come, prithee give me a glass of your waters, and keep your advice to yourself.

Æf. I must first be informed, Sir, for what purpose you drink 'em.

F. Gent. You must know, philosopher, I want to forget two qualities——my *modesty* and my *good-nature*.

Æf. Your modesty and good-nature!

F. Gent. Yes, Sir—I have such a consummate modesty, that when a fine woman (which is often the case) yields to my addresses, egad I run away from her; and I am so very good-natured, that when a man affronts me, egad I run away too.

Æf. As for your modesty, Sir, I am afraid you are come to the wrong waters;—and if you would take a large cup to the forgetfulness of your fears, your good-nature, I believe, will trouble you no more.

F. Gent. And this is your advice, my dear, eh?

Æf. My advice, Sir, would go a great deal farther—I should advise you to drink to the forgetfulness of every thing you know.

F. Gent. The devil you would! then I shou'd have travell'd to a fine purpose, truly: You don't imagine, perhaps, that I have been three years abroad, and have made the tour of Europe?

Æf. Yes, Sir, I guess'd you had travell'd, by your dress and conversation: But pray (with submission) what valuable improvements have you made in these travels?

F. Gent. Sir, I learnt drinking in Germany; music and painting in Italy; dancing, gaming, and some other amusements, at Paris; and in Holland—faith nothing at all. I brought over with me the best collection of Venetian ballads, two eunuchs, a French dancer, and a monkey, with tooth-picks, pictures, and burlettas—In short, I have skim'd the cream of every nation, and have the consolation to declare, I never was in any country in my life, but I had taste enough thoroughly to despise my own.

Æf.

Æf. Your country is greatly oblig'd to you—But if you are settled in it now, how can your taste and delicacy endure it?

F. Gent. Faith, my existence is merely supported by amusements: I dress, visit, study taste, and write sonnets; by birth, travel, education, and natural abilities, I am intitled to lead the fashion; I am principal connoisseur at all auctions, chief arbiter at assemblies, professed critic at the theatres, and a fine gentleman—every where—

Æf. Critic, Sir! pray, what's that?

F. Gent. The delight of the ingenious, the terror of poets, the scourge of players, and the aversion of the vulgar.

Æf. Pray, Sir, (for I fancy your life must be somewhat particular), how do you pass your time? the day, for instance?

F. Gent. I lie in bed all day, Sir.

Æf. How do you spend your evenings then?

F. Gent. I dress in the evening, and go generally behind the scenes of both playhouses; not, you may imagine, to be diverted with the play, but to intrigue, and show myself.—I stand upon the stage, talk loud, and stare about—which confounds the actors, and disturbs the audience: upon which the galleries, who hate the appearance of one of us, begin to *hiss*, and cry *off, off*; while I, undaunted, stamp my foot so—loll with my shoulder thus—take snuff with my right hand, and smile scornfully—thus—This exasperates the savages, and they attack us with volleys of suck'd oranges and half-eaten pippens—

Æf. And you retire?

F. Gent. Without doubt, if I am sober—for orange will stain silk, and an apple may disfigure a feature.

Æf. I am afraid, Sir, for all this, that you are oblig'd to your own imagination for more than three-fourths of your importance.

F. Gent. Damn the old prig, I'll bully him. [*Aside.*] Lookee, old philosopher, I find you have pass'd your time so long in gloom and ignorance below here, that our notions above-stairs are too refined for you; so, as we are not likely to agree, I shall cut matters very short

with you——Bottle me off the waters I want, or you shall be convinc'd that I have courage, in the drawing of a cork——Dispatch me instantly, or I shall make bold to throw you into the river, and help myself——What say you to that now, eh?

Æf. Very civil and concise! I have no great inclination to put your manhood to the trial; so if you will be pleas'd to walk in the grove there 'till I have examined some I see coming, we'll compromise the affair between us.

F. Gent. Your's, as you behave—*au revoir!*

[*Exit Fine Gent.*

Enter Mr Bowman (hastily.)

Bow. Is your name *Æsop*?

Æf. It is, Sir——Your commands with me?

Bow. My Lord Chalkstone, to whom I have the honour to be a friend and companion, has sent me before, to know if you are at leisure to receive his Lordship.

Æf. I am placed here on purpose to receive every mortal that attends our summons——

Bow. My lord is not of the common race of mortals, I assure you; and you must look upon this visit as a particular honour; for he is so much afflicted with the gout and rheumatism, that we had much ado to get him across the river.

Æf. His lordship has certainly some pressing occasion for the waters, that he endures such inconveniences to get at them.

Bow. No occasion at all——His legs indeed fail him a little, but his heart is as sound as ever——Nothing can hurt his spirits; ill or well, his lordship is always the best company, and the merriest in his family.

Æf. I have very little time for mirth and good company; but I'll lessen the fatigue of his journey, and meet him half way.

Bow. His lordship is here already——There's a spirit, Mr *Æsop*!—there's a great man!—See how superior he is to his infirmities: such a soul ought to have a better body.

Enter Mercury with Lord Chalkstone.

L. Chalk. Not so fast, monsieur Mercury—you are a little little

little too nimble for me. Well, Bowman, have you found the philosopher?

Bow. This is he, my lord, and ready to receive your commands.

L. Chalk. Ha, ha, ha! There he is perfect!—*toujours le meme!*—[*Looking at him through a glass.*]—I should have known him at a mile's distance—a most noble personage indeed!—and truly Greek from top to toe.—Most venerable *Æsop*, I am, in this world and the other, above and below, your's most sincerely.

Æs. I am your's, my lord, as sincerely; and I wish it was in my power to relieve your misfortune.

L. Chalk. Misfortune!—what misfortune?—I am neither a porter nor a chairman, Mr *Æsop*—My legs can bear my body to my friends and my bottle: I want no more with them; the gout is welcome to the rest—eh, Bowman?

Bow. Your lordship is in fine spirits.

Æs. Does not your Lordship go through a great deal of pain?

L. Chalk. Pain? Ay, and pleasure too—eh, Bowman?—When I'm in pain, I curse and swear it away again; and the moment it is gone, I lose no time; I drink the same wines, eat the same dishes, keep the same hours, the same company; and notwithstanding the gravity of my wise doctors, I would not abstain from French wines and French cookery, to save the souls and bodies of the whole college of physicians.

Æs. My lord has fine spirits indeed! [To Bowman.]

L. Chalk. You don't imagine, philosopher, that I have hobbled here with a bundle of complaints at my back. My legs, indeed, are something the worse for wear: but your waters, I suppose, cannot change or make 'em better; for if they could, you certainly would have tried the virtues of 'em upon your own—eh, Bowman? ha, ha, ha!

Bow. Bravo, my lord, bravo!

Æs. My imperfections are from head to foot, as well as your lordship's.

L. Chalk. I beg your pardon there, Sir: though my body's impair'd—my head is as good as ever it was; and as a proof of this, I'll lay you a hundred guineas—

Æf. Does your lordship propose a wager as a proof of the goodness of your head?

L. Chalk. And why not?—Wagers are now-a-days the only proofs and arguments that are made use of by people of fashion. All disputes about politics, operas, trade, gaming, horse-racing, or religion, are determined now by *six to four*, and *two to one*; and persons of quality are by this method most agreeably releas'd from the hardship of thinking or reasoning upon any subject.

Æf. Very convenient truly!

L. Chalk. Convenient! aye, and moral too—This invention of betting, unknown to you Greeks, among many other virtues, prevents bloodshed, and preserves family-affections—

Æf. Prevents bloodshed!

L. Chalk. I'll tell ye how—When gentlemen quarrelled heretofore, what did they do?—they drew their swords—I have been run through the body myself; but no matter for that—What do they do now?—they draw their purses—before the lie can be given, a wager is laid; and so, instead of resenting, we pocket our affronts.

Æf. Most casuistically argued indeed, my Lord; but how can it preserve family-affections?

L. Chalk. I'll tell you that too—An old woman you'll allow, Mr *Æsop*, at all times to be but a bad thing—What say you, Bowman?

Bow. A very bad thing indeed, my lord.

L. Chalk. Ergo, an old woman, with a good constitution, and a damn'd large jointure upon your estate, is the devil—My mother was the very thing—and yet from the moment I pitted her, I never once wish'd her dead, but was really uneasy when she tumbled down stairs, and did not speak a single word for a whole fortnight.

Æf. Affectionate indeed!—But what does your lordship mean by *pitted* her?

L. Chalk. 'Tis a term of ours upon these occasions—I back'd her life against two old countesses, an aunt of Sir Harry Rattle's that was troubled with an asthma, my fat landlady at Salt-hill, and the mad woman at Tunbridge, at five hundred each *per annum*: She out-

liv'd!

liv'd 'em all but the last ; by which means I hedg'd off a damn'd jointure, made her life an advantage to me, and so continued my filial affections to her last moments.

Æf. I am fully satisfied—and in return, your Lordship may command me.

L. Chalk. None of your waters for me; damn 'em all; I never drink any but at Bath—I came merely for a little conversation with you, and to see your Elysian fields here—[*Looking about through his glass*] which by the bye, Mr *Æsop*, are laid out most detestably—No taste, no fancy in the whole world!—Your river there—what d'ye call—

Æf. Styx—

L. Chalk. Ay, Styx—Why, 'tis as strait as Fleet-ditch—You should have given it a serpentine sweep, and sloped the banks of it—The place, indeed, has very fine capabilities; but you should clear the wood to the left, and clump the trees upon the right. In short, the whole wants variety, extent, contrast, and inequality—[*Going towards the Orchestra, stops suddenly, and looks into the Pit.*] Upon my word, here's a very fine *bab-bab!* and a most curious collection of ever-greens and flow'ring shrubs—

Æf. We let nature take her course; our chief entertainment is contemplation, which I suppose is not allowed to interrupt your lordship's pleasures.

L. Chalk. I beg your pardon there—No man has ever studied or drank harder than I have—except my chaplain; and I'll match my library and cellar against any nobleman's in Christendom—Shan't I, Bowman, eh?—

Bow. That you may indeed, my lord; and I'll go your lordship's halves, ha, ha, ha!

Æf. If your lordship would apply more to the first, and drink our waters to forget the last—

L. Chalk. What, relinquish my bottle! What the devil shall I do to kill time then?

Æf. Has your lordship no wife or children to entertain you?

L. Chalk. Children! not I, faith—My wife has, for ought I know—I have not seen her these seven years—

Æf. You surprise me!

L.

L. Chalk. 'Tis the way of the world, for all that—I married for a fortune; she for a title. When we both had got what we wanted, the sooner we parted the better—We did so; and are now waiting for the happy moment, that will give to one of us the liberty of playing the same farce over again—Eh, Bowman!

Bow. Good, good! you have puzzled the philosopher.

Æf. The Greeks esteem'd matrimonial happiness their *summum bonum*.

L. Chalk. More fools they! 'tis not the only thing they were mistaken in—My brother Dick, indeed, married for love; and he and his wife have been fattening these five and twenty years upon their *summum bonum*, as you call it—they have had a dozen and half of children, and may have half-a-dozen more, if an apoplexy don't step in and interrupt their *summum bonum*—Eh, Bowman? ha, ha, ha!

Bow. Your lordship never said a better thing in your life.

L. Chalk. 'Tis lucky for the nation, to be sure, that there are people who breed, and are fond of one another—One man of elegant notions is sufficient in a family; for which reason I have bred up Dick's eldest son myself; and a fine gentleman he is—is not he, Bowman?—

Bow. A very fine gentleman indeed, my lord.

L. Chalk. And as for the rest of the litter, they may fondle and fatten upon *summum bonum*, as their loving parents have done before 'em.

Bow. Look there, my lord—I'll be hang'd if that is not your lordship's nephew in the grove.

Æf. I dare swear it is. He has been here just now, and has entertained me with his elegant notions.

L. Chalk. Let us go to him: I'll lay six to four that he has been gallanting with some of the beauties of antiquity—Helen or Cleopatra, I warrant you—Egad, let Lucretia take care of herself; she'll catch a Tarquin, I can tell her that—He is his uncle's own nephew, ha, ha, ha!—Egad, I find myself in spirits; I'll go and coquet a little myself with them—Bowman, lend me your arm; and you, William, hold me up a little—

[*Will.*

[*William treads upon his toes.*]—Ho—damn the fellow, he always treads upon my toes—Eugh—I shan't be able to gallant it this half hour—Well, dear philosopher,—dispose of your water to those that want it—There is no one action of my life, or qualification of my mind and body, that is a burden to me : and there is nothing in your world, or in ours, I have to wish for, unless that you could rid me of my wife, and furnish me with a better pair of legs—Eh, Bowman?—Come along, come along.

Bow. Game to the last, my lord.

[*Exeunt Lord Chalk. and Bowman.*]

Æf. How flattering is folly ! His lordship here, supported only by vanity, vivacity, and his friend Mr Bowman, can fancy himself the wisest, and is the happiest of mortals.

‘ *Enter Mr and Mrs Tatoo.*

‘ *Mrs Tat.* Why don't you come along, Mr Tatoo ?
‘ what the deuce are you afraid of ?

‘ *Æf.* Don't be angry, young lady ; the gentleman
‘ is your husband, I suppose.

‘ *Mrs Tat.* How do you know that, eh ? What,
‘ you an't all conjurers in this world, are you ?

‘ *Æf.* Your behaviour to him is a sufficient proof of
‘ his condition, without the gift of conjuration.

‘ *Mrs Tat.* Why, I was as free with him before
‘ marriage as I am now ; I never was coy or prudish in
‘ my life.

‘ *Æf.* I believe you, Madam ; pray, how long have
‘ you been married ? You seem to be very young,
‘ lady.

‘ *Mrs Tat.* I am old enough for a husband, and have
‘ been married long enough to be tired of one.

‘ *Æf.* How long, pray ?

‘ *Mrs Tat.* Why, above three months : I married Mr
‘ Tatoo without my guardian's consent.

‘ *Æf.* If you married him with your own consent, I
‘ think you might continue your affection a little longer.

‘ *Mrs Tat.* What signifies what you think, if I don't
‘ think so ?—We are quite tired of one another, and
‘ are come to drink some of your Le— Lethaly—

‘ Le-

‘ Lethily, I think they call it, to forget one another, and be unmarried again.

‘ *Æf.* The waters can’t divorce you, Madam; and you may easily forget him without the assistance of Lethe.

‘ *Mrs Tat.* Ay! how so?

‘ *Æf.* By remembering continually he is your husband: there are several ladies have no other receipt—But what does the gentleman say to this?

‘ *Mrs Tat.* What signifies what he says? I an’t so young and so foolish as that comes to, to be directed by my husband, or to care what either he says or you say.

‘ *Mr Tat.* Sir, I was a drummer in a marching regiment when I ran away with that young lady—I immediately bought out of the corps, and thought myself made for ever; little imagining that a poor vain fellow was purchasing fortune at the expence of his happiness.

‘ *Æf.* ’Tis even so, friend; fortune and felicity are as often at variance as man and wife.

‘ *Mr Tat.* I found it so, Sir—This high life (as I thought it) did not agree with me; I have not laugh’d, and scarcely slept, since my advancement; and unless your worship can alter her notions, I must e’en quit the blessings of a fine lady and her portion, and, for content, have recourse to eightpence a-day and my drum again.

‘ *Æf.* Pray, who has advis’d you to a separation?

‘ *Mrs Tat.* Several young ladies of my acquaintance; who tell me, they are not angry at me for marrying him, but being fond of him I have married him; and they say I should be as complete a fine lady as any of ’em, if I would but procure a separate divorcement.

‘ *Æf.* Pray, Madam, will you let me know what you call a fine lady?

‘ *Mrs Tat.* Why, a fine lady, and a fine gentleman, are two of the finest things upon earth.

‘ *Æf.* I have just now had the honour of knowing what a fine gentleman is; so, pray, confine yourself to the lady.

‘ *Mrs Tat.* A fine lady, before marriage, lives with her

her papa and mamma, who breed her up till she learns to despise 'em, and resolves to do nothing they bid her; this makes her such a prodigious favourite, that she wants for nothing.

Æf. So, lady.

Mrs Tat. When once she is her own mistress, then comes the pleasure! —

Æf. Pray let us hear.

Mrs Tat. She lies in bed all morning, rattles about all day, and sits up all night; she goes every where, and sees every thing; knows every body, and loves no body; ridicules her friends, coquets with her lovers, sets 'em together by the ears, tells fibs, makes mischief, buys china, cheats at cards, keeps a pug-dog, and hates the parson; she laughs much, talks loud, never blushes, says what she will, does what she will, goes where she will, marries whom she pleases, hates her husband in a month, breaks his heart in four, becomes a widow, slips from her gallants, and begins the world again — There's a life for you; what do you think of a fine lady now?

Æf. As I expected. — You are very young, lady; and, if you are not very careful, your natural propensity to noise and affectation will run you headlong in to folly, extravagance, and repentance.

Mrs Tat. What would you have me do?

Æf. Drink a large quantity of Lethe to the loss of your acquaintance; and do you, Sir, drink another to forget this false step of your wife; for whilst you remember her folly, you can never thoroughly regard her: and whilst you keep good company, lady, as you call it, and follow their example, you can never have a just regard for your husband; so both drink and be happy.

Mrs Tat. Well, give it me whilst I am in humour, or I shall certainly change my mind again.

Æf. Be patient till the rest of the company drink, and divert yourself in the mean time with walking in the grove.

Mrs Tat. Well, come along, husband, and keep me in humour, or I shall beat you such an alarum as you never beat in all your life. [*Ex. Mr and Mrs Tatoo.*]

Enter

Enter Frenchman, (singing.)

French. Monsieur, votre serviteur—pourquoi ne respondes vous pas?—Je dis que je suis votre serviteur—

Æs. I don't understand you, Sir—

French. Ah le barbare! il ne parle pas François—
Vat, Sir, you no speak de French tongue?

Æs. No really, Sir, I am not so polite.

French. En verite, Monsieur *Æsop*, you have not much politesse, if one may judge by your figure and appearance.

Æs. Nor you much wisdom, if one may judge of your head by the ornaments about it.

French. Qu'est cela donc? Vat you mean to front a man, Sir?

Æs. No, Sir, 'tis to you I am speaking.

French. Vel, Sir, I not a man! vat is you take me for? vat I beast? vat I horse? parbleu!

Æs. If you insist upon it, Sir, I would advise you to lay aside your wings and tail, for they undoubtedly eclipse your manhood.

French. Upon my vard, Sir, if you treat a gentleman of my rank and qualité comme ça, depend upon it I shall be a litel en cavalier vit you.

Æs. Pray, Sir, of what rank and quality are you?

French. Sir, I am a marquis François; j'entends les beaux arts, Sir; I have been an avanturier all over the varld, and am a present en Angleterre, in England, vere I am more honoré and caress den ever I vas in my own countrie, or inteed any vere else—

Æs. And pray, Sir, what is your business in England?

French. I am arrivè dere, Sir, pour polir la nation—de Inglis, Sir, have too much-a lead in deir heels, and too much-a tought in deir head; so, Sir, if I can lighten bote, I shall make dem tout-a-fait François, and quite anoder ting.

Æs. And pray, Sir, in what particular accomplishments does your merit consist?

French. Sir, I speak de French, j'ai bonne adresse, I dance un minuet, I sing des litel chansons, and I have—une tolerable assurance: En fin, Sir, my merit consist in one vard—I am foreignere—and entre nous—vile
de

de Inglis be so great a fool to love de foreigñere better dan demselves, de foreigñere would still be more great a fool, did dey not leave deir own counterie, vere dey have noting at all, and come to Inglande, vere dey want for noting at all, pardie—Cela n'est il pas vrai, Monsieur Æsop?

Æs. Well, Sir, what is your business with me?

French. Attendez un peu, you shall hear, Sir—I am in love vit de grand fortune of one Inglis lady; and de lady, she be in love with my qualité and bagatelles. Now, Sir, me want twenty or tirty douzains of your vaters, for fear I be ohlige to leave Inglande, before I have fini dis grande affaire.

Æs. Twenty or thirty dozen! for what?

French. For my creditours; to make 'em forget de vay to my logement, and no trouble me for de future.

Æs. What; have you so many creditors!

French. So many! begar I have 'em dans tous les quartiers de la ville, in all parts of the town, fait—

Æs. Wonderful and surprising!

French. Vonderful! vat is vonderful—dat I should borrow money?

Æs. No, Sir, that any body should lend it you—

French. En verite vous vous trompez; you do mistake it, mon ami: If fortune give me no money, nature gives me des talens; j'ai des talens, Monsieur Æsop, vech are de same ting—Par exemple: de Inglifman have de money, I have de flatterie and bonne adresse; and a little of dat from a French tongue is very good credit and securité for tousand pound—Eh bien donc! sal I have dis twenty or tirty douzaines of your vater? Ouy, ou non?

Æs. 'Tis impossible, Sir.

French. Impossible! pourquoi donc? vy not?

Æs. Because, if every fine gentleman, who owes money, should make the same demand, we should have no water left for our other customers.

French. Que voulez vous que je fasse donc? Vat must I do den, Sir?

Æs. Marry the lady as soon as you can, pay your debts with part of her portion, drink the water to forget your

extravagance, retire with her to your own country, and be a better œconomist for the future.

French. Go to my own conterie!—Je vous demande pardon, I had much rather stay where I am;—I cannot go there, upon my word—

Æs. Why not, my friend!

French. Entre nous, I had much rather pass for one French marquis in England, keep bonne compagnie, manger des delicatesses, and do nothing at all, than keep a shop in Provence, couper and frisser les cheveux, and live upon soupe and fallade de rest of my life—

Æs. I cannot blame you for your choice; and if other people are so blind not to distinguish the barber from the fine gentleman, their folly must be their punishment—and you shall take the benefit of the water with them.

French. Monsieur *Æsop*, sans flatterie ou compliments, I am your very humble serviteur—Jean Frisson en Provence, ou le marquis de Pouville en Angleterre.

[*Exit Frenchman.*]

Æs. Shield me and defend me! a fine lady!

Enter Mrs Riot.

Mrs Riot. A monster! a filthy brute! Your watermen are as unpolite upon the Styx, as upon the Thames—Stow a lady of fashion with tradesmen's wives and mechanics—Ah! what's this? Serbeerus, or Plutus! (*seeing Æsop.*) Am I to be frightened with all the monsters of this internal world!

Æs. What is the matter, lady?

Mrs Riot. Every thing is the matter; my spirits are uncompos'd, and every circumstance about me in a perfect dilemma.

Æs. What has disorder'd you thus?

Mrs Riot. Your filthy boatman, Scaron, there.

Æs. Charon, lady, you mean.

Mrs Riot. And who are you, you ugly creature you? if I see any more of you, I shall die with temerity.

Æs. The wise think me handsome, Madam.

Mrs Riot. I hate the wise: But, who are you?

Æs. I am *Æsop*, Madam, honour'd this day by *Proserpine* with the distribution of the waters of *Lethe*; command me.

Mrs

Mrs Riot. Show me to the pump-room, then, fellow—Where's the company?—I die in solitude.

Æf. What company?

Mrs Riot. The best company; people of fashion! the beau monde! Show me to none of your gloomy souls, who wander about in your groves and streams—show me to glittering balls, enchanting masquerades, ravishing operas, and all the polite enjoyments of Elyfian.

Æf. This is a language unknown to me, lady—No such fine doings here, and very little good company (as you call it) in Elyfium—

Mrs Riot. What! no operas? eh! no Elyfian then? [*Sings fantastically in Italian.*] ‘Sfortunato Monticelli! banish’d Elyfian, as well as the Hay-Market!’ Your taste here, I suppose, rises no higher than your Shakespeares and your Johnsons; oh you Goats and Vandils! In the name of barbarity, take ‘em to yourselves; we are tir’d of ‘em upon earth—One goes indeed to a playhouse sometimes, because one does not know how else one can kill one’s time—Every body goes, because—because—all the world’s there—but for my part—Call Scarroon, and let him take me back again, I’ll stay no longer here—Stupid immortals!

Æf. You are a happy woman, that have neither cares nor follies to disturb you.

Mrs Riot. Cares! ha, ha, ha! Nay, now I must laugh in your ugly face, my dear: What cares, does your wisdom think, can enter into the circle of a fine lady’s enjoyments?

Æf. By the account I have just heard of a fine lady’s life, her very pleasures are both follies and cares; so drink the water, and forget them, Madam.

Mrs Riot. Oh gad! that was so like my husband now—Forget my follies! forget the fashion! forget my being, the very quincetence and emptiness of a fine lady! the fellow would make me as great a brute as my husband.

Æf. You have a husband then, Madam?

Mrs Riot. Yes—I think so—a husband and no husband—Come, fetch me some of your water; if I must forget something, I had as good forget him, for he’s grown insufferable o’ late.

Æf. I thought, Madam, you had nothing to complain of—

Mrs Riot. One's husband, you know, is almost next to nothing.

Æf. How has he offended you?

Mrs Riot. The man talks of nothing but his money, and my extravagance—won't remove out of the filthy city, tho' he knows I die for the other end of the town; nor leave off his nasty merchandizing, tho' I've labour'd to convince him he loses money by it. The man was once tolerable enough, and let me have money when I wanted it: but now, he's never out of a tavern; and is grown so valiant, that, do you know—he has presum'd to contradict me, and refuse me money upon every occasion.

Æf. And all this without any provocation on your side?

Mrs Riot. Laud! how should I provoke him? I seldom see him, very seldom speak to the creature, unless I want money; besides, he's out all day—

Æf. And you all night, Madam: Is it not so?

Mrs Riot. I keep the best company, Sir, and daylight is no agreeable sight to a polite assembly: the sun is very well and comfortable, to be sure, for the lower part of the creation; but to ladies who have a true taste of pleasure, wax-candles, or no candles, are preferable to all the sun-beams in the universe—

Æf. Preposterous fancy!

Mrs Riot. And so, most delicate sweet Sir, you don't approve my scheme; ha, ha, ha!—Oh you ugly devil you! have you the vanity to imagine people of fashion will mind what you say? Or that to learn politeness and breeding, it is necessary to take a lesson of morality out of *Æsop's Fables*—Ha! ha! ha!

Æf. It is necessary to get a little reflection somewhere; when these spirits leave you, and your senses are surfeited, what must be the consequence?—

Mrs Riot. Oh, I have the best receipt in the world for the vapours; and lest the poison of your precepts should taint my vivacity, I must beg leave to take it now by way of anecdote.

Æf. Oh, by all means—Ignorance and vanity!

Mrs

Mrs Riot. (Drawing out a card.) Lady Rantan's compliments to Mrs Riot.

S O N G.

The card invites, in crowds we fly,
To join the jovial rout, full cry;
What joy, from cares and plagues all day,
To hie to the midnight hark-away!

II.

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
Nor dronish husbands, enter there;
The brisk, the bold, the young, and gay,
All hie to the midnight hark-away.

III.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
And drowfy watchmen idly knock;
Till day-light peeps, we sport and play,
And roar to the jolly hark-away.

IV.

When tir'd with sport, to bed we creep,
And kill the tedious day with sleep;
To-morrow's welcome call obey,
And again to the midnight hark-away.

There's a life for you, you old fright! so trouble your head no more about your betters—I am so perfectly satisfied with myself, that I will not alter an atom of me, for all you can say; so you may bottle up your philosophical waters for your own use, or for the fools that want 'em—Gad's my life! there's Billy Butterfly in the grove—I must go to him—we shall so rally your wisdom between us—ha, ha, ha, ha.

The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the midnight hark-away.

[*Exit singing.*]

Æf. Unhappy woman! nothing can retrieve her; when the head has once a wrong bias, 'tis ever obstinate in proportion to its weakness: But here comes one who has no occasion for Lethe to make him more happy than he is.

Enter Drunken Man and Taylor.

D. Man. Come along, neighbour Snip, come along, taylor; don't be afraid of hell before you die, you sniy'ling dog you.

Tayl. For heaven's sake, Mr Riot, don't be so boisterous with me, lest we should offend the powers below.

Æf. What in the name of ridicule have we here!—So, Sir, what are you?

D. Man. Drunk—very drunk, at your service.

Æf. That's a piece of information I did not want.

D. Man. And yet it's all the information I can give you.

Æf. Pray, Sir, what brought you hither?

D. Man. Curiosity, and a hackney-coach.

Æf. I mean, Sir, have you any occasion for my waters?

D. Man. Yes, great occasion; if you'll do me the favour to qualify them with some good arrack and orange-juice.

Æf. Sir!

D. Man. Sir!—Don't stare so, old gentleman—let us have a little conversation with you.

Æf. I would know if you have any thing oppresses your mind and makes you unhappy.

D. Man. You are certainly a very great fool, old gentleman; did you ever know a man drunk and unhappy at the same time?

Æf. Never otherwise; for a man who has lost his senses—

D. Man. Has lost the most troublesome companions in the world, next to wives and bum-bailiffs.

Æf. But, pray, what is your business with me?

D. Man. Only to demonstrate to you that you are an ass—

Æf. Your humble servant.

D. Man. And to show you, that whilst I can get such liquor as I have been drinking all night, I shall never come for your water-specifics against care and tribulation: However, old gentleman, if you'll do one thing for me, I shan't think my time and conversation thrown away upon you.

Æf. Any thing in my power.

D. Man. Why, then, here's a small matter for you; and, do you hear me, get me one of the best whores in your territories.

Æf.

Æs. What do you mean?

D. Man. To refresh myself in the shades here after my journey—Suppose now you introduce me to Proserpine; who knows how far my figure and address may tempt her? Or if her majesty is over nice, show me but her maids of honour, and I'll warrant you they'll snap at a bit of fresh mortality.

Æs. Monstrous!

D. Man. Well, well, if it is monstrous, I say no more—'if her majesty and retinue are so very virtuous'—I say no more:—but I'll tell you what, old friend, if you'll lend me your wife for half an hour, when you make a visit above, you shall have mine as long as you please; and if upon trial you should like mine better than your own, you shall carry her away to the devil with you, and ten thousand thanks into the bargain.

Æs. This is not to be borne; either be silent, or you'll repent this drunken insolence.

D. Man. What a cross old fool it is!—I presume, Sir, from the information of your hump and your wisdom, that your name is—is—what the devil is it?

Æs. *Æsop*, at your service—

D. Man. The same, the same—I knew you well enough, you old sensible pimp you—many a time has my flesh felt birch upon your account? Prithce what possess'd thee to write such foolish old stories of a cock and a bull, and I don't know what, to plague poor innocent lads with? It was damn'd cruel in you, let me tell you that.

Æs. I am now convinc'd, Sir, I have written 'em to very little purpose.

D. Man. To very little, I assure you—But never mind it—Damn it, you are a fine old Grecian for all that—[Claps him on the back.]—Come here, Snip—is not he a fine old Grecian?—'And though he is not the handsomest or best dress'd man in the world, he has ten times more sense than either you or I have—'

Tayl. Pray, neighbour, introduce me.

D. Man. I'll do it—Mr *Æsop*, this sneaking gentleman is my taylor, and an honest man he was while he lov'd his bottle; but since he turn'd Methodist, and took to preaching, he has cabbag'd one yard in six from

from all his customers. Now you know him, hear what he has to say, while I go and pick up in the wood here. — Upon my soul, you are a fine old Grecian!

[Exit D. Man.]

Æf. [to Taylor] Come, friend, don't be dejected: What is your business?

Tayl. I am troubled in mind.

Æf. Is your case particular, friend?

Tayl. No indeed, I believe it is pretty general in our parish.

Æf. What is it? speak out, friend—

Tayl. It runs continually in my head that I am—

Æf. What?

Tayl. A cuckold—

Æf. Have a care, friend; jealousy is a rank weed, and chiefly takes root in a barren soil.

Tayl. I am sure my head is full of nothing else—

Æf. But how came you to a knowledge of your misfortune? Has not your wife as much wit as you?

Tayl. A great deal more, Sir; and that is one reason for my believing myself dishonour'd—

Æf. Though your reason has some weight in it, yet it does not amount to a conviction.

Tayl. I have more to say for myself, if your worship will but hear me.

Æf. I shall attend to you.

Tayl. My wife has such very high blood in her, that she is lately turn'd Papist, and is always railing at me and the government—The priest and she are continually laying their heads together; and I am afraid he has persuaded her, that it will save her precious soul if she cuckolds a heretic taylor.—

Æf. Oh, don't think so hardly of 'em.

Tayl. Lord, Sir, you don't know what tricks are going forward above! Religion indeed is the outside stuff, but wickedness is the lining.

Æf. Why, you are in a passion, friend: if you would but exert yourself thus at a proper time, you might keep the fox from your poultry.

Tayl. Lord, Sir, my wife has as much passion again as I have; and whenever she's up, I curb my temper, sit down, and say nothing.

Æf.

Æs. What remedy have you to propose for this misfortune?

Tayl. I would propose to dip my head in the river, to wash away my fancies—and if you'll let me take a few bottles to my wife, if the water is of a cooling nature, I may perhaps be easy that way: but I shall do as your worship pleases.

Æs. I am afraid this method won't answer, friend. Suppose, therefore, you drink to forget your suspicions, for they are nothing more, and let your wife drink to forget your uneasiness—a mutual confidence will succeed, and consequently mutual happiness.

Tayl. I have such a spirit, I can never bear to be dishonour'd in my bed.

Æs. The water will cool your spirit; and if it can but lower your wife's, the business is done—Go for a moment to your companion, and you shall drink presently; but do nothing rashly.

Tayl. I can't help it; rashness is my fault, Sir; but age and more experience, I hope, will cure me—Your servant, Sir—Indeed he is a fine old Grecian! [*Ex. Tayl.*]

Æs. Poor fellow, I pity him.

Enter Mercury.

Mer. What can be the meaning, *Æsop*, that there are no more mortals coming over? I perceive there is a great bustle on the other side the *Styx*, and *Charon* has brought his boat over without passengers.

Æs. Here he is to answer for himself.

Enter Charon laughing.

Char. Oh, oh, oh!

Mer. What diverts you so, *Charon*?

Char. Why, there's the devil to do among the mortals yonder; they are all together by the ears.

Æs. What's the matter?

Char. There are some ladies, who have been disputing so long, and so loud, about taking place and precedence, that they have set their relations a-tilting at one another, to support their vanity. The standers-by are some of them so frightened, and some of them so diverted, at the quarrel, that they have not time to think of their misfortunes; so I e'en left them to settle their prerogatives by themselves, and be friends at their leisure.

Mer.

Mer. What's to be done, *Æsop*?

' *Æs.* Discharge these we have, and finish the business of the day.

' *Enter Drunken Man and Mrs Riot.*

' *D. Man.* I never went to pick up a whore in my life, but the first woman I laid hold of was my dear virtuous wife; and here she is——

' *Æs.* Is that lady your wife?

' *D. Man.* Yes, Sir; and your's, if you please to accept of her——

' *Æs.* Though she has formerly given too much into fashionable follies, she now repents, and will be more prudent for the future.

' *D. Man.* Lookee, Mr *Æsop*, all your preaching and morality signifies nothing at all—but since your wisdom seems bent upon our reformation, I'll tell you the only way, old boy, to bring it about. Let me have enough of your water to settle my head, and throw madam into the river.'

Æs. 'Tis in vain to reason with such beings: therefore, Mercury, summon the mortals from the grove; and we'll dismiss them to the earth, as happy as Lethe can make 'em——

S O N G by Mercury.

Come mortals, come, come follow me,
Come follow, follow, follow me,
To mirth, and joy, and jollity;
Hark, hark the call! Come, come and drink,
And leave your cares by Lethe's brink.

C H O R U S.

Away then, come, come, come away,
And life shall hence be holiday;
Nor jealous fears, nor strife, nor pain,
Shall vex the jovial heart again.

II.

To Lethe's brink then follow all,
Then follow, follow, follow all;
'Tis pleasure courts, obey the call;
And mirth, and jollity, and joy,
Shall every future hour employ.

C H O -

CHORUS.

Away then, come, come, come away,
And life shall hence be holiday;
Nor jealous fears, nor strife, nor pain,
Shall vex the jovial heart again.

[During the Song, the Characters enter from the Grove.

Æf. Now, mortals, attend: I have perceived from
your examinations, that you have mistaken the effects
of your distempers for the cause—you would willingly
be relieved from many things which interfere with
your passions and affections; while your vices, from
which all your cares and misfortunes arise, are totally
forgotten and neglected.—Then follow me, and
drink to the forgetfulness of vice.

'Tis Vice alone disturbs the human breast;
Care dies with guilt; be virtuous, and be blest.

THE

THE
KNIGHTS.
IN TWO ACTS.

By SAMUEL FOOTE, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Hartop,
Sir Gregory Gazette,
Jenkins,
Tim,
Robin,

Drury-Lane.
Mr Foote.
Mr Yates.
Mr Blakes.
Mr Castallo.
Mr Clough.

WOMEN.

Jenny,
Miss Penelope Trifle,
Miss Sukey Trifle,

Miss Minors.
Mrs Cross.
Miss Mills.

P R O L O G U E.

Written and spoken by Mr FOOTE.

HAPPY my muse, had she first turn'd her art,
From humour's dangerous path, to touch the heart.
They, who in all the bluster of blank verse
The mournful tales of love and war rehearse,
Are sure the critic's censure to escape;
You hiss not heroes now, you only—gape:
Nor (strangers quite to heroes, kings, and queens)
Dare you intrude your judgment on their scenes.
A different lot the comic muse attends,
She is oblig'd to treat you with your friends;
Must search the court, the forum, and the city;
Mark out the dull, the gallant, and the witty,

Youth's

Youth's wild profusion, th' avarice of age;
 Nay, bring the Pit itself, upon the stage.
 First to the bar, she turns her various face:
 Hem, hem! My lord, I'm counsel in this case;
 And if so be your lordship should think fit,
 Why to be sure, my client must submit:
 For why, because—Then off she trips again,
 And to the sons of commerce shifts her scene:
 There, whilst the griping fire, with moping care,
 Defrauds the world himself, t' enrich his heir,
 The pious boy, his father's toil rewarding,
 For thousand throws a main at Covent-Garden.
 These are the portraits we're oblig'd to show;
 You are all judges if they're like or no:
 Here should we fail, some other shape we'll try,
 And grace our future scenes with novelty.
 I have a plan to treat you with Burletta,
 That cannot miss your taste, *Mia Spiletta*.
 But should the following piece your mirth excite,
 From Nature's volume we'll persist to write.
 Your partial favour bade us first proceed;
 Then spare th' offender, since you urg'd the deed.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Room.*

HARTOP and JENKINS discovered.

JENKINS.

I SHOULD not choose to marry into such a family.

Har. Choice, dear Dick, is very little concern'd in the matter: and to convince you that love is not the minister of my counsels, know, that I never saw but once the object of my present purpose; and that too at a time, and in a circumstance, not very likely to stamp a favourable impression. What think you of a raw boarding-school girl at Lincoln minister, with a mind unpolish'd, a figure uninform'd, and a set of features tainted with the colours of her unwholesome food?

Jenk. No very engaging object indeed, Hartop.

Har. Your thoughts now were mine then; but some connections I have since had with her father, have given birth to my present design upon her. You are no stran-

ger to the situation of my circumstances: my neighbourhood to Sir Penurious Trifle, was a sufficient motive for his advancing what money I wanted by way of mortgage; the hard terms he imposed upon me, and the little regard I have paid to economy, has made it necessary for me to attempt, by some scheme, the re-establishment of my fortune. This young lady's simplicity, not to call it ignorance, presented her at once as a proper subject for my purpose.

Jenk. Success to you, Jack, with all my soul! a fellow of your spirit and vivacity, mankind ought to support for the sake of themselves. 'For whatever Seneca and the other moral writers may have suggested in contempt of riches, it is plain their maxims were not calculated for the world as it now stands. In days of yore, indeed, when virtue was call'd wisdom, and vice folly, such principles might have been encourag'd: but as the present subjects of our inquiry are, not what a man is, but what he has; as to be rich, is to be wise and virtuous, and to be poor, ignorant and vicious; I heartily applaud your plan.

'*Har.* Your observation is but too just. And is it not, Dick, a little unaccountable, that we, who condescend so servilely to copy the follies and fopperies of our polite neighbours, should be so totally averse to an imitation of their virtues? In France, Has he wealth? is an interrogation never put, till they are disappointed in their inquiries after the birth and wisdom of a fashionable fellow: but here, How much a-year!—two thousand—The devil! In what county? Berkshire. Indeed! God bless us! a happy dog!—How the deuce come I to be interested in a man's fortune, unless I am his steward or his taylor? Indeed, knowledge and genius are worth examining into; by those my understanding may be improv'd, or my imagination gratify'd: but why such a man's being able to eat ortolans, and drink French wine, is to recommend him to my esteem, is what I can't readily conceive.'

Jenk. 'This complaint may with justice be made of all imitations: the ridiculous side is ever the object imitated.' But, 'a truce to moralizing, and to our business.'

‘business.’ Prithee, in the first place, how can you gain admittance to your mistress? and, in the second, is the girl independent of her father? His consent, I suppose, you have no thought of obtaining.

Har. Some farther proposals concerning my estate, such as an increase of the mortgage, or an absolute sale, is a sufficient pretence for a visit: and as to the cash, twenty to my knowledge; independent too, you rogue! and, besides, an only child, you know: and then, when things are done, they can’t be undone—and ’tis well ’tis no worse—and a hundred such pretty proverbs, will, ’tis great odds, reconcile the old fellow at last. Besides, my papa *in posse*, has a foible, which, if I condescend to humour, I have his soul, my dear.

Jenk. Prithee, now you are in spirits, give me a portrait of Sir Penurious; though he is my neighbour, yet is he so domestic an animal, that I know no more of him than the common country-conversation, that he is a thrifty, wary man.

Har. The very abstract of penury! Sir John Cutler, with his transmigrated stockings, was but a type of him. For instance, the barber has the growth of his and his daughter’s head one a-year, for shaving the knight once a fortnight; his shoes are made with the leather of a coach of his grandfather’s, built in the year One; his male-servant is footman, groom, carter, coachman, and taylor; his maid employs her leisure hours in plain-work for the neighbours, which Sir Penurious takes care, as her labour is for his emolument, shall be as many as possible, by joining with his daughter in scouring the rooms, making the beds, &c.—Thus much for his moral character. Then as to his intellectual, he is a mere *charte blanche*; the last man he is with, must afford him matter for the next he goes to: but a story is his idol; throw him in that, and he swallows it; no matter what, raw or roasted, savoury or insipid, down it goes, and up again to the first person he meets. It is upon this basis I found my favour with the knight, having acquir’d patience enough to hear his stories, and equip’d myself with a quantity sufficient to furnish him.

‘His manner is indeed peculiar, and for once or twice

‘entertaining enough. I’ll give you a specimen—’ Is not that an equipage?

Jenk. Hey! yes faith; and the owner an acquaintance of mine: Sir Gregory Gazette, by Jupiter! and his son Tim with him. Now I can match your knight. He must come this way to the parlour. We’ll have a scene; but take your cue; he is a country-politician.

Sir Gregory entering, and Waiter.

Sir Greg. What, neither the Gloucester Journal, nor the Worcester Courant, nor the Northampton Mercury, nor the Chester? Mr Jenkins, I am your humble servant: A strange town this, Mr Jenkins, no news stirring, no papers taken in! Is that gentleman a stranger, Mr Jenkins? Pray, Sir, not to be too bold, you don’t come from London?

Har. But last night.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, that’s wonderful! Mr Jenkins, introduce me.

Jenk. Mr Hartop, Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. Sir, I am proud to—Well, Sir, and what news? You come from—Pray, Sir, are you a parliament-man?

Har. Not I, indeed, Sir.

Sir Greg. Good lack! may be, belong to the law?

Har. Nor that.

Sir Greg. Oh, then in some of the offices; the treasury, or the exchequer?

Har. Neither, Sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, that’s wonderful! Well, but Mr—Pray what name did Mr Jenkins, Ha— Ha—

Har. Hartop.

Sir Greg. Ay, true!—What, not of the Hartops of Boston?

Har. No.

Sir Greg. May be not. There is, Mr Hartop, one thing that I envy you Londoners in much—quires of newspapers! Now I reckon you read a matter of eight sheets every day.

Har. Not one.

Sir Greg. Wonderful!—Then, may be, you are about court; and so being at the fountain-head, know what is in the papers before they are printed.

Har.

Har. I never trouble my head about them.—An old fool!

Sir Greg. Good Lord! Your friend, Mr Jenkins, is very close.

Jenk. Why, Sir Gregory, Mr Hartop is much in the secrets above; and it becomes a man so trusted to be wary, you know.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so. Wonderful! Ay, ay, a great man, no doubt.

Jenk. But I'll give him a better insight into your character, and that will induce him to throw off his reserve.

Sir Greg. May be so: do, do; ay, ay.

Jenk. Prithee, Jack, don't be so crusty: indulge the Knight's humour a little; besides, if I guess right, it may be necessary for the conduct of your design to contract a pretty strict intimacy there.

Har. Well, do as you will.

Jenk. Sir Gregory, Mr Hartop's ignorance of your character made him a little shy in his replies: but you will now find him more communicative; and, in your ear—he is a treasure; he is in all the mysteries of government; at the bottom of every thing.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! a treasure! ay, may be so.

Jenk. And that you may have him to yourself, I'll go in search of your son.

Sir Greg. Do so, do so; Tim is without; just come from his uncle Tregeagle's at Menegize in Cornwall. Tim is an honest lad—do so, do so.—[*Exit Jenk.*—] Well, Mr Hartop, and so we have a peace, lack-a-day; long-look'd-for come at last. But pray, Mr Hartop, how many newspapers may you have printed in a week?

Har. About an hundred and fifty, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! and all full, I reckon; full as an egg; nothing but news! Well, well, I shall go to London one of these days. A hundred and fifty! Wonderful! And pray, now, which do you reckon the best?

Har. Oh, Sir Gregory, they are as various in their excellencies as their uses. If you are inclin'd to blacken, by a couple of lines, the reputation of a neighbour, whose character neither your nor his whole life can

‘possibly restore,’ you may do it for two shillings in one paper: if you are displaced, or disappointed of a place, a triplet against the ministry will be always well received at the head of another; ‘and then, as a paper of ‘morning-amusement, you have the Fool.

‘*Sir Greg.* The Fool! good lack! And pray who ‘and what may that same Fool be?

‘*Har.* Why, Sir Gregory, the author has artfully ‘assumed that habit, like the royal jesters of old, to level ‘his satire with more security to himself, and severity ‘to others.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! ‘The Fool! ha, ‘ha, ha! Well enough; a queer dog, and no fool, I ‘warrant you. Killigrew; ah, I have heard my grand- ‘father talk much of that same Killigrew, and no fool.’ But what’s all this to news, Mr Hartop? Who gives us the best account of the king of Spain, and the queen of Hungary, and those great folks? Come now, you could give us a little news if you would; come now—snug!—nobody by. Good now, do; come, ever so little.

Har. Why, as you so largely contribute to the support of the government, it is but fair you should know what they are about. We are at present in a treaty with the Pope.

Sir Greg. With the Pope! Wonderful! Good now, good now! How, how?

Har. We are to yield him up a large tract of the Terra-incognita, together with both the Needles, Scilly rocks, and the Lizard point, on condition that the Pretender has the government of Laputa, and the bishop of Greenland succeeds to St Peter’s chair: he being, you know, a Protestant, when possessed of the pontificals, issues out a bull, commanding all Catholics to be of his religion: they deeming the Pope infallible, follow his directions; and then, Sir Gregory, we are all of one mind.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack! Rare news, rare news, rare news! Ten millions of thanks, Mr Hartop. But might not I just hint this to Mr Soakum, our vicar? ’twould rejoice his heart.

Har. O fie, by no means.

Sir

Sir Greg. Only a line—a little hint—Do now?

Har. Well, Sir, it is difficult for me to refuse you any thing.

Sir Greg. Ten thousand thanks. Good now! the Pope—Wonderful! I'll minute it down—Both the Needles?

Har. Ay, both.

Sir Greg. Good now; I'll minute it—the Lizard-point—both the Needles—Scilly rocks—bishop of Greenland—St Peter's chair—Why then, when this is finished, we may chance to attack the great Turk, and have holy wars again, Mr Hartop.

Har. That's part of the scheme.

Sir Greg. Ah, good now! You see I have a head! Politics have been my study many a day. Ah, if I had been in London to improve by the newspapers! They tell me Dr Drybones is to succeed to the bishopric of Wisper.

Har. No; Doctor—

Sir Greg. Indeed! I was told by my landlord at Ross, that it was between him and the dean of—

Har. To my knowledge.

Sir Greg. Nay, you know best, to be sure. If it should—Hush! here's Mr Jenkins and son Tim—mum! Mr Jenkins does not know any thing about the treaty with the Pope?

Har. Not a word.

Sir Greg. Mum!

Enter Tim and Mr Jenkins.

Jenk. Master Timothy is almost grown out of knowledge, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! ay, ay; Ill weeds grow apace. Son Tim, Mr Hartop; a great man, child! Mr Hartop, son Tim.

Har. Sir, I shall be always glad to know every branch that springs from so valuable a trunk as Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Greg. May be so. Wonderful! ay, ay.

Har. Sir, I am glad to see you in Herefordshire!—Have you been long from Cornwall?

Tim. Ay, Sir; a matter of four weeks or a month, more or less.

Sir Greg. Well said, Tim. Ay, ay, ask Tim any que-

questions, he can answer for himself. Tim, tell Mr Hastop all the news about the elections, and the tanners, and the tides, and the roads, and the pilchards. I want a few words with my master Jenkins.

Har. You have been so long absent from your native country, that you have almost forgot it.

Tim. Yes sure. I ha' been at uncle Treggle's a matter of twelve or a dozen year, more or less.

Har. Then I reckon you were quite impatient to see your papa and mama?

Tim. No sure, not I. Father sent for me to uncle. Sure Menegizy is a choice place! and I could a' stay'd there all my born days, more or less.

Har. Pray, Sir, what were your amusements?

Tim. Nan! what d'ye say?

Har. How did you divert yourself?

Tim. Oh, we ha' pastimes enow there: we ha' bull-baiting, and cock-fighting, and fishing, and hunting, and hurling, and wrestling.

Har. The two last are sports for which that country is very remarkable: in those, I presume, you are very expert.

Tim. Nan! What!

Har. I say you are a good wrestler.

Tim. Oh, yes sure, I can wrestle well enow; but we don't wrestle after your fashion; we ha' no tripping, fath and foul! we go all upon close hugs, or the flying mare. Will you try a fall, master? I won't hurt you, fath and foul.

Har. We had as good not venture though. But have you left in Cornwall nothing that you regret the loss of more than hurling and wrestling?

Tim. Nan! What?

Har. No favourite she?

Tim. Arra, I coupled Favourite and Jowler together, and sure they tugg'd it all the way up. Part with Favourite! no, I thank you for nothing. You must know I nurs'd Favourite myself: uncle's huntsman was going to mill-pond to drown all Music's puppies, so I saved she. But, fath, I'll tell you a comical story; at Lanston, they both broke loose, and eat a whole loin-a'-veal, and a leg of beef: "cris!" how landlord swear'd! fath, the

the poor fellow was almost maz'd ; it made me die wi' laughing. But how came you to know about our Favourite ?

Har. A circumstance so material to his son, could not escape the knowledge of Sir Gregory Gazette's friends. But here you mistook me a little, 'squire Tim ; I meant, whether your affections were not settled upon some pretty girl : Has not some Cornish lass caught your heart ?

Tim. Hush ! cod, the old man will hear ; jog a tiny bit this way—won't a' tell father ?

Har. Upon my honour !

Tim. Why then, I'll tell you the whole story, more or less. Do you know Mally Pengrouse ?

Har. I am not so happy.

Tim. She's uncle's milk-maid ; she's as handsome, Lord ! her face all red and white, like the inside of a shoulder of mutton ; so I made love to our Mally : and just, fath, as I had got her good-will to run away to Exeter and be married, uncle found it out, and sent word to father, and father sent for me home ; but I don't love her a bit the worse for that. But, i'Cod, if you tell father, he'll knock my brains out ; for he says, I'll disparage the family, and mother's as mad as a March hare about it ; so father and mother ha' brought me to be married to some young body in these parts.

Har. What, is my lady here ?

Tim. No, sure ; dame Winnifred, as father calls her, could not come along.

Har. I am sorry for that, I have the honour to be a distant relation of her ladyship's.

Tim. Like enough, fath ! she's a-kin to half the world I think. But don't you say a word to father about Mally Pengrouse. Hush !

Jenk. Mr Hartop, Sir Gregory will be amongst us some time, he is going with his son to Sir Penurious Trifle's ; there is a kind of a treaty of marriage on foot between Miss Sukey Trifle and Mr Timothy.

Har. The devil ! (*apart.*) I shall be glad of every circumstance that can make me better acquainted with Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now ; may be so, may be so !

Tim.

Tim. Father, sure the gentleman says as how mother and he are a-kin.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Lack-a-day! lack-a-day! how, how? I am proud to—but how, Mr Hartop, how?

Har. Why, Sir, a cousin-german of my aunt's first husband, intermarry'd with a distant relation of a collateral branch by the mother's side, the Apprices of Lantindon; and we have ever since quarter'd in a 'scutcheon of pretence the three goat's tails rampant, divided by a cheveron, field-argent; with a leek-pendant in the dexter-point, to distinguish the second house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! wonderful! nearly, nearly related! Good now, good now, if dame Winifred was here, she'd make 'em all out with a wet finger; but they are above me. Prithce Tim, good now, see after the horses—and, d' ye hear, try if you can get any new papers.

Tim. Yes, father——But, cousin what-d'ye-call-um, not a word about Mally Pengrouse.

Har. Mum!

[*Exit Tim.*]

Sir Greg. Good now, that boy will make some mistake about the horses now! I'll go myself. Good now, no farther, cousin; if you please, no ceremony—A hundred and fifty newspapers a-week! 'the Fool!' ha, ha, ha! wonderful! an odd dog.

[*Exit. Sir Greg.*]

Jenk. So, Jack, here's a fresh spoke in your wheel.

Har. This is a cursed cross incident.

Jenk. Well, but something must be done to frustrate the scheme of your new cousin's. Can you think of nothing?

Har. I have been hammering: pray, are the two knights intimate? are they well acquainted with each other's person?

Jenk. Faith, I can't tell; but we may soon know.

Har. Cou'd you recommend me a good spirited girl, who has humour and compliance to follow a few directions, and understanding enough to barter a little inclination for 3,000 *l.* a-year and a fool?

Jenk. In part I guess your design; the man's daughter of the house is a good lively lass, has a fortune to make, and no reputation to lose: I'll call her—Jenny!—but the enemy's at hand—I'll withdraw and prepare Jenny.

Jenny. When the worshippful family are retir'd, I'll introduce the wench. [Exit Jenkins.]

Enter Sir Gregory and Tim.

Sir Greg. Pray, now, cousin, are you in friendship with Sir Penurious Trifle?

Har. I have the honour, Sir, of that gentleman's acquaintance.

Sir Greg. May be so, may be so! but, lack-a-day, cousin, is he such a miser as folks say? Good now, they tell me we shall hardly have necessaries for ourselves and horses at Gripe-hall; but as you are a relation, you should, good now, know the affairs of the family. Here's Sir Penurious's letter; here, cousin.

Har. "Your overture I receive with pleasure, and " should be glad to meet you in Shropshire."—I fancy, from a thorough knowledge of Sir Penurious's disposition, and by what I can collect from the contents of that letter, he would be much better pleased to meet you here than at his own house.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, may be so! a strange man! wonderful! But, good now, cousin, what must we do?

Har. I this morning paid Sir Penurious a visit; and if you'll honour me with your commands, I'll—

Sir Greg. Wonderful! to-day! good now, that's lucky! cousin, you are very kind. Good now, I'll send a letter, Tim, by cousin Hartop.

Har. A letter from so old an acquaintance, and upon so happy an occasion, will secure me a favourable reception.

Sir Greg. Good lack, good lack, an old acquaintance indeed, cousin Hartop! we were at Hereford 'fize together—let's see, wonderful, how long ago? 'twas while I was courting dame Winny, the year before I married—Good now, how long? let's see—that year the hackney stable was built, and Peter Ugly the blind pad fell into a saw-pit.

Tim. Mother says, father and she was marry'd the first of April in the year ten; and I knows 'tis thereabout, for I am two and thirty; and brother Jeremy, and Roger, and Gregory, and sister Nelly, were born'd before I.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! how time wears away! wonderful! thirty-eight years ago, Tim! I could
not

not have thought it. But come in, let's set about the letter. ' But pray, cousin, what diversions, good now, ' are going forward in London ?

' *Har.* Oh, Sir, we are in no distress for amusement; ' we have plays, balls, puppet-shows, masquerades, bull- ' baitings, boxings, burlettas, routs, drums, and a thou- ' sand others. But I am in haste for your epistle, Sir ' Gregory.

Sir Greg. Cousin, your servant.

[*Exit Sir Gregory and Timothy.*]

Har. I am your most obedient.—Thus far our scheme succeeds; and if Jenkins's girl can assume the awkward pertness of the daughter, with as much success as I can imitate the spirited folly of Sir Penurious the father, I don't despair of a happy catastrophe.

' *Enter Jenny.*

' *Jenny.* Sir, Mr Jenkins—

' *Har.* Oh, child, your instructions shall be admini- ' ster'd within.

' *Jenny.* Mr Jenkins has open'd your design, and I ' am ready and able to execute my part.

' *Har.* My dear, I have not the least doubt of either ' your inclination or ability—But, pox take this old ' fellow! what in the devil's name can bring him back? ' Scour, Jenny.

' *Enter Sir Gregory.*

' *Sir Greg.* Cousin, I beg pardon; but I have a fa- ' vour to beg—Good now, could not you make interest ' at some coffeehouse in London, to buy, for a small ' matter, the old books of newspapers, and send them ' into the country to me? They would pass away the ' time rarely in a rainy day.

' *Har.* Sir, I'll send you a cart-load.

' *Sir Greg.* Good now, good now! Ten thousand ' thanks! You are a cousin indeed. But pray, cou- ' sin, let us, good now, see some of the works of that ' same Fool?

' *Har.* I'll send them you all; but a—

' *Sir Greg.* What, all? Lack-a-day, that's kind, ' cousin! The Terra-incognita—both the Needles— ' a great deal of that! But what bishop is to be ' Pope?

Har.

- ' *Har.* Zounds, Sir, I am in haste for your letter—
 ' When I return, ask as many questions—
 ' *Sir Greg.* Good now, good now! that's true—
 ' I'll in, and about it.—But, cousin, the pope is not
 ' to have Gibraltar?
 ' *Har.* No, no; damn it, no! As none but the Fool
 ' could say it, so none but ideots would believe him.—
 ' Pray, Sir Gregory—
 ' *Sir Greg.* Well, well, cousin, lack-a-day! you are
 ' so—but pray—
 ' *Har.* Damn your praying! If you don't finish
 ' your letter immediately, you may carry it yourself.
 ' *Sir Greg.* Well, well, cousin! Lack-a-day, you
 ' are in such a—good now! I go, I go.
 ' *Har.* But if the truth should be discover'd, I shall
 ' be inevitably disappointed.
 ' *Sir Greg.* But, cousin, are Scilly rocks—
 ' *Har.* I wish they were in your guts, with all my
 ' heart. I must quit the field, I find. [*Exit.*
 ' *Sir Greg.* Wonderful! good now, good now! a
 ' passionate man! Lack-a-day, I am glad the pope is
 ' not to have Gibraltar though.' [*Exit.*

A C T II.

SCENE, *Sir Gregory, and Tim reading News to him, discovered.*

Tim. C O nstantinople, N. S. Nov. 15. the grande Seignieur—

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! good now, Tim, the politics, child: and read the stars, and the dashes, and the blanks, as I taught you, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father—We can assure our readers, that the D—dash is to go to F blank: and that a certain noble L— is to resign his p—e in the t—y, in order to make r—m for the two three stars.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! great news, Tim! Ah, I knew the two three stars would come in play one time or other. This London Evening knows more than any of them. Well, child, well.

Tim. From the D. J.

VOL. I.

Z

Sir

Sir Greg. Ay, that's the Dublin Journal. Go on, Tim.

Tim. Last Saturday, a gang of highwaymen broke into an empty house on Ormond quay, and stripp'd it of all the furniture.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, wonderful! To what a height these rogues are grown!

Tim. The way to Mr Keith's chapel, is turn of your—

Sir Greg. Psha! skip that, Tim; I know that road as well as the doctor; 'tis in every time.

Tim. J. Ward, at the Cat and Gridiron, Petticoat-Lane, makes tabby all over for people inclined to be crooked; and if he was to have the universal world for making a pair of stays, he could not put better stuff in them—

Sir Greg. Good now; where's that, Tim?

Tim. At the Cat and Gridiron, father.

Sir Greg. I'll minute that: All my lady Isard's children, good now, are inclined to be crooked.

Enter a Drawer.

Draw. Sir, Mr Jenkins begs to speak with you.

Sir Greg. Good now; desire him to walk in.

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. I thought it might not be improper to prepare you for a visit from Sir Penurious Trifle. I saw him and his daughter alight at the apothecary's above.

Sir Greg. What, they are come? Wonderful! Very kind, very kind, very kind, indeed, Mr—Come, Tim, settle my cravat: good now, let's be a little decent.—Remember your best bow to your mistress, Tim.

Tim. Yes, father; but must not I kiss Miss Suck!

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, ay, ay. Pray, is cousin Har-top come along?

Jenk. I have not seen him; but I fancy I had better introduce my neighbours.

Sir Greg. Good now, would you be so kind. [*Exit Jenkins.*] Stand behind me, Tim.—Pull down your ruffles, child.

Tim. But, father, won't Miss Suck think me bold if I kiss her chops the first time?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, no, Tim, no. Faint heart never

never won fair lady. Ha, Tim, had you but seen me attack dame Winny! But times ar'n't as they were. Good now, we were another kind of folks in those days; stout hearty smacks, that would ha' made your mouth water again; and the mark stood upon the pouting lip like the print upon a pound of butter. But the master-misses of the present age go, lack-a-day, as gingerly about it, as if they were afraid to fill their mouths with the paint upon their mistresses cheeks. Ah, the days I have seen!

Tim. Nay, father, I warrant, if that's all, I kiss her hearty enow, fath and sole!

Sir Greg. Hush, Tim, hush! Stand behind me, child.

Enter Hartop as Sir Penurious Trifle, and Jenny as Miss Sukey, and Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Sir Penurious, I am overjoy'd!—Good now!

Sir Pen. Sir Gregory, I kiss your hand. My daughter Suck.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! Miss, I am proud to—Son Tim—Sir Penurious—Best bow, child—Miss Suck—

Tim. An't that right, father? [*Kisses her.*]

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! I am glad to see you look so well. You keep your own, Sir Penurious.

Sir Pen. Ay, ay, stout enough, Sir Gregory; stout enough, brother knight; hearty as an oak. Hey, Dick? Gad, now I talk of an oak, I'll tell you a story of an oak. It will make you die with laughing. Hey, you Dick, you have heard it; shall I tell it Sir Gregory?

Jenk. Though I have heard it so often, yet there is something so engaging in your manner of telling a story, that it always appears new.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now; I love comical story. Pray, Sir Penurious, let's have it.—Mind, Tim; mind, child.

Tim. Yes, father; fath and sole, I love a choice story to my heart's blood!

Sir Pen. You, knight, I was at Bath last summer—a water that people drink when they are ill. You have heard of the bath, Dick? Hey, you!

Tim. Yes, fath, I know Bath; I was there in my way up.

Sir Greg. Hush, Tim; good now, hush!

Sir Pen. There's a coffeehouse, you—a place where people drink coffee and tea, and read the news.

Sir Greg. Pray, Sir Penurious, how many papers may they take in?

Sir Pen. Psha! damn the news! mind the story.

Ser Greg. Good now, good now! a hasty man, Tim!

Sir Pen. Pox take you both! I have lost the story;—Where did I leave off, hey, you Dick?

Tim. About coffee and tea.

Sir Pen. Right, you, right! true, true! So, ecod, you knight, I us'd to breakfast at this coffeehouse every morning; it cost me eight-pence though, and I had always a breakfast at home—no matter for that though! there I breakfasted, you Dick, ecod, at the same table with lord Tom Truewit—You have heard of Truewit, you, knight; a droll dog! You, Dick, he told us the story, and made us die with laughing. You have heard of Charles the Second, you knight; he was son of Charles the First, king here in England, that was beheaded by Oliver Cromwell: So what does Charles the Second, you knight, do? but he fights Noll at Worcester, a town you have heard of, not far off: but all would not do, you: ecod, Noll made him scamper, made him run, take to his heels, you knight. Truewit told us the story, made us die with laughing. I always breakfasted at the coffeehouse; it cost me eight-pence, though I had a breakfast at home—So what does Charles do, but hid himself in an oak, an oak-tree, you; in a wood call'd *Boscobel*, from two Italian words, *Bosco Bello*, a fine wood, you; and off he marches: But old Noll would not let him come home; no, says he, you don't come here.—Lord Tom told us the story; made us die with laughing; it cost me eight-pence, though I had a breakfast at home. So, you knight, when Noll dy'd, Monk there, you, afterwards Albemarle, in the north, brought him back. So you, the cavaliers, you have heard of them; they were friends to the Stuarts. What did they do, ecod, you Dick? but they put up Charles in

a sign, the royal oak; you have seen such signs at country alehouses: so, ecod, you, what does a Puritan do—the Puritans were friends to Noll—but he puts up the sign of an owl in the ivy-bush, and underneath he writes, “This is not the royal oak.” You have seen writings under signs, you knight. Upon this, says the royalists, Ecod this must not be: So, you, what do they do, but, ecod, they prosecuted the poor Puritan; but they made him change his sign though. And, you, Dick, how d’ye think they chang’d? Ecod, he puts up the royal oak, and underneath he writes, “This not the owl in the ivy bush.” It made us all die with laughing. Lord Tom told the story. I always breakfasted at the coffee-house, though it cost me eight-pence, and I had a breakfast at home; hey, you knight! what, Dick, hey!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! wonderful!

Tim. A choice tale, fath!

Jenk. Oh, Sir Penurious is a most entertaining companion, that must be allow’d.

Sir Greg. Good now, ay, ay, a merry man! But, lack-a-day, would not the young lady choose a little refreshment after her ride! some tea, or some—

Sir Pen. Hey, you knight! No, no; we intend to dine with thee, man. Well, you, Tim, what dost think of thy father-in-law that is-to-be, hey? A jolly cock, you Tim; hey, Dick. But prithee, boy, what dost do with all this tawdry tinsel on? that hat and waist-coat? Trash, knight, trash! more in thy pocket and less in thy cloaths; hey, you Dick! Ecod, you, knight, I’ll make you laugh: I went to London, you Dick, last year, to call in a mortgage; and what does me I, Dick, but take a trip to a coffee-house in St Martin’s Lane; in comes a French fellow forty times as fine as Tim, with his muff and parlevous, and his Francées; and his head, you knight, as white with powder, ecod, you, as a twelfth cake: and who the devil d’ye think, Dick, this might be, hey, you knight?

Sir Greg. Good now, an ambassador, to be sure.

Sir Pen. Ecod, you knight, nor better nor worser than Mynheer Vancaper, a Dutch figure-dancer at the opera-house in the Hay-market.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now!

Sir Pen. Psha! pox, prithee, Tim, nobody dresses now; all plain; look at me, knight, I am in the tip of the mode; now am I in full dress; hey, Dick?

Jenk. You, Sir, don't want the aids of dress; but in Mr Gazette, a little regard to that particular is but a necessary compliment to his mistress.

Sir Pen. Stuff, Dick, stuff! my daughter, knight, has had otherguess breeding. Hey, you, Suck, come forward. Plain as a pikestaff, knight; all as nature made her; hey, Tim, no flams. Prithee, Tim, off with thy lace, and burn it; 'twill help to buy the licence: 'she'll not like thee a bit the better for that;' hey, Suck! But, you knight; ecod, Dick, a toast and tankard would not be amiss after our walk; hey, you!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! what you will, Sir Penurious.

Sir Pen. Ecod, that's hearty, you! but we won't part the young couple, hey. I'll fend Suck some bread and cheefe in; hey, knight! at her, Tim. Come, Dick; come, you knight. Did I ever tell you my courtship, hey, Dick? 'twill make you laugh.

Jenk. Not as I remember.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, let's have it.

Sir Pen. You know my wife was blind, you, knight.

Sir Greg. Good now, wonderful! not I.

Sir Pen. Blind as a beetle when I marry'd her, knight; he y Dick! she was drown'd in our orchard. Maid Beis, knight, went to market, you, Dick; and wife rambled into the orchard, and fouse dropp'd into the fish-pond. We found her out next day, but she was dead as a herring: no help for that, Dick; buried her though, hey you! She was only daughter to Sir Tristram Muckworm, you; rich enough, you, hey! Ecod, you, what does she do, you, but she falls in love with young Sleet, her father's chaplain, hey, you! Upon that, what does me I, but slips on domine's robes, you, pass'd myself upon her for him, and we were tack'd together, you, knight, hey! ecod, though I believe she never liked me; but what signifies that, hey, Dick! she was

was rich, you. But come, let's leave the children together.

Sir Greg. Sir, I wait on you.

Sir Pen. Nay, pray—

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, 'tis impossible.

Sir Pen. Pox of ceremony! you, Dick, hey! Ecod, knight, I'll tell you a story. One of our ambassadors in France, you, a devilish polite fellow reckon'd, Dick; ecod, you, what does the king of France do, but, says he, I'll try the manners of this fine gentleman: so, knight, going into a coach together, the king would have my lord go first: Oh, an't please your majesty, I can't indeed; you, hey, Dick! Upon which, what does me the king, but he takes his arm thus, you, Dick; am I king of France, or you? is it my coach or your's? and so pushes him in thus; hey, Dick!

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! he, he, he!

Sir Pen. Ecod, Dick, I believe I have made a mistake here; I should have gone in first; hey, Dick! Knight, ecod, you, beg pardon. Yes, your coach, not mine; your house, not mine; hey, knight!

Sir Greg. Wonderful? A merry man, Mr Jenkins.

[*Exeunt the two Knights and Jenk.*]

Tim. Father and cousin are gone, fath and sole!

Jenny. I fancy my lover is a little puzzled how to begin.

Tim. How—fath and sole, I don't know what to say. How d'ye do, miss Suck?

Jenny. Pretty well, thank you.

Tim. You have had a choice walk.—'Tis a rare day, fath and sole.

Jenny. Yes, the day's well enough.

Tim. Is your house a good way off here?

Jenny. Dree or four mile.

Tim. That's a good long walk, fath!

Jenny. I make nothing of it, and back again.

Tim. Like enow.

[*Whistles.*]

Jenny.

[*Sings.*]

Tim. You have a rare pipe of your own, miss.

Jenny. I can sing loud enough, if I have a mind; but father don't love singing.

Tim. Like enow.

[*Whistles.*]

Jenny.

Jenny. And I an't overfond of whistling.

Tim. Hey! ay, like enow: and I am a bitter bad finger.

Jenny. Hey! ay, like enough.

Tim. Pray, miss Suck, did ever any body make love to you before?

Jenny. Before when?

Tim. Before now.

Jenny. What if I won't tell you?

Tim. Why then you must let it alone, fath and sole.

Jenny. Like enough.

Tim. Pray, miss Suck, did your father tell you any thing?

Jenny. About what?

Tim. About I.

Jenny. What should a tell?

Tim. Tell! why, as how I and father was come a-wooing.

Jenny. Who?

Tim. Why, you. Could you like me for a sweetheart, Miss Suck?

Jenny. I don't know.

Tim. Mayhap somebody may ha' got your good-will already?

Jenny. And what then?

Tim. Then! hey, I don't know. But if you could fancy me——

Jenny. For what?

Tim. For your true lover.

Jenny. Well, what then?

Tim. Then! hey! why, fath, we may chance to be married, if the old folks agree together.

Jenny. And suppose I won't be married to you!

Tim. Nay, Miss Suck, I can't help it, fath and sole. But father and mother bid me come a-courting; and if you won't ha' me, I'll tell father so.

Jenny. You are in a woundy hurry, methinks.

Tim. Not I, fath! you may stay as long as——

Enter Waiter.

Wait. There's a woman without wants to speak with Mr Timothy Gazette.

Tim. That's I. I am glad on't. Well, Miss Suck,
your

your servant. You'll think about it, and let's know your mind when I come back.—Cod, I don't care whether she likes me or no. I don't like her half so well as Mally Pengrouse.—Well, your servant, Miss Suck. *[Exit Tim.]*

Jenny. Was there ever such an unlick'd cub? I don't think his fortune a sufficient reward for sacrificing my person to such a booby; but as he has money enough, it shall go hard but I please myself: I fear I was a little too backward with my gentleman; but, however, a favourable answer to his last question will soon settle matters.

Enter Jenkins.

Jenk. Now, Jenny, what news, child? are things fix'd; are you ready for the nuptial knot?

Jenny. We are in a fair way: 'I thought to have quicken'd my swain's advances by a little affected coyness, but the trap would not take.' I expect him back in a minute, and then leave it to my management.

Jenk. Where is he gone?

Jenny. The drawer called him to some woman.

Jenk. Woman! he neither knows nor is known by any body here. What can this mean? no counterplot? but, pox, that's impossible! you have not blabb'd, Jenny?

Jenny. My interest would prevent me.

Jenk. Upon that security any woman may, I think, be trusted. I must after him tho'. *[Exit.]*

Jenny. I knew the time when Jenkins would not have left me so hastily: 'tis odd that the same cause that increases the passion in one sex, should destroy it in the other; the reason is above my reach, but the fact 'I am a severe witness of.' Heigh ho!

Enter Hartop, Sir Penurious, and Sir Gregory Gazette.

Sir Pen. And so, you knight, says he—you know, knight, what low dogs the ministers were then; how does your pot—a pot, you, that they put over the fire to boil broth and meat in—you have seen a pot, you knight—how does your pot boil these troublesome times? hey you! Ecod, my lord, says he, I don't know, I seldom go into my kitchen. A kitchen, you knight, is a place where

where they dress victuals, roast and boil, and so forth: Ecod, says he, I seldom go into the kitchen—But I suppose, the scum is uppermost still! Hey, you knight! what, ecod, hey! But where's your son, Sir Gregory?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now, where's Tim, Miss Sukey? lack-a-day, what's become of Tim?

Jenny. Gone out a tiny bit, he'll be here presently.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! good now, good now! Well, and how, Miss Sukey—has Tim? has he? Well, and what, you have—wonderful?

Enter a Servant with a Letter.

Serv. Sir, I was commanded to deliver this into your own hands, by Mr Jenkins.

Sir Pen. Hey, you! what, a letter? ecod so! Any answer, you? hey!

Serv. None, Sir.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, Sir Penurious is busy! Well, Miss, and did Tim do the thing? did he please you? Come now, tell us the whole story: wonderful! rare news for dame Winny! ha, Tim's father's own son! But come, whisper—ay.

Sir Pen. "I have only time to tell you that your scheme is blasted: this instant I encounter'd Mrs Penelope Trisse, with her niece; they will soon be with you."—So then, all's over; but let's see what expedition will do—Well, you knight, hey! what, have they settled? Is the girl willing?

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! right as my leg! ah, Tim, little did I think—But, lack-a-day, I wonder where the boy is! let's seek him.

Sir Pen. Agreed, you knight; hey, come.

Enter Jenkins.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day, here's Mr Jenkins. Good now, have you seen Tim?

Jenk. Your curiosity shall be immediately satisfied; but I must first have a word with Sir Penurious.

Sir Pen. Well you! what, hey! any news, Dick?

Jenk. Better than you could hope; your rival is disposed of.

Har. Dispos'd of! how?

Jenk. Marry'd by this time, you rogue! The woman that wanted him was no other than Mally Pengrouse,

grouse, who trudg'd it up all the way after him, as Tim says : I have recommended them to my chaplain, and before this the business is done.

Har. Bravissimo ! you rogue ! but how shall I get off with the knight ?

Jenk. Nay, that must be your contrivance.

Har. I have it—Suppose I was to own the whole design to Sir Gregory, as our plan has not succeeded with his son ; and, as he seems to have a tolerable regard for me, it is possible he may assist my scheme on Sir Penurious.

Jenk. 'Tis worth trying, however : but he comes.

Sir Greg. Well, good now, Mr Jenkins, have you seen Tim ? I can't think where the boy—

Har. 'Tis now time, Sir Gregory, to set you clear with respect to some particulars : I am now no longer Sir Penurious Trifle, but your friend and relation Jack Hartop.

Sir Greg. Wonderful ! good now, good now, cousin Hartop ! as I am a living man—hey—Well, but, good now ! how, Mr Jenkins, hey ?

Jenk. The story, Sir Gregory, is rather too long to tell you now : but in two words, My friend Hartop has very long had a passion for Miss Trifle, and was apprehensive your son's application would destroy his views ; which, in order to defeat, he assumed the character of Sir Penurious : but he is so captivated with your integrity and friendship, that he rather chooses to forego his own interest, than interrupt the happiness of your son.

Sir Greg. Wonderful ! good now, good now, that's kind ! who could have thought it, cousin Hartop ? lack-a-day ! Well, but where's Tim ? hey, good now ! and who are you ?

Jenk. This, Sir, is Jenny, the handmaid of the house.

Sir Greg. Wonderful ! a pestilent hussy ! Ah, Hartop, you are a wag ! a pize of your pots, and your royal oaks ! lack-a-day, who could ha thought—ah, Jenny, you're a—But where's Tim ?

Enter Sir Gregory's Servant.

Serv. Wounds, master ! never stir alive if Master Tim has na gone and marry'd Mally Pengrouse.

Sir

Sir Greg. Wonderful! how, firrah, how! good now, good now, cousin Hartop—Mally Pengrouse! who the dickens is she?

Serv. Master Timothy's sweetheart in Cornwall.

Sir Greg. And how came she here? lack-a-day, cousin!

Serv. She tramp'd it up after master. Master Timothy is without, and says as how they be marry'd: I wanted him to come in, but he's afraid you'll knock'n down.

Sir Greg. Knock'n down! Good now, let me come at him! I'll—ah, rogue! Lack-a-day, cousin, shew me where he is! I'll—

Har. Moderate your fury, good Sir Gregory; consider, it is an evil without a remedy.

Sir Greg. But what will dame Winny say? Good now, such a disparagement to—and then, what will Sir Penurious say? lack-a-day, I am almost distracted! And you, you lubberly dog! why did not you—I'll—ah, cousin Hartop, cousin Hartop! good now, good now!

Har. Dear Sir, be calm; this is no such surprising matter: we have such instances in the newspapers every day.

Sir Greg. Good now! no, cousin, no.

Har. Indeed, Sir Gregory, it was but last week that Lord Lofly's son marry'd his mother's maid; and Lady Betty Forward run away, not a month ago, with her uncle's butler.

Sir Greg. Wonderful! what, in the news? Good now, that's some comfort, however; but what will Sir Penurious—

Har. As to that, leave him to me; I have a project to prevent his laughing at you, I'll warrant.

Sir Greg. But how? how, cousin Hartop, how?

Har. Sir Gregory, d'ye think me your friend?

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! ay, cousin, ay.

Har. And would you, in return, serve me in a circumstance that can't injure yourself?

Sir Greg. Good now, to be sure, cousin.

Har. Will you, then, permit me to assume the figure of your son, and so pay my addressee to Miss Trifle? I was pretty happy in the imitation of her father; and,
if

if I could impose upon your sagacity, I shall find less difficulty with your brother knight.

Sir Greg. Good now! Tim! ah, you could not touch Tim.

Har. I warrant you. But, see, the young gentleman.

Enter Tim.

Sir Greg. Ah, Tim, Tim! little did I—Good now, good now!

Tim. I could not help it now, fath and sole: but if you'll forgive me this time, I'll never do so no more.

Sir Greg. Well, well, if thee can't forgive thyself, I can forgive thee; but thank my cousin Hartop.

Har. Oh, Sir! if you are satisfy'd, I am rewarded. I wish you joy; joy to you, child.

Sir Greg. Thanks, cousin Hartop.

Enter Waiter.

Wait. Sir, Mrs Penelope Trifle, with her niece, being come to town, and hearing your worship was in the house, would be glad to pay you their compliments.

Sir Greg. Lack-a-day! wonderful! here we are all topsy-turvy again! what can be done now, cousin Hartop?

Har. Dick! shew the ladies in here; but delay them a little. The luckiest incident in the world, Sir Gregory! If you will be kind enough to lend Jenkins your dress, and Master Timothy will lend me his, I'll make up matters in a moment.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, cousin.

Tim. Fath and sole, you shall have mine dire—

Har. No, no; step into the next room a minute, Sir Gregory.

Sir Greg. Ay, ay, where you will.

Tim. Fath, here will be choice sport. *[Exit.*

Enter Mrs Penelope and Suck, with Waiter.

Wait. The gentlemen will wait on you presently. Would you choose any refreshment?

Suck. A draught of ale, friend, for I'm main dry.

Mrs Pen. Fie! fie! niece! is that liquor for a young lady? Don't disparage your family and breeding. The person is to be born that ever saw me touch any thing stronger than water till I was three-and-twenty.

Suck. Troth, aunt, that's so long ago, that I think

Vol. I.

A a

there's

there's few people alive who can remember what you did then.

Mrs Pen. How! gillfirt! none of your fleers! I am glad here's a husband coming that will take you down: Your tantrums! You are grown too headstrong and robust for me.

Suck. Gad, I believe you would be glad to be taken down the same way!

Mrs Pen. Oh! you are a pert——But see, your lover approaches. Now Sukey, be careful, child: None of your——

Enter Jenkins as Sir Gregory, and Hartop as Tim.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady! I rejoice to see you! wonderful! and your niece! Tim, the ladies.

Har. Your servant, Mistress! I am glad to see you, Miss Suck. (*Salutes her.*) Fath and sole, Mistress Suck's a fine young woman, more or less!

Suck. Yes, I am well enough, I believe.

Jenk. But, lady, where's my brother Trifle? where is Sir Penurious?

Suck. Father's at home, in expectation of you; and aunt and I be come to town to make preparations.

Jenk. Ay! wonderful! Pray, lady, shall I, good now! crave a word in private? Tim, will you and your sweetheart draw back a little?

Har. Yes, father: Come, Miss, will you jog a tiny bit this way?

Suck. With all my heart.

Jenk. There is, lady, a wonderful affair has happen'd, good now! Son Tim has fallen in love with a young woman at his uncle's, and 'tis partly to prevent bad consequences, that I am, lack-a day! so hasty to match him: and one of my men, good now, tells me that he has seen the wench since we have been in town; she has follow'd us here, sure as a gun, lady! If Tim sees the girl, he'll never marry your niece.

Mrs Pen. It is indeed, Sir Gregory Gazette, a most critical conjuncture, and requires the most mature deliberation.

Jenk. —Deliberation! lack-a-day, lady, whilst we deliberate the boy will be lost.

Mrs

Mrs Pen. Why, Sir Gregory Gazette, what operations can we determine upon?

Jenk. Lack-a-day! I know but one.

Mrs Pen. Administer your proposition, Sir Gregory Gazette: you will have my concurrence, Sir, in any thing that does not derogate from the regulations of conduct; for it would be most preposterous in one of my character, to deviate from the strictest attention.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady, no such matter is wanted. But, good now! could not we tack the young couple together directly? your brother and I have already agreed.

Mrs Pen. Are the previous preliminaries settled, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Jenk. Good now! as firm as a rock, lady.

Mrs Pen. Why, then, to preserve your son, and accomplish the union between our families, I have no objections to the acceleration of their nuptials, provided the child is inclined, and a minister may be procur'd.

Jenk. Wonderful! you are very good, good now! there has been one match already in the house to-day; we may have the same parson. Here! Tim! and young gentlewoman!—Well, Miss! wonderful, and how? has Tim? hey, boy! Is not miss a fine young lady?

Har. Fath and sole, father, miss is a charming young woman; all red and white, like Mally—Hum!

Jenk. Hush, Tim! Well, and Miss, how does my boy? he's an honest hearty lad! Has he, good now! had the art? How d' ye like him, young gentlewoman?

Suck. Liken? well enough, I think.

Jenk. Why, then, Miss, with your leave, your aunt and I here have agreed, if you are willing, to have the wedding over directly.

Suck. Gad! with all my heart. Ask the young man.

Har. Fath and sole, just as you please; to-day, to-morrow, or when you will, more or less.

Jenk. Good now, good now! then get you in there, there you will find one to do your business: wonderful! matters will soon be managed within. Well, lady, this was good now, so kind! Lack-a-day! I verily believe if dame Winny was dead, that I should be glad to lead up such another dance with you, lady.

Mrs Pen. You are, Sir, something too precipitate: Nor would there, did circumstances concur, as you insinuate, be so absolute a certitude, that I, who have rejected so many matches, should instantaneously succumb.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, lady, good now! I—

Mrs Pen. No, Sir; I would have you instructed, that had not Penelope Trifle made irrefragable resolutions, she need not so long have preserved her family surname.

Jenk. Wonderful! why, I was only—

Mrs Pen. Nor has the title of Lady Gazette such resplendent charms, or such bewitching allurements, as to throw me at once into the arms of Sir Gregory.

Jenk. Good now! who says—

Mrs Pen. Could wealth, beauty, or titles superior to perhaps—

Enter Sir Gregory, Roger, and Tim.

Tim. Yes, indeed, father; Mr Hartop knew on't as well as I, and Mr Jenkins got us a parson.

Sir Greg. Good now, good now! a rare couple of friends! But I'll be even with them! I'll marr their market! Master Jenkins, you have fobb'd me finely.

Jenk. Lack-a-day, what's the matter now?

Sir Greg. Come, come, none of your lack-a-days! none of your gambols, nor your tricks to me: Good now, good now! give me my cloaths! here, take your tawdry trappings. I have found you out at last: I'll be no longer your property.

Jenk. Wonderful! what's all this, lady? Good now, good now! what's here? a stage-play?

Sir Greg. Play me no plays; but give me my wig! and your precious friend my loving cousin, (pize on the kindred), let'n—

Jenk. Good now, good now! what are these folks? as sure as a gun, they're mad.

Sir Greg. Mad! no, no; we are neither mad nor fools: no thanks to you, tho'.

Mrs Pen. What is all this? can you unravel this perplexity, untwine this mystery, Sir Gregory Gazette?

Sir Greg. He Sir Gregory Gazette? Lack-a-day, lady!

lady! you are trick'd, impos'd upon, bamboozled:
Good now, good now! 'tis I am Sir Gregory Gazette.

Mrs Pen. How!

Tim. Fath and sole, 'tis true, mistress; and I am his
son Tim, and will swear it.

Mrs Pen. Why, isn't Mr Timothy Gazette with my
niece Sufannah Trifle?

Tim. Who, me? Lord, no, 'tis none of I, it is
cousin Hartop in my cloaths.

Mrs Pen. What's this? and pray, who—

Jenk. Why, as I see the affair is concluded, you
may, Madam, call me Jenkins. Come, Hartop, you
may now throw off your disguise; the knight had like
to have embarrassed us.

Mrs Pen. How, Mr Jenkins! and would you, Sir,
participate of a plot to—

Har. Madam, in the issue, your family will, I hope,
have no great reason to repent. I always had the great-
est veneration for Miss Penelope Trifle's understanding;
the highest esteem! for her virtues can intitle me to the
honour of being regarded as her relation.

Mrs Pen. Sir, I shall determine on nothing, 'till I
am apprised of my brother's resolution.

Har. For that we must wait. Sir Gregory, I must
intreat you and your son's pardon for some little liberties
I have taken with you both. Mr Jenkins, I have the
highest obligation to your friendship; and, Miss, when
we become a little better acquainted, I flatter myself
the change will not prove unpleasing.

Suck. I know nothing at all about it.

Har. Sir Gregory, we shall have your company at
dinner?

Sir Greg. Lack a-day, no, no, that boy has spoil'd
my stomach—Come, Tim, fetch thy rib, and let us
be jogging towards Wales; but how thou wilt get off
with thy mother—

Tim. Never fear, father—

Since you have been pleas'd our nuptial-knot to bless,
We shall be happy all our lives—more or less—

THE
DEUCE IS IN HIM.

IN TWO ACTS.

By GEORGE COLEMAN, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Drury-Lane.

Edinburgh, 1782.

Prattle,
Colonel Tamper,
Major Belford,

Mr King.
Mr Palmer.
Mr Packer.

Mr Hollingworth.
Mr Ward.
Mr Taylor.

WOMEN.

Emily,
Bell,
Mademoiselle Florival,

Mrs King.
Miss Hopkins.
Miss Davies.

Mrs Kniveton.
Mrs Mountfort.
Mrs Gaudry.

P R O L O G U E.

THE deuce is in him! What the deuce
(I hear you cry) can that produce?
What does it mean? what can it be?
A little patience—and you'll see.
Behold, to keep your minds uncertain,
Between the scene and you this curtain!
So writers hide their plots, no doubt,
To please the more when all comes out!
Of old the Prologue told the story,
And laid the whole affair before ye;
Came forth in simple phrase to say,
“Fore the beginning of the play”,
“I, hapless Polydore, was found
“By fishermen, or others, drown'd!

“ Or

* The lines marked with turned commas, are taken from a poem called
Shakespeare, an epistle to Mr Garrick. See Lloyd's Poems, p. 57.

" Or—I, a gentleman, did wed
 " The lady I would never best,
 " Great Agamemnon's royal daughter,
 " Who's coming hither—to draw water."

Thus gave at once the bards of Greece

The cream and marrow of the piece;

Asking no trouble of your own

To skim the milk, or crack the bone.

The poets now take different ways:

E'en let them find it out for Bayes!

And Tragedy as well might swagger

Without blank verse, or bowl, or dagger,

As Farce attempt the arduous task,

To walk abroad without her mask.

A poet, as once poets us'd,

To poverty was quite reduc'd.

No boy on errands to be sent,

On his own messages he went:

And once, with conscious pride and shame,

As from the chandler's shop he came,

Under his thread-bare cloak, poor soul!

He cover'd—half a peck of coal.

A Wag (his friend) began to smoke;

—George! tell us, what's beneath your cloak?

—Tell you! it were as well to show—

I hid it—that you shou'd not know.

Yet Farce and Title, one to t'other

Shou'd seem, like *Safas*, a Twin-brother.

Prologues, like Andrews at a Fair,

To draw you in, shou'd make you stare.

" The notified! the only Booth!—Walk in!

" Gem'men, in here! just going to begin!"

And if our Author don't produce

Some character that *plays the Deuce*;

If there's no frolic, sense, nor whim,

Retort, and play the dev'l with him!

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Room in Emily's House.*

*Enter EMILY with a Letter open in her Hand—and
 Mademoiselle FLORIVAL in Man's Cloaths.*

EMILY.

BE assured, that I will do every thing in my power
 to serve you; my brother knew that he might com-
 mand my service—Be comforted, I beseech you, Madam.

Flo.

Flo. You cannot wonder, Madam, that I should be shocked, extremely shocked, at the cruel necessity of appearing before you in so indelicate a disguise.

Em. Indeed you need not : there is something in your manner, which convinces me, that every action of your life carries its apology along with it ; though I will not venture to inquire into the particulars of your story till your mind is more at ease.

Flo. Alas, Madam, it is my interest to make you acquainted with my story. I am the daughter of Monsieur Florival, a French physician, in the island of Belleisle. An English officer, who had been desperately wounded, was, after the capitulation, for the sake of due attendance, taken into my father's house ; and as I, in the very early part of my life, had resided in England, he took some pleasure in my conversation. In a word, he won my affections, and asked me of my father in marriage : but he, alas ! too much influenced by the narrow prejudices so common between the two nations, forbade the officer his house, but not before we were, by the most solemn engagements, secretly contracted to each other.

Em. May I ask the officer's name ?

Flo. Excuse me, Madam. Till I see or hear from him once more, my prudence, vanity, or call it what you will, will scarce suffer me to mention it. Your brother, indeed, is acquainted with—

Em. I beg your pardon—I hope, however, you have no reason to think yourself neglected or forgotten ?

Flo. Oh no ; far from it. He was soon recalled by orders from England ; and on my father's pressing me to consent to another match, my passion—I blush to own it—transported me so far, as to depart abruptly from Belleisle. I came over in an English ship to Portsmouth, where I expected, according to letters he had contrived to send me, to find the officer. But, judge of my disappointment, when I learnt that he embarked but three days before for the siege of the Havannah.

Em. The Havannah !—You touch me nearly—Pray go on.

Flo. In a strange kingdom—alone—and a woman—
what :

what could I do? In order to defeat inquiries after me, I disguised myself in this habit, and mixt with the officers of the place; but your brother soon discovered my uneasiness, and saw through my disguise. I frankly confessed to him every particular of my story: in consequence of which, he has thus generously recommended me to your protection.

Em. And you may depend on my friendship—Your situation affects me strangely.

Flo. Oh, Madam, it is impossible to tell you half its miseries; especially since your brother has convinced me, that I am so liable to be discovered.

Em. You shall throw off that dress as soon as possible, and then I will take you into the house with me and my sister—In the mean time, let me see you every day—every hour. I shall not be afraid that your visits will affect my reputation.

Flo. You are too good to me. [Weeping.

Em. Nay, this is too much. It overcomes me. Pray, be cheerful!

Flo. I humbly take my leave.

Em. Adieu. I shall expect you to dinner.

Flo. I shall do myself the honour of waiting on you. [Exit.

Em. (alone) Poor woman! I thought my own uneasiness almost insupportable; and yet how much must her anxiety exceed mine!

Enter Bell.

So, sister! I met your fine gentleman. Upon my word, the young spark must be a favourite—You have had a *tête-a-tête* of above half an hour together.

Em. How d'ye like him?

Bell. Not at all: a soft lady-like gentleman, with a white hand, a mincing step, and a smooth chin. Where does this pretty master come from?

Em. From my brother.

Bell. Who is he?

Em. A present to you.

Bell. A present to me! What d'ye mean?

Em. Why, did not my brother promise to take care of you before he went abroad?

Bell. Well! and what then?

Em.

Em. What then! Why, he has taken care of you—sent you a pretty fellow for a husband—Could he possibly take better care of you?

Bell. A husband!—a puppet, a doll, a—

Em. A soldier, Bell!—a red coat, consider.

Bell. A fine soldier, indeed!—I can't bear to see a red coat cover any thing but a man, sister.—Give me a soldier, that looks as if he cou'd love me and protect me; ay, and tame me too, if I deserv'd it.—If I was to have this thing for a husband, I wou'd set him at the top of my India-cabinet with the China figures, and bid the maid take care she did not break him.

Em. Well, well; if this is the case, I don't know what my brother will say to you. Here's his letter! read it, and send him an answer yourself.

Bell. (*reads.*) "Dear sister, the bearer of this letter is a lady!"—So, so! your servant, madam!—and your's too, sister!—"whose case is truly compassionate, and whom I most earnestly recommend to your protection,"—Um—um—um—"take care of her"—Um—um—um—"not too many questions"—Um—um—um—"in town in a few days."—I'll be whipt now, if this is not some mistress of his.

Em. No, no, Bell, I know her whole history. It is quite a little novel. She is a Frenchwoman, Mademoiselle Florival, run away from her father at Belleisle, and dying for an English gentleman at the Havannah.

Bel. The Havannah!—Not for Colonel Tamper, I hope, sister.

Em. If Colonel Tamper had been at the taking of Belleisle too, I should have been frightened out of my wits about it.

Bel. Suppose I should bring you some news of him?

Em. Of whom?

Bell. Colonel Tamper.

Em. What do you mean?

Bell. Only a card.

Em. A card!—from whom? What card?

Bell. Oh, what a delightful flutter it puts her into!

Em. Nay, but tell me.

Bell. Well then—while your visitor was here, there came

came a card from Major Belford; and I took the liberty of sending an answer to it.

Em. Let me see it! Dear Bell, let me see it!

Bell. Oh, it was nothing but "his compliments, and desiring to have the honour of waiting on you any time this morning from Colonel Tamper."

Em. From Colonel Tamper!—What can this mean? I am ready to sink with fear—Why does he not come himself?

Bell. He's not arrived—not come to town yet, I suppose.

Em. Oh, Bell! I could suppose twenty things that terrify me to death.

Bell. I think now, such a message ought to put you quite out of your pain: he could not come from Colonel Tamper, if there was no such person in being.

Em. Ay, but suppose any accident should have happened to him! Heaven forbid! How unfortunate is it to doat upon a man, whose profession exposes him hourly to the risk of his life!

Bell. Lord, Emily, how can you torment yourself with such horrid imaginations? Besides, should the worst come to the worst—it is but a lover lost; and that is a loss easily repaired, you know.

Em. Go, you mad-cap! but you'll pay for all this one day, I warrant you. When you come to be heartily in for it yourself, Bell, you will know, that when a pure and disinterested passion fills the breast, when once a woman has set her heart upon a man, nothing in the world but that very man will ever make her happy.

Bell. I admire your *setting your heart*, as you call it, of all things. Your love, my dear Emily, is not so romantic. You pitch upon a man of figure and fortune, handsome, sensible, good-natured, and well-bred; of rank in life, and credit in his profession; a man that half the women in town would pull caps for; and then you talk, like a sly prude, of your pure and disinterested passion.

Em. Why, then, I declare, if he had not a friend on earth, or a shilling in the world—if he was as miserable as the utmost malice of ill fortune could make him,

him, I would prefer Colonel Tamper to the first duke in the kingdom.

Bell. Oh, sister, it is a mighty easy thing for persons rolling in affluence and a coach-and-six, to talk of living on bread and water, and the comforts of love in a cottage.

Em. The coach-and-six, *Bell*, would give little happiness to those who could not be happy without it. When once the heart has settled its affections, how mean is it to withdraw them for any paltry considerations of what nature soever!

Bell. "I think the lady doth protest too much."

Em. "Ay, but she'll keep her word."

Enter Servant.

Ser. Major Belford, Madam!

[*Exit.*

Em. Show him in—Oh, *Bell*, I am ready to drop with apprehension!

Enter Major Belford.

Bel. Ladies, your humble servant—[*Salutes them.* I rejoice to find you so well.

Bell. And we congratulate you, major, on your safe return from the Havannah—How does your friend Colonel Tamper do?

Bel. He is very well, Madam; but—

Em. But what, Sir—I am frightened beyond expression—Is he in England?

Bel. Yes, Madam.

Em. In town?

Bel. Yes, Madam.

Em. Why have not we the pleasure of seeing him then?

Bel. He'll be here immediately, Madam—

Em. Oh, well.

Bel. But it was thought proper that I should wait on you first, to prepare you for his reception.

Em. To prepare me! What does he mean?

Bel. Only to prevent your being alarmed at his appearance, Madam?

Em. Alarm'd! you terrify me more and more—What is the matter?

Bel. Nay, nothing—A trifle—the mere chance of war

war—*la fortune de la guerre*, as the French call it; that's all, Madam.

Em. I'm upon the rack—Dear Sir, explain—

Bel. The Colonel, you know, Madam, is a man of spirit—Having exposed his person very gallantly in the several actions before the town of the Havannah, he received many wounds; one or two of which have been attended with rather disagreeable circumstances.

Em. But is the Colonel well at present, Sir?

Bel. Extremely well, Madam.

Em. Are not the consequences of his wounds likely to endanger his life?

Bel. Not in the least, Madam.

Em. I am satisfied—Pray go on, Sir.

Bel. Do not you be alarmed, Madam.

Em. Keep me no longer in suspense, I beseech you, Sir!

Bel. What can all this mean?

Bel. The two principal wounds which the Colonel received, Madam, were, one a little above the knee, and another in his face. In consequence of the first, he was reduced to the necessity of saving his life by the loss of a leg; and the latter has deprived him of the sight of an eye.

Em. Oh, heavens!

Bell. Poor Emily! How could you be so abrupt, Sir? The violent agitation of her mind is too much for her spirits.

Bel. Excuse me, Madam—I was afraid of making you uneasy; and yet it was necessary you should be acquainted with these circumstances, previous to your seeing the Colonel.

Em. (*recovering.*) Lost a leg and an arm, did you say, Sir?

Bel. No, not an arm—an eye, Madam.

Em. An eye! worse and worse—Poor Colonel!

Bel. Rather unfortunate, to be sure. But we should consider, Madam, that we have saved his life; and that these were sacrifices necessary for its preservation.

Em. Very true. Ay—ay—so as he has but his life, I am happy. And I ought now to be attached to him, not only from tenderness, but compassion.

Bel. After all, Madam, his appearance is much better than you may imagine. His face, by the help of a black ribband, is very little disfigured; and he has got a false leg, made so naturally, that except a small hitch in his gait, there is no material alteration in his person and deportment—Besides which, in point of health and spirits, he is particularly well.

Em. I am glad of it.—But, alas! he whose person was so charming!—And then his eyes, that were so brilliant!—so full of sensibility!

Bel. This accident, Madam, on his own account gives him no uneasiness; to say the truth, he seems rather vain upon it: I could wish, therefore, when he comes, that you would not seem too deeply affected, but rather assume an air of cheerfulness, lest any visible uneasiness in you should shock the Colonel.

Em. Poor Colonel! I know his sensibility. Let me endeavour, therefore, to convince him, that he is as dear to me as ever! Oh, yes, *cost me what it will*, I must show him, that the preservation of his life is an entire consolation to me.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Colonel Tamper, Madam.

Em. Eh! what?

[*Disordered.*]

Bell. Desire the Colonel to walk up—Compose yourself, my dear!—Poor Emily! I am in pain for her.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Colonel Tamper—Runs up to Emily.

Tam. My dearest Emily!—how happy am I to see you once again! I have brought back the honest heart and hand which I devoted to you: as to the rest of my body, you see I did not care sixpence what became of it. Miss Bell, I rejoice to see you so well.—Major, I am your's—But my Emily—

Em. Oh, Colonel!

[*Bursts into tears, and leans upon Bell.*]

Tam. How's this? Tears!

Bell. You should not have followed the Major so soon, Colonel; she had scarce recovered the first shock from his intelligence.

Tam. My impatience would suffer me to delay no longer

longer—Why do you weep so, Emily?—Are you sorry to see me again?

Em. Sorry to see you unfortunate. [*Weeping.*]

Tam. Unfortunate! call me rather fortunate: I am come back alive; alive and merry, Emily.

Em. I am glad you have saved your life. [*Weeping.*]

Tam. I dare say you are. Look on me then. What, not one glance! Won't you deign to look on your poor maimed soldier? [*Pausing.*]—Is it possible, then, that any little alteration of my person can occasion a change in your sentiments?

Em. Never, Colonel, never: It is surely no mark of want of affection to be so much hurt at your misfortunes.

Tam. Misfortune! no misfortunes at all—none at all to a soldier—nothing but the ordinary incidents and common casualties of his life—marks of honour—and tokens of valour—I declare I bear them about with me as the most honourable badges of my profession—I am proud of them—I would not part with this wooden leg for the best flesh and blood in Christendom.

Em. And can you really be so unconcerned at this accident?

Tam. Really; and you shall be unconcerned too, Emily. You shall find more in me still, than in half the battered rakes and fops about town. It injures me no more than it does a fine tree, to lop my branches. My trunk is heart of oak, and I shall thrive the better for it.

Em. But is there no hope of recovering your eye again? Oh, we must have the best advice—Is the sight quite lost?

Tam. Quite—Blind as a mill-horse—blind as a beetle, Emily—But what does that signify? Love is blind, you know; and if I have lost one eye, why, they say, I shall see the clearer with the other.

Em. I cannot look at him without shuddering.

[*Retires and sits down.*]

Bell. What action was it you suffered in, Colonel?

Tam. Before the Moro castle, Ma'am, before the Moro—Hot work, hissing hot, by sea and land, I assure you, Ma'am. Ah, the Moro, the Moro!—But

if men go to run their heads against stone walls, they must expect to have a scone or two broken before they make their way through them——Eh, major!

Bell. Major Belford was with you?

Tam. All the while. The major and I fought side by side, cheek by jowl, till I fell, Ma'am! We paid the Dons—didn't we, Major?—But Velasco, poor Velasco? A fine brave Don, must be owned—I had rather have died like Velasco, than have lived to be Generalissimo.

Bell. (to Emily.) How are you, sister?

Tam. Nay, prithee, Emily, be comforted! more than all this might have happened to me at home. I might have thrown away my life in a duel, or broke my neck in a fox-chace: a fit of the gout, or an apoplexy, might have maimed me ten times worse for ever; or a palsy, perhaps, have killed one half of me at a single stroke—You must not take on thus—If you do, I shall be extremely uneasy.

Em. Excuse me, I cannot help it—but be assured, I esteem you as much as ever, Sir.

Tam. Esteem, and Sir!—This is cold language—I have not been used to hear you talk in that style, Emily.

Em. I don't know what I say—I am not well—let me retire.

Tam. When shall we name the happy day? I shall make shift to dance on that occasion—though as Withrington fought—on my stumps, Emily. Tell me, when shall we be happy?

Em. I grow more and more faint—Lead me to my chamber, Bell.

Bell. She is very ill—don't teize her now, Colonel; but let us try to procure her some repose.

Tam. Ay, ay, a short sleep and a little reflection, and all will be well, I dare say—I will be here again soon, and administer consolation, I warrant you. Adieu, my dear Emily.

Em. Adieu.—Oh, Bell! [*Exit in tears with Bell.*]

[*Manent Major Belford and Col. Tamper.*]

Tam. (assuming his natural air and manner) Ha, ha, ha!

ha!—Well, Belford, what is your opinion now? Will she stand the test or no?

Bel. If she does, it is more than you deserve. I could wish she would give you up with all my heart, if I did not think you would run stark mad with vexation.

Tam. Why so?

Bel. Because, as I have often told you before, this is a most absurd and ridiculous scheme, a mere trick to impose upon yourself, and most probably end in your losing the affections of an amiable lady.

Tam. You know, Belford, there is an excess of sensibility in my temper—

Bel. That will always make you unhappy.

Tam. Rather say it will ensure the future happiness of my life. Before I bind myself to abide by a woman at all events and in all circumstances, I must be assured that she will, at all events and in all circumstances retain her affection for me.

Bel. 'Sdeath, I have no patience to hear you. Have not you all the reason in the world to rest assured, that Emily entertains a most sincere passion for you?

Tam. Perhaps so; but then I am not equally assured of the basis on which that passion is founded.

Bel. Her folly, I am afraid.

Tam. Nay, but I am serious, Major.

Bel. You are very ridiculous, Colonel.

Tam. Well, well; it does not signify talking: I must be convinced that she loves me for my own sake, for myself alone; and that, were I divested of every desirable gift of fortune and of nature, and she was to be addressed by fifty others who possessed them all in the most eminent degree, she would continue to prefer me to all the rest of mankind.

Bel. Most precious refinement, truly! This is the most high-flown metaphysics in sentiment I ever heard in my life—picked up in one of your expeditions to the coast of France, I suppose—No plain Englishman ever dream'd of such a whim—Love you for yourself! for your own sake!—not she truly.

Tam. How then?

Bel. Why, for her own, to be sure—and so would any body else.—I am your friend, and love you as

• a friend: And why? because I am glad to have com-
 • merce with a man of talents, honour, and honesty.
 • Let me once see you behave like a poltroon, or a vil-
 • lain, and you know I would cut your throat, Colo-
 • nel!

• *Tam.* I don't doubt you, Major; but if she don't
 • love me for my *own* sake, for *myself*, as I said, how
 • can I ever be certain that she will not transfer that
 • love to another?

• *Bel.* "For your *own* sake! for *yourself* again!"—
 Why, what, in the name of common sense, is this *self*
 of your's, that you make such a rout about? Your
 birth, your fortune, your character, your talents, and
 perhaps, sweet Colonel, that sweet person of your's—
 all these may have taken her—and habitude, and conti-
 nual intercourse, must increase her partiality for them
 in you, more than in any other person. But, after all,
 • none of these things are *yourself*. You are but the
 • ground; and these qualities are woven into your
 • frame. Yet it is not the stuff, but the richness of the
 • work, that stamps a value on the piece.

• *Tam.* Why, this is downright sermonizing, Ma-
 • jor. Give you pudding sleeves, and a grizzle wig,
 • you might be chaplain to the regiment. Yet matri-
 • mony is a leap in the dark indeed, if we cannot be-
 • forehand make ourselves at all certain of the fidelity
 • and affection of our wives.

• *Bel.* Marriage is precarious, I grant you, and must
 • be so. You may play like a wary gamester, 'tis true.
 • I would not marry a notorious profligate, nor a wo-
 • man in a consumption; but there is no more answer-
 ing for the continuance of her good disposition, than
 that of her good health.

• *Tam.* Fine maxims! make use of them yourself; they
 won't serve me. A fine time, indeed, to experience a
 woman's fidelity—after marriage; a time when every
 thing conspires to render it her interest to deceive you!
 No, no; no fool's paradise for me, Belford!

• *Bel.* A fool's paradise is better than a wiseacre's pur-
 gatory.

• *Tam.* 'Sdeath, Belford, who comes here?—I shall
 be discovered.

[Resuming his counterfeit manner.

Enter

Enter Prattle.

Prat. Gentlemen, your most obedient ; mighty forry, extremely concerned, to hear the lady's taken ill—I was sent for in a violent hurry—had forty patients to visit—resolved to see her, however—Major Belford, I rejoice to see you in good health—Have I the honour of knowing this gentleman?

[Pointing to Tamper, and going up to him.]

Tam. Hum, hum!

[Limping away from Prattle, and putting his handkerchief to his face.]

Bel. An acquaintance of mine, Mr Prattle.—You don't know him, I believe—A little hurt in the service—that's all.

Prat. Accidents, accidents will happen—No less than seven brought into our infirmary yesterday, and ten into the hospital—Did you hear, Major Belford, that poor Lady Di. Racket broke her arm last night, by an overturn, from her horses taking fright among the vast crowd of coaches getting in at Lady Thunder's rout : and yesterday morning, Sir Helter Skelter, who is so remarkably fond of driving, put out his collar-bone by a fall from his own coach-box.

Tam. Pox on his chattering ! I wish he'd be gone.

[Apart to Belford.]

Bel. But your fair patient, Mr Prattle—I am afraid we detain you.

Prat. Not at all ;—I'll attend her immediately—*[Going, returns.]*—You have not heard of the change in the ministry?

Tam. Psha !

Bel. I have.

Prat. Well, well—*[Going, returns.]*—Lady Sarah Melville brought to bed within these two hours—a boy—Gentleman, your servant, your very humble servant. *[Exit.]*

Tam. Chattering Jackanapes.

Bel. So, the apothecary's come already—we shall have a consultation of physicians, the knocker tied up, and straw laid in the street shortly.—But are not you ashamed, Tamper, to give her all this uneasiness?

Tam. No matter—I'll make her ample amends at last

last—What could possess them to send for this block-head? He'll make her worse and worse. He will absolutely talk her to death.

Bel. Oh, the puppy's in fashion, you know.

Tam. It is lucky enough the fellow did not know me. He's a downright he-gossip! and any thing he knows might as well be published in the Daily Advertiser. But come, for fear of discovery, we had better decamp for the present. March!

Bel. You'll expose yourself confoundedly, Tamper.

Tam. Say no more. I am resolv'd to put her affection to the trial. If she's thorough proof, I'm made for ever. Come along. [Going.]

Bel. Tamper!

Tam. Oh, I am lame; I forget. [Limping.]

Bel. Lord, lord! what a fool self-love makes of a man! [Exeunt.]

A C T H.

SCENE, Emily's Dressing-room.

Emily, Bell, Prattle, sitting on a Sofa.

Bell. **I** Think you seem to be a good deal recovered, Emily.

Em. I am much better than I was, I thank you—Heigh-ho!

Prat. Ay, ay, I knew we should be better by and by.—These little nervous disorders are very common all over the town—merely owing to the damp weather, which relaxes the tone of the whole system.—The poor duchess of Porcelain has had a fever on her spirits these three weeks. Lady Teaser's case is absolutely hysterical; and Lady Betty Dawdle is almost half mad with lowness of spirits, headaches, tremblings, vain fears, and wanderings of the mind.

Em. Pray, Mr Prattle, how does poor Miss Crompton do?

Prat. Never better, Ma'am. Somebody has removed her disorder, by prescribing very effectually to the Marquis of Cranford. His intended match with Miss Richman, the hundred thousand pound fortune, is quite off;

off; and so, Ma'am, Miss Crompton is perfectly well again — By the bye too, she has another reason to rejoice: for her cousin, Miss Dorothy, who lives with her, and began, you know, to grow rather old-maidish, as we say, Ma'am, made a sudden conquest of Mr Bumper, a Lancashire gentleman of a great estate, who came up to town for the Christmas; and they were married at Miss Crompton's yesterday evening.

Bell. Is it true, Mr Prattle, that Sir John Medley is going to the south of France for the recovery of his health?

Prat. Very true, Ma'am, very true, that he's going, I promise you; but not for the recovery of his health. Sir John's well enough himself; but his affairs are in a galloping consumption, I assure you. No less than two executions in his house. I heard it for fact at Lady Modish's. Poor gentleman, I have known his chariot stand at Arthur's till eight o'clock in the morning. He has had a sad run a long time, but that last affair at Newmarket totally undid him. — Pray, ladies, have you heard the story of Alderman Manchester's lady?

Bell. Oh no. Pray, what is it?

Prat. A terrible story indeed — Eloped from her husband, and went off with Lord John Sprightly. Their intention, it seems, was to go over to Holland; but the Alderman pursued them to Harwich, and caught them just as they were going to embark. He threatened Lord John with a prosecution: but Lord John, who knew the Alderman's turn, came down with a thousand pounds; and so the Alderman received his wife, and all is well again.

Bell. I vow, Mr Prattle, you are extremely amusing. You know the chit-chat of the whole town.

Prat. Can't avoid picking up a few slight anecdotes, to be sure, Ma'am — Go into the best houses in town — attend the first families in the kingdom — nobody better received — nobody takes more care — nobody tries to give more satisfaction.

Bell. Is there any public news of any kind, Mr Prattle?

Prat. None at all, Ma'am — except that the officers are most of them return'd from the Havannah.

Em.

Em. So we hear, Sir !

Prat. I saw Colonel Tamper yefferday. O, ay ! and Major Belford, and another gentleman, as I came in here this morning.

Bell. That was Colonel Tamper, Sir.

Prat. That gentleman, Colonel Tamper ; Ma'am !

Bell. Yes, Sir.

Prat. Pardon me, Ma'am ! I know Colonel Tamper very well.—That poor gentleman was somewhat disabled—had suffered a little in the wars—Colonel Tamper is not so unfortunate.

Em. O yes, that horrid accident !

Prat. What accident ?

Bell. His wounds—his wounds—Don't you know, Sir ?

Prat. Wounds, Ma'am !—Upon my word, I never heard he had received any.

Bell. No ! Why he lost a leg and an eye at the siege of the Havannah.

Prat. Did he ? Why then, Ma'am, I'll be bold to say, he is the luckiest man in the world.

Bell. Why so, Sir ?

Prat. Because, Ma'am, if he lost a leg and an eye at the Havannah, they must be grown again, or he has somehow procured others that do the business every whit as well.

Em. Impossible !

Prat. I wish I may die, Ma'am, if the Colonel had not yesterday two as good legs and fine eyes as any man in the world. If he lost one of each at the Havannah, we practitioners in physic should be much obliged to him to communicate his receipt for the benefit of Greenwich and Chelsea hospitals.

Em. Are you sure that the Colonel has had no such loss, Sir ?

Prat. As sure as that I am here, Ma'am ! I saw him going into the what-d'ye-call-him ambassador's, just over against my house, yesterday ; and the last place I was at this morning was Mrs Daylight's, where I heard the Colonel was at her route last night, and that everybody thought he was rather improved than injured by his late expedi-

expedition.—But, odso! Lack-a-day, lack-a-day, lack-a-day!—now I recollect—ha, ha, ha!

[Laughing very heartily.]

Bell. What's the matter, Mr Prattle?

Prat. Excuse me, ladies: I can't forbear laughing—ha, ha, ha!—The gentleman in t'other room, Colonel Tamper! ha, ha, ha!—I find the Colonel had a mind to pay a visit in masquerade, this morning—I spoke to Major Belford—I thought I knew his friend too—but he limped away, and hid his face, and would not speak to me.—Upon my word, he did it very well! I could have sworn there had been an amputation—He would make a figure at a masked ball. Ha! ha! ha!

Em. Bell. Ha! ha! ha!

[Looking at each other, and affecting to laugh.]

Prat. Ha! ha! ha! very comical! Ha! ha! ha!

Bell. A frolic, Mr Prattle, a frolic: I think, however, you had better not take any notice of it abroad.

Prat. Me! I shall never breathe it, Ma'am: I am close as oak—an absolute free-mason for secrecy—But, Ma'am, (*rising*), I must bid you good morning—I have several patients to visit before dinner.—Mrs Tremor, I know, will be dying with the vapours till she sees me; and I am to meet Dr Valerian at Lord Hectic's in less than half an hour.

Em. Ring the bell, my dear—Mr Prattle, your servant.

Prat. Ladies, your very humble servant.—I shall send you a cordial mixture, Ma'am, to be taken in any particular faintness, or lowness of spirits; and some draughts for morning and evening. Have a care of catching cold, be cautious in your diet, and I make no doubt but in a few days we shall be perfectly recovered.—Ladies, your servant: Your most obedient, very humble servant. *[Exit.]*

[The ladies sit for some time silent.]

Bell. (*After a pause.*) Sister Emily!

Em. Sister Bell!

Bell. What d' ye think of Colonel Tamper now, sister?

Em. Why, I am so provoked, and so pleased; so angry,

gry, and so diverted; that I don't know whether I should be in, or out of humour, at this discovery.

Bell. No!—Is it possible you can have so little spirits? This tattling apothecary will tell this fine story at every house he goes into—it will be town-talk—If a lover of mine had attempted to put such an impudent deceit upon me, I would never see his face again.

Em. If you had a lover that you liked, Bell, you would not be quite so violent.

Bell. Indeed, but I should. What! to come here with a Canterbury tale of a leg and an eye, and heaven knows what, merely to try the extent of his power over you.—To gratify his inordinate vanity, in case you should retain your affection for him; or to reproach you for your weakness and infidelity, if you could not reconcile yourself to him on that supposition.

Em. It is abominably provoking, I own; and yet, Bell, it is not a quarter of an hour ago, but I would have parted with half my fortune to have made it certain that there was a trick in the story.

Bell. Well, I never knew one of these men of extraordinary sense, as they are called, that was not in some instances a greater fool than the rest of mankind.

Em. After all, Bell, I must confess that this stratagem has convinced me of the infirmity of my temper. This supposed accident began to make strange work with me.

Bell. I saw that plain enough. I told you what your pure and disinterested passion, sister, would come to, long ago.—Yet this is so flagrant an affront, I would make him smart for it some way or other; I would not marry him these seven years.

Em. That, perhaps, might be punishing myself, sister.

Bell. We must plague him, and heartily too. Oh, for a bright thought now, some charming invention to torment him!

Em. Oh, as to that matter, I should be glad to have some comical revenge on him with all my heart.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Captain Johnson, Ma'am.

Em. Desire him to walk up. [*Exit Servant.*] I am fit to see any company now.—This discovery will do

me more good, I believe, than all Mr Prattle's cordial mixtures, as he calls them.

Bell. Oh, you're in charming spirits, sister——But Captain Johnson! you abound in the military, Captains, Colonels, and Majors, by wholesale: Who is Captain Johnson, pray?

Em. Only the name that Mademoiselle Florival, the Belleisle lady you saw this morning, goes by.

Bell. Oh, sister, the luckiest thought in the world——such an use to make of this lady.

Em. What d' ye mean?

Bell. Captain Johnson shall be Colonel Tamper's rival, sister!

Em. Hush! here she is.

Enter Mademoiselle Florival.

Em. Give me leave, Madam, to introduce you to my sister.

Bell. I have heard your story, Madam, and take part in your misfortunes.

Flo. I am infinitely obliged both to you and to that lady, Madam.

Em. Oh! Madam, I have been extremely ill since you was here this morning, and terrified almost beyond imagination.

Flo. I am very sorry to hear it; may I ask what has alarmed you?

Em. It is so ridiculous, I scarce know how to tell you.

Bell. Then I will. You must know, Ma'am, that my sister was engaged to an officer, who went out on a late military expedition. He is just returned, but is come home with the strangest conceit that ever filled the brain of a lover. He took it into his head to try my sister's faith by pretending to be maimed and wounded, and has actually visited her this morning in a counterfeited character. We have just now detected the imposition, and want your assistance to be pleasantly revenged on him.

Flo. I cannot bring myself to be an advocate for the lady's cruelty——But you may both command me in any thing.

Em. There is no cruelty in the case; I fear I am
 Vol. I. C c gone

gone too far from that. As you are, in appearance, such a smart young gentleman, my sister has waggishly proposed to make you the instrument of exciting Colonel Tamper's jealousy, by your personating the character of a supposed rival.—Was not that your device, sister?

Bell. It was; and if this lady will come into it, and you play your part well, we'll tease the wise Colonel, and make him sick of his rogueries, I warrant you.

Flo. I have been a mad girl in my time, I confess, and remember when I should have joined in such a frolic with pleasure. At present, I fear I am scarce mistress enough of my temper, to maintain my character with any tolerable humour. However, I will summon up all my spirits, and do my best to oblige you.

Bell. Oh, you will have but little to do—The business will lie chiefly on your hands, Emily—You must be most intolerably provoking.—If you do but irritate him sufficiently, we shall have charming sport with him.

Em. Never fear me, Bell; Mr Prattle's intelligence has given me spirits equal to any thing—Now I know it is but a trick, I shall scarce be able to see him limping about without laughing.—

Enter Servant.

Serv. Colonel Tamper, Madam,

Em. Show him in! [*Exit Servant.*]—Now, ladies!

Bell. Now, sister!—Work him heartily; cut him to the bone, I charge you.—If you show him the least mercy, you are no woman.

Enter Colonel Tamper.

Tam. This it is to have new servants! not at home, indeed!—A pack of blockheads, to think of denying my Emily to me. I knew the poor dear soul was a little out of order indeed—but—(*seeing Florival*)—I beg pardon, Madam! I did not know you had company.

Bell. Oh, this gentleman is a particular friend of my sister's—he's let in at any time.

Tam. Hum!

[*Disordered.*]

Em. I did not expect to see you return so soon, Sir!

Tam.

Tam. No—I believe I am come somewhat unexpectedly indeed, Madam!

Em. If your return had not been so extremely precipitate, Sir, I should have sent you a message on purpose to prevent your giving yourself that trouble.

Tam. Madam! a message! for what reason?

Em. Because I am otherwise engaged.

[*With indifference.*

Tam. Engaged? I don't apprehend you, Madam!

Em. No? you are extremely dull then; don't you see I have company?—Was you at the opera last night, Captain Johnson?

[*Coquetting with Florival.*

Tam. I am thunderstruck.—Madam! Miss Emily!—Madam!

Em. Sir!—Colonel Tamper!—Sir!

Tam. I say, Madam!—

Em. Sir!

Tam. 'Sdeath! I have not power to speak to her.—This strange and sudden alteration in your behaviour, Madam—

Em. Alteration! none at all, Sir: the change is on your side, not mine. I'll be judged by this gentleman.—Captain Johnson, here's a miniature of the Colonel, which he sat for just before he went abroad—done by a good hand, and reckoned a striking likeness.—Did you ever see a poor creature so altered?

[*Giving a bracelet.*

Flo. Why, really, Madam, there is, I must own, a very visible difference at present.—That black ribband (*looking by turns on the picture and Colonel Tamper*) makes a total eclipse of the brilliancy of this right eye—and then, the irregular motion of the leg gives such a twist to the rest of the body, that—

Tam. Sir!—But it is to you I address myself at present, Madam.—I was once fond and foolish enough to imagine that you had a heart truly generous and sensible; and flattered myself that it was above being shaken by absence, or affected by events.—How have I been deceived! I find, that—

Em. Pardon me, Sir, I never deceived you:—nay, you see that I disdained the thought of deceiving you even for a day.—Out of respect to our late mutual at-

tachment, I am resolved to deal openly with you. In a word, then, every thing between us must now be at an end.

Tam. Confusion!—Every thing at an end! and can you, you, Emily, have the courage to tell me so?

Em. Why not? Come, come, Colonel Tamper, vanity is your blind-side.

Tam. Zounds, Madam!

Em. Don't be in a passion—Do but consider the matter calmly; and, though it may rather be displeasing, yet when you have duly weighed all circumstances, I'm sure you must do me the justice to acknowledge my sincerity.

Tam. I shall run mad—Is it possible, Emily!—Sincerity do you call this?—Diffimulation—damn'd diffimulation.

Em. Have patience, Sir! The loss of your whole fortune would have been trifling to me? But how can I reconcile myself to this mangling of your figure.—Let me turn the tables on you for a moment—suppose now, Colonel, that I had been so unfortunate as to have lost a leg and an eye, should you, d' ye think, have retained your affection inviolable for me?

Tam. False, false woman!—Have a care, Emily! have a care, I say, or you'll destroy your fame and happiness for ever.—Consider what you are doing, ere you make a final resolution—You'll repent your inconstancy, I tell you beforehand—upon my soul, you will—You'll have more reason to repent it, than you can possibly imagine.

Em. Why will you oblige me now to say shocking things to you? It goes against me to tell you so, but I can't even see you now without horror; nay, was I even, from a vain point of honour, to adhere to my engagements with you, I could never conquer my disgust.—It would be a most unnatural connection.—Wou'd not it, Captain Johnson?

Tam. Hell! 'sdeath! confusion!—How steadily she persists in her perfidy! Madam! Madam!—I shall choak with rage—But, one word, and I am gone for ever—for ever, for ever, Madam!

Em. What would you say, Sir?

Tam.

Tam. Tell me then—and tell me truly: Have not you received the addresses of that gentleman?

Em. He has honoured me with them, I confess, Sir; and every circumstance is so much in his favour, that I could have no manner of objection to him, but my unfortunate engagements to you—But, since your ill fortune has invincibly divorced us from each other, I think I am at liberty to listen to him.

Tam. Matchless confidence!—Mighty well, Madam!—It is not then the misfortunes that have befallen me, but the charms you have found in that gentleman, which have altered your inclination.

Flo. Well, Sir! and what then, Sir? The lady, I presume, is not included, like an old mansion-house, in the rent-roll of your estate, or the inventory of your goods and chattels. Her hand, I hope, is still her own property, and she may bestow it on you, or me, or any body else, just as she pleases.

Tam. You are a villain, Sir!—Withdraw!

Bell. Oh, heavens! here will be murder—Don't stir, I beg you, Sir.

Flo. O never fear me, Madam; I am not such a poltroon as to contend with that gentleman—Do you think I would set my strength and skill against a poor blind man, and a cripple?

Tam. Follow me, Sir; I'll soon teach you to use your own legs.

Flo. Oh, the sturdy beggar! stir your stumps, and begone; here's nothing for you, fellow!

Tam. Villain!

Flo. Poor man!

Tam. Scoundrel!

Flo. Prithee man, don't expose yourself.

Tam. Puppy!

Flo. Poor wretch!

Em. What, quarrel before ladies? Oh, for shame, Colonel!

Tam. This is beyond all sufferance. I can contain no longer—Know, then, Madam, (*to Emily*) to your utter confusion, I am not that mangled thing which you imagine me—You may see, Madam—

[*Resuming his natural manner.*]

C c 3.

Em.

Em. Bell. Flo. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

[*Laughing violently.*]

Em. A wonderful cure of lameness and blindness—Your case is truly curious, Sir;—and attested by three credible witnesses—Will you give us leave to print it in the public papers?

Tam. Madam! Madam—

Flo. I think the story would make a figure in the Philosophical Transactions.

Tam. Sir!

Bell. A pretty leg, indeed—Will you dance a minuet with me, Colonel?

Em. Your wounds are not mortal, I hope, Colonel?

Tam. No, Madam! my person, I thank Heaven, is still unhurt.—I have my legs, both legs, Madam; and I will use them to transport me as far as possible from so false a woman—I have my eyes, too—my eyes, Madam—but they shall never look on you again, but as the most faithless and ungrateful of your sex.

Em. If I'm not surprised how he could act it so well! Pray let us see you do it over again, Colonel—How was it, eh? (*Mimicking*) hip-hop, hip-hop, like Prince Volscius, I think.

Tam. I took that method, Madam, to try your truth, constancy, and affection. I have found you void of all those qualities, and shall have reason to rejoice at the effect of my experiment as long as I live.

Em. If you meant to separate yourself from me, you have indeed taken an excellent method. And a mighty proof you have given of your own affection, truly! Instead of returning, after an anxious absence, with joy into my presence, to come home with a low and mean suspicion, with a narrow jealousy of mind, when the frankness and generosity of my behaviour ought to have engaged you to repose the most unlimited confidence in me.

Tam. The event, Madam, has but too well warranted my experiment.

Em. And shall justify it, Sir, still more: for here, before your face, I give my hand to this gentleman; solemnly declaring, that it shall never be in your power to dissolve the connection formed between us.

Tam.

Tam. As to you, Madam, your infidelity be your punishment.—But that gentleman shall hear from me.

Flo. I defy you, Sir!

Em. Nothing farther remains between us—leave me, Sir!

Tam. I am gone, Madam! and so help me heaven, never, never to return — [Going.

Enter Major Belford.

Belf. How! going in a passion?—Hold, Tamper—All in confusion!—I thought so—and came to set matters to rights again.

Flo. What do I see! Major Belford!—Major Belford! oh! [Faints.

Belf. Ha, my name, and fainting! What can this mean? [Runs and takes her in his arms.] By heavens, a woman! May I hope that — Hold, she recovers—It is, it is she! my dear Florival herself! and we shall still be happy.

Tam. Belford's Belleisle lady, as I live!—My rival a woman! I begin to feel myself very ridiculous.

Belf. What wonder, my love, has brought you hither, and in this habit?

Flo. Oh, Sir, I have a long story to relate. At present let it suffice to say, that that lady's brother has been the noblest of friends to me; and she herself this morning generously vouchsafed to take me under her protection.

Belf. I am bound to them for ever. At my return I found letters from your father, who, supposing you was in England with me, wrote to acquaint me that he was inconsolable for your loss, and that he would consent to our union if I would but assure him that you was safe and well.—The next post shall acquaint him of our good fortune.—Well, Tamper, am not I a lucky fellow?

Tam. Oh, Belford!—I am the most miserable dog in the world.

Belf. What, you have dropp'd your mask, I see—you're on your own legs again—I met Prattle in the street—He stopt his chariot to speak to me about you, and I found that he had blown you up, and discovered

to the ladies that you was returned quite unhurt from the Havannah.

Tam. Did that coxcomb betray me? That accounts for all Emily's behaviour—Oh, Major, I am ruined past redemption—I have behaved most extravagantly, both to your lady and Emily. I shall never be able to look them in the face again.

Belf. Ay, ay, I foresaw this. Did not I tell you that you would expose yourself confoundedly? However, I'll be an advocate for you—my Florival shall be an advocate for you; and I make no doubt but you will be taken into favour again.

Em. Does he deserve it, Major?

Belf. Why, Madam, I can't say much for him—or myself either, faith—We must rely entirely on your goodness.

Flo. He's a true penitent, I see, Madam; and I'll answer for it, he loves you to excess.—Nay, look on him.

Em. Was it well done, Colonel, to cherish a mean distrust of me? to trifle with the partiality I had shown to you; and to endeavour to give me pain, merely to secure a poor triumph over my weakness to yourself?

Tam. I am ashamed to answer you.

Bell. Ashamed! and so you well may indeed.

Tam. I see my absurdity—all I wish is to be laughed at, and forgiven.

Belf. A very reasonable request.—Come, Madam, pity the poor fellow, and admit him to your good graces again.

Flo. Let us prevail on you, dear Madam.

Em. Well—now I see he is most heartily mortified, I am half inclined to pity him.

Tam. Generous Emily!

Bell. Go, you provoking wretch! 'tis more than you deserve. [To Tamper.

Tam. It shall be the future study of my life to deserve this pardon—[Kissing her hand.]—Belford, I give you joy—Madam—[to Florival] I have behaved so ill to you, I scarce know how to give you joy as I ought.

Belf. Come, come, no more of this at present—Now we have on all sides ratified the preliminaries, let us settle the

the definitive treaty as soon as we can—We have been two lucky fellows, Tamper—I have been fortunate in finding my mistress, and you as fortunate in not losing your's.

Tam. So we have, Belford: and I wish every brave officer in his Majesty's service had secured to himself such comfortable winter-quarters as we have, after a glorious campaign.

THE

THE
S U L T A N;
OR, A
PEEP INTO THE SERAGLIO.
IN TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Solyman the Great, Emperor of the Turks,</i> <i>Osmyn, chief of the Eunuchs,</i>	}	<i>Dublin.</i> Dr Achmet. Mr Wilder.	<i>Edinburgh, 1782.</i> Mr Williamfon. Mr Hollingsworth.
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W O M E N.

<i>Elmira,</i> <i>Ismena,</i> <i>Roxalana, an English Slave,</i>	Miss Scrace. Mrs Johnson. Mrs Daly.	Mrs Mountford. Miss Kirby. Mrs Bulkley.
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A C T I.

SCENE, *An apartment in the Seraglio, a Throne in manner of a Couch, with a Canopy; on the front of which is an Escutcheon fixed, with the Ottoman Arms crowned with Feathers; in the Back-scene, the Sultan's Door covered with a Curtain.*

Enter OSMYN and ELMIRA.

OSMYN.

TELL me, what right have you to be discontented?

El. When first I came within these walls, I found myself

myself a slave; and the thoughts of being shut up for ever here, terrified me to death: my tears flowed incessantly; Solyman was moved with them, and solemnly promised to restore me to my liberty, my parents, and my country.

Of. And yet when the Sultan agreed to send you back to Georgia, you did not avail yourself of his generosity.

El. True; but his munificence, and above all the tenderness and love he expressed to me since, have reconciled me to this place, and I vainly thought my charms could have attach'd him to me.

Of. Why then complain? You still possess his heart. Already you have been twice honour'd with the imperial handkerchief.

El. His heart! does not this place contain a hundred beauties who equally share his love? Tell the Sultan I'm determin'd, and ready to accept the first opportunity of returning to my friends and country.

Of. I shall procure you an answer this morning—But, hark! the Sultan approaches. *[Exit Elmira.]*

[The Curtain is drawn, and the Sultan enters, preceded by Mutes, &c. A grand March played.]

Sul. Osmyn.

Of. The humblest of your slaves attends.

[Bows to the ground.]

Sul. My friend, quit this style of servitude; I am weary of it.

Of. And of the seraglio too, Sir?

Sul. It even is so—and yet, upon reflection, I cannot tell why, unless that, having been accustom'd to the noise of camps and the business of war, I know not how to relish pleasures, which, though varied, appear insipid, through the ease and tranquillity with which they are attained.—Your voice used to charm me.

Osmyn sings.

Behold yonder zephyr how lightly it blows,
And copying of lovers it ne'er seeks repose,
But flies to the pink, to the lily, the rose,
Carefessing each flower of the garden and grove.

Then still let your pleasure variety crown,

'Mongst

'Mongst the different beauties that rove up and down
Court the charms of the fair, of the black, of the brown,
They're the flowers that embellish the garden of love.

Sul. I have often told you I am not touch'd with
mere careffing machines, who are taught to love or fear
by interest.

Of. And yet your highness must confess, your servant
has neglected nothing perfectly to content, particularly
in one object he procur'd you.

Sul. Who is that?

Of. The Circassian beauty—the Sultana Elmira.

Sul. And truly she possesses all the charms that can
adorn her sex.

Of. You thought so once.

Sul. Once! I think so still.

Of. Indeed!

Sul. Positively—why should you doubt it?

Of. Your word is my law. But, Sir, there is a matter
I must acquaint you with: I cannot manage the seraglio;
and, by the beard of Heli, I would rather quit the helm
I can no longer guide. That English slave lately brought
here is quite ungovernable; she is sure to do every thing
she is forbid; she makes a joke of our threats, and answers
our most serious admonitions with a laugh: besides, she is
at variance with the rest of the women, and shews them
such an example, that I cannot longer rule them.

Sul. That is your business—I will have them all agree
—How do you call her?

Of. Since she has been here, we have called her *Roxalana*.

Sul. Well—you must endeavour to bring her to reason.

Of. Shall the Sultana Elmira throw herself at your
highness's feet then?

Sul. Let her come—And, do you hear, Osmyn, go
to the apartment of that Persian slave you spoke of yesterday,
she that sings so well, and send her hither.

Of. I will, most sublime Sultan. [Exit Osmyn.

Enter Almira. She kneels.

Sul. I know before-hand that you come to upbraid
me—We have not met so often lately as our mutual
inclinations

inclinations wou'd have made agreeable; but don't attribute that to coldness which has been the unavoidable consequence of affairs—the business of the Divan has taken up so much of my time.

El. I don't presume to complain; for your image is so imprinted on my heart, that you are always present to my mind.

Sul. (impatiently.) Nay, dear Elmira, I have not the least doubt.

El. How does my sovereign like this robe which I have put on, on purpose to please him?

Sul. Oh, (*yawning*) Elmira, you love music—I have sent for the Persian slave, who I am told sings so well;—if she answers the description, she will afford you entertainment.

El. I want none when you are present; your company suffices for every thing.

Sul. Yonder comes our singer.

Enter Ismena.

Is. (kneeling) Your slave attends your pleasure.

[*The Sultan makes a sign to the Eunuchs, who bring two stools, and beckon Elmira to sit.*]

El. This is an honour I did not expect.

[*Taking her seat.*]

Ismena sings.

Blest hero, who in peace and war
Triumph alike, and raise our wonder;
In peace the shafts of love you bear,
In war the bolts of Jove's own thunder.

[*While Ismena sings, Solyman takes Elmira's hand.*]

Sul. Beautiful Ismena, methought that song did not so well express the effects of love—Madam, (*to Elmira*) we will hear her again—I never heard any thing so charming—her voice is exquisite—What do you think of her?

El. If she hears all this, 'twill make her vain—I cannot bear all this—I am ready to burst with indignation and anger.

[*Exit Elmira.*]

Sul. There is something in this slave that interests me in her favour; she shall be received among the Sultana's attendants, and by that means we shall have an opportunity of hearing her often—[*Turning, perceives Elmira*

gone.—But where's the Sultana? I did not perceive she had left us—Follow her, Ismena, and endeavour to amuse her. [*Exit Ismena.*]

Enter Osmyn.

Os. I come to tell your Highness, there is no bearing that English slave; she says such things, and does such things, that—

Sul. Why, what is't she does?

Os. She mimics me—nay, and mimics you too.

Sul. Pho, pho.

Os. Advice is lost upon her—When I attempt to give it, she falls a singing and dancing—There is no enduring it, if you do not permit me to correct her.

Sul. You take these things in too serious a light—She seems indeed a singular character.

Os. She has the impudence of the devil: but just now I threatened to complain to you of her, she said she would complain of me; and here she comes.

Enter Roxalana.

Sul. How now!

Rox. Well, heaven be prais'd, at least here is something like a human figure. You are, Sir, I suppose, the sublime Sultan, whose slave I have the honour to be: if so, pray oblige me so far, as to drive from your presence that horrid ugly creature there; for he shocks my sight.—(*To Osmyn*)—Do you hear, go.

Sul. (*gravely*) They complain, Roxalana, of your irreverent behaviour; you must learn to treat the officers of our Seraglio, whom we have set over you, with more deference—All in this place honour their superiors, and obey in silence.

Rox. In silence!—and obey! Is this a sample of your Turkish gallantry—You must be vastly lov'd indeed, if you address women in that strain.

Sul. Consider you are not now in your own country.

Rox. No indeed; you make me feel the difference severely—There reigns ease, content, and liberty; every citizen is himself a king, where the king is himself a citizen.

Sul. Have a humour more gentle and pliable; I advise you to alter your behaviour for very good reasons; and

and it is for your good : there are very rigorous laws in the Seraglio for such as are refractory.

Rox. Upon my word you have made a very delicate speech, and I admire the gravity with which it was uttered.

Sul. Roxalana, I am serious.

Of. What does your Highness think now ? Did I tell you the truth ?

Rox. Oh, whispering—What is it that monster says ?—that what-do-you-call-him, that good-for-nothing amphibious animal, who follows us like sheep here, and is for ever watching us with his frightful glaring eyes, as if he would devour us—Is this the confidante of your pleasures—the guardian of our chastity ?—I must do him the justice to confess, that if you give him money for making himself hated, he certainly does not steal his wages. We can't stir one step but he is after us ; by and by, I suppose, he will weigh out air and measure light to us ; he won't let us walk in the gardens, lest it should rain men upon us ; and if it did, 'tis a blessing we've been long wishing for.

Of. There now ; don't she go on at a fine rate ?

Rox. Don't mind that ugly creature, but listen to me—If you follow my counsel, I shall make you an accomplish'd prince—I wish to make you belov'd—Let your window-bars be taken down—let the doors of the Seraglio be thrown open—let inclination alone keep your women within it ; and instead of that ugly odious creature there, send a handsome smart young officer to us every morning ; one that will treat us like ladies, and lay out the pleasure of the day.

[While she is speaking, Solymán admires her.]

Sul. (to Osmyn) Did you ever see so expressive a countenance—*(To Rox.)* Have you any more to say ?

Rox. Yes, Sir, this—To desire you will not mind him, but attend to me—Men were not born to advise—the thing is expressly the contrary—We women have certainly ten thousand times more sense—Men, indeed !—Men were born for no other purpose under heaven, but to amuse us ; and he who succeeds best, perfectly answers the end of his creation—Now, Sir,

farewell. If I find you profit by my first lesson, I may perhaps be tempted to give you another. *[Exit.]*

Of. Did you ever hear the like, Sir?—Her insolence is not to be borne.

Sul. I think it amusing.

Of. I shall certainly lose all my authority in the Seraglio, if she is not corrected.

Sul. 'Tis a girl—a fool of a disposition, that chastisement would make worse—Go after her, Osmyn, bid her come back and drink sherbet with me.

Of. Sherbet with you, Sir?

Sul. I have said it.—*[Goes on the throne, takes a pipe.]* Well, for my life, I can't get the better of my astonishment, at hearing a slave talk in so extraordinary a manner—*[Smokes.]*—And the more I think of it, my astonishment is the greater—She's not handsome, that is, what is called a beauty; yet her little nose, cock'd in the air, her laughing eyes, and the play of her features, have an effect all together—Elmira has something more soft and more majestic—yet, methinks, I have a mind to sift Roxalana's character; mere curiosity, and nothing else—It is the first time we have seen in this place a spirit of caprice and independence—I'll try at least what she'll say to me farther—There can be no harm to divert myself with her extravagance.

Re-enter Osmyn.

Of. I have delivered your message.

Sul. Deliver'd my message! Where's Roxalana?

Of. In her chamber, where she has lock'd herself in.

Sul. No matter for her being in her chamber—What did she say?

Of. Treasure of light, said I—through the key-hole, —I come from the sublime Sultan, to kiss the dust beneath your feet, and to desire you will come and drink sherbet with him. She answer'd through the key-hole, Go tell your master, I have no dust on my feet, and I don't like sherbet.

Sul. In effect, Osmyn, the fault is your's; you took your time ill, as you commonly do—You should have waited some time—don't you owe her respect?

Of. And after this, wou'd you have her come again?

Sul. Perhaps I would.

Of.

Of. Shall I fetch the Sultana Elmira too?

Sul. What's the meaning of this, *Ofmyn*? I tell you once more, go and bring me Roxalana.

[Curtain moves.]

Of. Who is't that meddles with the great curtain?

Sul. Who is it lifts that portal there?

Rox. (*coming from behind.*) 'Tis I.

Sul. You! and how dare you take that liberty?

Of. Ay, how dare you!—Don't you know 'tis death for any to enter there but the Sultan, without being conducted?

Sul. Come, come; she's not acquainted with the customs of the Seraglio; so let it pass. Roxalana, I beg your pardon—I am afraid he has disturb'd you now.

Rox. Oh, it is only what I expected—You Turks are not reckoned very polite—In my country, a gallant waits upon a lady; but the custom is quite different here I find.

[Sultan offers her the pipe, she strikes it down.]
What, do you think I smoke?

Sul. How's this!—Does your insolence go so far?

Of. What do you command, Sir?

Sul. Silence!

Rox. What! angry before a woman!—I'm quite ashamed of you.

Sul. This is not to be suffer'd—and yet there's something so foolish in it too—Come hither, Roxalana, I want to speak to you.

Rox. No, I thank you; I am very well where I am.

Sul. Tell me then, is it in this light manner women behave in England?

Rox. Pretty near it.

Sul. And suppose I wou'd, for once forget your national vivacity, would it make you more cautious for the future?—Come, give me your hand; and you may imagine I have forgot all you have said to me.

Rox. So much the worse for you. I told you a great many good things; I see my frankness is disagreeable; but you must grow us'd to it. Don't you think yourself very happy to find a friend in a slave? one that will teach you how to love too; for 'tis in my country love is in its element. It is there all life and tenderness, be-

cause it is free ; and yet even there, a husband belov'd is next to a prodigy——If it be then so difficult to love a husband, what must it be to love a master ? I am your friend ; I tell you truth : and do you know why you dislike to hear it ?—because it is a language your ears are unaccustom'd to——But I don't mind that ; I shall make you well acquainted with it——Happy would it be for every prince, had they a friend near them to tell them the truth.

Sul. But you must treat me with respect.

Rox. I treat you with respect !—that would be worse still.

Sul. Indeed !

Rox. Oh, your notions are horrid——I shall correct you.

Sul. Correct me !—In what, pray ?

Rox. In what concerns you.

Sul. She is the strangest mortal sure ! But let's have no more of this.

Rox. Nay, though you don't take my lessons as patiently as I could wish, I hope you are not displeas'd with me. I should be sorry to offend you.

Sul. You may easily avoid it then.

Rox. It will be nothing in time.

Sul. Why, won't you consider who I am, and who you are ?

Rox. Who I am, and who you are ! Yes, Sir, I do consider very well that you are the Grand Sultan ; I am your slave ; but I am also a free-born woman, prouder of that than all the pomp and splendour eastern monarchs can bestow.

Sul. As far as I can perceive then, you would be very glad to get away from me.

Rox. You never were more right in your life.

Sul. Well, but if I endeavour to render the Seraglio agreeable to you—if I study to make you happy, might you not in your turn try to deserve my favour ?

Rox. No.

Sul. Do you speak that sincerely ?

Rox. As I think it.

Sul. And yet there is something that whispers me—

Rox. Don't believe it——I tell you it deceives you.

Sul.

Sul. And must I never expect—

Rox. Never—caprice and fancy decide all.

Sul. In caprice and fancy then I rest my hopes; and in the mean time you shall sup with me.

Rox. No—I beg to be excus'd—I'd rather not.

Sul. Why so—'tis an honour that you ought—

Rox. An honour that I ought! Sir, you ought to lay aside those humiliating phrases; for while they teach us your superior greatness, they rob you of the pleasure of being agreeable—But to be in good humour, Sir, I ought not to accept your proposals; for I know that suppers here tend to certain—things that I can't—indeed, Sir.

Sul. Well, as you please.

Rox. That is very well said; you are my pupil, you know, and should give up every point to me; and since that is the case, instead of my supping with you, you shall dine with me.

Sul. With all my heart—be it so.—Osmyn!

Enter Osmyn.

Sul. Osmyn—

Rox. Osmyn, I say, hear my directions—You know I am to speak—Go to the clerk of the kitchen, and desire him to provide a handsome entertainment in my apartment, as the Sultan dines with me.

Of. Did your Highness order—

Sul. What do you stand for? Do as she bids you.

[Exit Osmyn bowing.]

Rox. Are there not some females here that would enliven the conversation; for example, the beautiful Sultana Elmira, that accomplish'd favourite you love so well; her company must be agreeable; and the Persian slave Ismena, who I am told sings enchantingly—and whom you love a little.

Sul. Yes—but—

Rox. I understand you—you will have her too.

Sul. It is not necessary—we'll be alone.

Rox. Alone—a tete-a-tete would be a great pleasure, to be sure!—oh no.

Sul. I promise you I expect it.

Enter Osmyn.

Of. Madam, your orders are obey'd.

Sul.

Sul. Go to Elmira's apartment, and tell her I shall see her this evening. This evening, do you hear?

Rox. I don't like that whispering there—What's that you say?—you know I have often told you of that ugly trick.

Sul. Nothing—I'll come to her—go.

Rox. Stay, I say; I have some business with you.

Sul. Stay!—Certainly there never was any thing half so pleasant as this creature. *[Exit.]*

Rox. Go, Osmyn, to the apartments of the Sultana Elmira, and to the chamber of the slave Ismena, and tell them to come and dine with the Sultan—If you neglect obeying my orders, your head shall answer for it—And, do you hear, don't let on you came from me with this invitation—Take care of your head. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

Banquet, &c.

Enter ROXALANA.

Rox. **A**Y, let me alone, now I have got the reins in my own hands, there shall soon be a reformation in this place, I warrant. Hey, day! what have we got here?—Cushions! what, do they think we are going to prayers? let me die but I believe it is their dinner: What, do they mean to make me sit squat like a baboon, and tear my meat with my fingers?—Take away all this trumpery, and let us have tables and chairs, knives and forks, and dishes and plates, like Christians—and d' ye hear, lest the best part of the entertainment should be wanting, get us some wine. (*Mutes lift up their hands.*) Mercy on us, what a wonder! I tell you, wine must be had.—If there is none here, go to the Musty; he is a good fellow, and has some good wine, I warrant him: let the church alone to take care of themselves; they are too good judges of more solid things, not to be provided with them. (*Things are removed, and table, &c. brought on.*) Oh, here come some of my guests—I'll hide.

[Goes aside.]
En-

Enter Elmira and Osmyn.

El. It is impossible—A pretty thing truly, she is to dispute the Sultan's heart with me!

Of. I tell you, her ascendancy over him is such, that it requires the greatest art and caution to counteract it.

El. Well, Osmyn, be my friend: and here take this locket, Osmyn; and be sure speak ill of all my rivals, and all the good you possibly can of me.

[Roxalana appears.]

Of. Death and hell! we are deceived.

[Aside, and exit.]

Rox. Take this locket, Osmyn, and be sure you speak ill of all my rivals. Ha, ha, ha!

El. Insipid pleasantry! Know this, however, Madam, I was the first possessor of the Sultan's heart; and as such, will maintain my rights, and employ my power to keep it.

Rox. By a locket.—Holloa! who waits there?

Enter Osmyn.

Go tell the Grand Signior to come here.

Of. I will, Madam.—I'll be your friend, you may depend on me.

Rox. Go. *[Exit Osmyn.]* Elmira, I don't intend to dispute the Sultan's heart with you; and, to prove it, you must know that it was I invited you to dine with him here; therefore, make the best use you can of the opportunity.

El. Is it possible!

Enter Sultan on one side, Ismena and Osmyn on the other.

Rox. Slaves, bring the dinner.

Sul. What do I see? Ismena and Elmira too!

Rox. What is the matter, Sir?

Sul. I thought you wou'd have been alone.

Rox. Not when good company is to be had—Come, salute the ladies—*(he bows.)* A little lower, *(she stoops his head:)* there now. Ladies, my guest is a little awkward; but he'll improve.

El. Indeed, Roxalana, you go great lengths.

Sul. Let her alone, she knows it diverts me.

Rox. Well, let's be seated—I am to do the honours.

Sul. But what is all this? I never saw any thing like it before.

Rox.

Rox. Where should you?—Come—(*Enter Carver with a long knife.*) Who is that? what does that horrid fellow want?

Of. It is the grand carver.

Rox. The grand carver! I thought he came to cut off our heads—Pray, Mr Carver, be so good as to carve yourself away. Come, Ismena, cut up that, and help the Sultan. The ladies of my country always carve.

Sul. Why, I think this custom is much better than ours.—(*To the Carver*) We shall have no occasion for you.

Rox. Come, some wine.

Sul. Wine!—

Rox. Dinner is nothing without wine; bring it here, Osmyn.

Of. Must I touch the horrible potion? (*Takes the bottle between the skirt of his robe.*) There it is.

Rox. Well, Osmyn, as a reward for your services, you shall have the first of the bottle—here, drink.

Of. I drink the hellish beverage!—I who am a true believer, a rigid Mussulman!

Rox. (*to the Sultan.*) Sir, he disobey's me.

Sul. Drink, as you are ordered.

Of. I must obey, and taste the horrible liquor—
Oh! Mahomet, shut thy eyes—'Tis done—I have obey'd.

Rox. Ismena, hold your glass, there—Elmira, fill your's and the Sultan's glass.

Sul. Nay, pray dispense with me.

Rox. Dispense with you, Sir? why shou'd we dispense with you? Oh, I understand you—perhaps you don't choose those gentlemen should see you—I will soon turn them off—Gentlemen, you may go; we shall have no occasion for you, I believe. Come, ladies, talk a little—if you don't talk, you must sing.—Ismena, oblige us with a song.—(*After the song.*) Come, Sir, I insist upon your drinking.

Sul. I must do as you bid me. (*Drinks.*)

Rox. That's clever.

Sul. (*Aside.*) How extraordinary is the conduct of this creature, endeavouring thus to display the accomplish-

plishments of her rivals: but, in every thing she is my superior—I can rest no longer.

[Gives the handkerchief to Roxalana.

Rox. To me! Oh, no——Ismena, 'tis your's; the Sultan gives it as a reward for the pleasure you have given him with your charming song.

[Gives the handkerchief to Ismena.

El. (*Faints.*) Oh!

Sul. (*Snatching the handkerchief from Ismena, gives it to Elmira.*) Elmira! 'tis your's——look up, Elmira.

El. Oh, Sir! (*Recovering.*)

Sul. (*to Roxalana.*) For you, out of my sight, audacious! Let her be taken away immediately, and degraded to the rank of the lowest slave. [*Exit Roxalana guarded.*] But she shall be punished, Madam, and you sufficiently reveng'd.

El. I do not wish it; in your love all my desires are accomplish'd.

Sul. If we chastise her, it must be severely: Go, order her to be brought hither.

El. What is your design, Sir?

Sul. I would, before her face, repair the injustice I was going to do you; excite her envy; and, rendering her punishment complete, leave her an everlasting jealousy.

El. I beseech you, think no more of her.

Sul. Pardon me, I think differently——Let her be brought hither, I say.

Of. Sir, they have not had time to put on her slave's habit yet.

Sul. No matter——fetch her as she is; and now, Elmira, let our endearments be redoubl'd in her sight.

El. Is that necessary, Sir?

Sul. Oh, it will gall her. I know it will gall her——We feel our misfortunes with tenfold anguish, when we compare what we are, with what we might have been.

El. It will have no effect; she is a giddy creature——her gaiety is her all.

Sul. No, no, the contrary; that's the thing that strikes me in Roxalana's character. Through what you call her frivolous gaiety, candour and good sense shine so apparent.

El

El. There's an end on't, if you justify her. [*Proudly.*

Sul. I justify her! far from it; and you shall presently be convince'd I mean to make her feel the utmost rigour of my resentment.

Enter Roxalana.

Here she comes—she's in affliction; and her left-hand, there, endeavours to hide a humiliated countenance. (*To Roxalana.*) Approach—Elmira, have you determin'd how you will dispose of her?

El. I shall not add to what she suffers.

Sul. How that sentiment charms me? Indeed, Elmira, I blush to think that so unworthy an object shou'd have been able for a moment to surprise me to a degree, even to make me forget your superior merit; but I am now your's for ever and ever.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha!

Sul. Death and hell! she laughs.

Rox. Ha, ha, ha! 'Tis involuntary, I assure you; therefore, pray forgive me: I beg your pardon.

Sul. 'Tis impudence beyond bearing; but I want to know the meaning of all this?

Rox. The meaning is plain, and any body may see with half an eye you don't love Elmira.

Sul. Who do I love then?

Rox. Me.

Sul. You are the object of my anger.

Rox. That don't signify, love and anger often go together; I am the object of your anger, because I treat you with the sincerity of a friend: but, with your Highness' permission, I shall take myself away this moment for ever.

Sul. Go, then, and prefer infamy to grandeur.

Rox. I will instantly get out of your sublime presence.

[*Going.*

Sul. No, you shan't go—Elmira, do you withdraw—
[*Exit Elmira.*] Were I to give way to my transports, I should make you feel the weight of my displeasure; but I frame excuses for you that you scorn to make for yourself—What, despise my favours! insult my condescension!—Sure, you can't be sensible of your own folly!—Proceed, go on, continue to enrage your too indulgent master.

Rox.

Rox. You are my master, it is true ; but could the robber that sold me to you for a thousand chequins, transfer my mind and inclinations to you along with my person?—No, Sir, let it never be said, that the great Solyman meanly triumph'd over the person of the slave, whose mind he could not subdue.

Sul. Tell me who you are ; what species of inconsistent being, at once so trifling and respectable, that you seduce my heart while you teach me my duty ?

Rox. I am nothing but a poor slave, who is your friend.

Sul. Be still my friend, my mistress ; for hitherto I have known only flatterers. I here devote myself to you, and the whole empire shall pay you homage.

Rox. But, pray, tell me then, by what title am I to govern here ?

Sul. By what title ? I don't understand you—Come, come, no more of this affected coyness and dissembling. I see, I know you love me.

Rox. As Solyman, I do, but not as emperor of the Turks—nor will I ever consent to ascend his bed at night, at whose feet I must fall in the morning.

Sul. If it depended upon me, Roxalana, I swear by our holy prophet, that I should be happy in calling you my queen.

Rox. That's a poor excuse—Had the man I lov'd but a cottage, I would gladly partake it with him ; would soothe his vexations, and soften his cares : but were he master of a throne, I should expect to share it with him, or he has no love for me.

Sul. Or if you will wait, perhaps time will bring it about.

Rox. Wait, indeed ? No, Sir !—Your wife, or humble servant—My resolution is fix'd—fix your's.

Sul. But an emperor of the Turks—

Rox. May do as he pleases, and should be despotic sometimes on the side of reason and virtue.

Sul. Then there is our law—

Rox. Which is monstrous and absurd.

Sul. The musti, the vizirs, and the agas—

Rox. Are your slaves—Set them a good example.

Sul. Besides, what would the people say ?

Rox. The people!—are they to govern you? Make ^{the} people happy, and they will not prevent your being so. They would be pleased to see you raise to the throne one that you love, and would love you, and be beloved by your people. Should she interpose in behalf of the unfortunate, relieve the distressed by her munificence, and diffuse happiness through the palace, she would be admir'd—she would be ador'd—she'd be like the queen of the country from where I came.

Sul. It is enough—my scruples are at an end—my prejudices, like clouds before the rising sun, vanish before the lights of your superior reason—My love is no longer a foible—you are worthy of empire.

Enter Osmyn.

Of. Most Sublime Sultan—the Sultan Elmira claims your promise for liberty to depart.

Rox. Is that the case?—Let then the first instance of my exaltation be to give her liberty—let the gates of the Seraglio be thrown open.

Sul. And as for Elmira, she shall go in a manner suitable to her rank.

[Exit Osmyn.]

Osmyn returns.

Of. Sir, the dwarfs and botanges your highness had ordered attend.

Sul. Let them come in—This day is devoted to festivity; and you who announce my decree, proclaim to the world, that the Sultana Roxalana reigns the unrivall'd partner of our diadem.

Of. There's an end of my office—Who would have thought, that a little cock d-up nose would have overturned the customs of a mighty empire!

Sul. Now, my Roxalana, let the world observe by thy exaltation, the wonderful dispensation of providence, which evinces, that

The liberal mind, by no distinction bound,
Thro' Nature's glass looks all the world around;
Would all that's beautiful together join,
And find perfection in a mind like thine.

E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mrs ASINGTON; and spoken by her after performing *Roxalana*, at the Theatre-Royal, Crow-Street, Dublin, 1778.

LORD, how I tremble! every atom shaking.
 What! speak an Epilogue of my own making!
 A task for me—presumptuous and absurd—
 But I have promis'd, and must keep my word.
 Yes, I did promise, with a solemn face,
 T' address my patrons here, and sue for grace;
 For your past favours had so warm'd my heart,
 I thought to tell them needed little art.
 How vain the thought! for, pondering day and night,
 I found, tho' I might speak, I cou'd not write.
 Distress'd, to Garrick then I fly for aid:
 You can assist me, Sir, for wit's your trade.
 When of your epilogues I speak a line,
 Each side-box cries, Oh charming, vastly fine,
 Its quite delightful, monstrously divine!
 The pit, alive to every comic stroke,
 With laughter loud anticipates the joke:
 All but the modern sop, to feeling dead,
 With heart of adamant, and brains of lead,
 Languid and lifeless, lolling, yawns, takes snuff;
 And cries, As gad's my judge 'tis flimsy stuff.
 Heaven knows I monstrously abhor a play,
 It's a vile bore—what dragg'd me here to day?
 Dear lady Mary, how can you attend?
 Will Garrick's nonsense never have an end?
 Not so, Sir Mac, who just has cross'd the Tweed,
 Cries, Vary weel, ridiculous indeed!
 The cheeld has parts; ah, he'd been muckle keen,
 If bred at Glascow, or at Aberdeen!
 Sir Paddy says, " My jewel, that's mighty pretty:
 " Faith Garrick, you were once in Dublin city;
 " In sweet smock-alley you have cut a figure,
 " Oh, you'd be great, were you a little bigger."
 Thus nations, parties, all in this agree,
 And humour's palm, oh Garrick! yield to thee:
 Then, good Sir, scribble something new for me.
 To Garrick thus in flattering strains I sue,
 But all in vain, nor prayers nor flattery do.
 Since thus *obdurate*, all their aid refuse,
 I, a mere novice, must invoke the muse.
 Oh wou'd immortal Shakespeare's MUSE of FIRE,
 Heave in his breast, each *kindling* thought inspire;

E c 2

Or

Or cou'd I mount on the Mazonian wing,
Or chant such songs as RAPTUR'D Seraphs sing;
To you my kind protectors wou'd I raise
My fullest, loudest, warmest notes of praise:
The great, the brave, the fair, who now appear
In bright array to grace this circle here,
My muse to latest ages should proclaim,
Their worth record, and consecrate their fame;
While gratitude on RAPTUREOUS pinion soars,
And echoes loud the virtues she adores.

THE

T H E
C H A P L E T,
A
MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.
IN TWO PARTS.

By MOSES MENDEZ, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

<i>Damon,</i>	.	<i>Drury-Land,</i>	
<i>Palamon,</i>	.	Mr Beard,	
		Mr Mattocks.	

W O M E N.

<i>Laura,</i>	.	Miss Norris.	
<i>Pastora,</i>	.	Mrs Clive.	

SCENE, A GROVE.

P A R T I.

SCENE I. DAMON, LAURA.

LAURA.

U NGTATEFUL Damon! Is it come to this?
Are these the happy scenes of promis'd bliss?
Ne'er hope, vain Laura, future peace to prove;
Content ne'er harbours with neglected love.

E c 3

DAMON.

DAMON.

Consider, fair, the ever-refless pow'r
Shifts with the breeze, and changes with the hour :
Above restraint, he scorns a fix'd abode,
And on his filken plumes flies forth the rambling god.

A I R.

You say at your feet that I wept in despair,
And vow'd that no angel was ever so fair ;
How could you believe all the nonsense I spoke ?
What know we of angels ?—I meant it in joke.
I next stand indicted for swearing to love,
And nothing but death should my passion remove :
I have lik'd you a twelvemonth, a Calendar year ;
And not yet contented ?—Have conscience, my dear.

RECITATIVE.

To-day Damætas gave a rural treat,
And I once more more my chosen friends must meet.
Farewel, sweet damsel ; and remember this,
Dull repetition deadens all our blifs. [Exit.

SCENE II. LAURA.

Where baleful cypress forms a gloomy shade,
And yelling spectres haunt the dreary glade,
Unknown to all, my lonesome steps I'll bend :
There weep my suff'rings, and my fate attend.

A I R.

Vain is ev'ry fond endeavour
To resist the tender dart :
For examples move us never ;
We must feel, to know, the smart.
When the shepherd swears he's dying,
And our beauties sets to view ;
Vanity, her aid supplying,
Bids us think 'tis all our due.
Softer than the vernal breezes,
Is the mild deceitful strain ;
Frowning truth our sex displeases,
Flatt'ry never sues in vain.
Soon, too soon, the happy lover
Does our tend'rest hopes deceive ;
Man was form'd to be a rover,
Foolish woman to believe.

[Exit.SCENE

SCENE III. DAMON and several Shepherds drinking.

DAMON.

In mirth and pastime ev'ry hour employ,
 Lost is the day that is not spent in joy;
 Here strew your roses, here your chaplets bring,
 And listen, neighbours, to the truths I sing.

A I R.

Push about the brisk bowl, 'twill enliven the heart,
 While thus we sit round on the grass;
 The lover who talks of his sufferings and smart,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
 The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf,
 And wishes to add to the mass;
 Whate'er the curmudgeon may think of himself,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass.
 The beau, who, so smart with his well-powder'd hair,
 An angel beholds in his glass,
 And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair,
 May justly be reckon'd an ass.
 The merchant from climate to climate will roam,
 Of Cræsus the wealth to surpass;
 And oft while he's wand'ring, my lady at home
 Claps the horns of an ox on an ass.
 The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea,
 With forehead well-cover'd with brass;
 Though he talk to no purpose, he pockets your fee;
 There you, my good friend, are the ass.
 The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill,
 Shall last be produc'd in this class:
 The sick man a while may confide in his skill;
 But death proves the doctor an ass.
 Then let us, companions, be jovial and gay,
 By turns take the bottle and lass;
 For he who his pleasures puts off for a day,
 Deserves to be reckon'd an ass. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. PASTORA, PALÆMON.

PALÆMON.

Indeed, Pastora, spite of all you say,
 I must this very instant haste away:

You

You think my flame's extinguish'd quite, I know,
And other objects strike me——May be so.

PASTORA.

Perfidious boy! I know 'tis Sylvia's charms
That tear Palæmon from these circling arms;
But soon, perhaps, some other wiser youth
May learn to set due value on my truth.

PALÆMON.

Who'er the youth may be who claims my part,
He has my full consent with all my heart.

A I R.

Farewel, my Pastora; no longer your swain,
Quite sick of his bondage, can suffer his chain:
Nay, arm not your brow with such haughty disdain;
My heart leaps with joy to be free once again.

Sing tol derol.

I'll live like the birds, those sweet tenants of May,
Who always are sportful, who always are gay:
How sweetly their sonnets they carrol all day!
Their love is but frolic, their courtship but play.

Sing tol derol.

If struck by a beauty they ne'er saw before,
In chirping soft notes they her pity implore:
She yields to intreaty; and when the fits o'er,
'Tis an hundred to ten that they never meet more.

Sing tol derol.

[Exit.]

PASTORA.

Insulting boy! I'll tear him from my mind.
Ah, wou'd my fortune cou'd a husband find!
And just in time young Damon comes this way,
A handsome youth he is, and rich, they say.

SCENE V. DAMON, PASTORA..

DAMON..

Vouchsafe, sweet maid, to hear a wretched swain,
Who, lost in wonder, hugs the pleasing chain:
For you in sighs I hail the rising day;
To you at eve I sing the love-sick lay:
Then take, my love, my homage as your due.
The devil's in her if all this won't do.

[Aside.]

A I R.

A I R.

D A M O N.

Beauteous maid, reward my passion,
Crown with hopes my fierce desire.

S H E.

Soon to yield, is not the fashion;
Maids some courtship should require.

H E.

Tedious courtship damps all pleasure,
By this melting kiss, I swear.

S H E.

Now you're rude beyond all measure;
Kiss again, Sir, if you dare.

H E.

Where yon bank the willows cover,
We will shun the heat of day:

S H E.

You're in too much haste, young lover,
For the priest must lead the way.

H E.

We can do without him better;
None but fools wou'd marry now:
Priests the free-born mind would fetter;
We will meet without a vow.

P A S T O R A.

Away, false man, no more your tale I'll hear;
The black attempt offends my rigid ear:
The joys I taste shall be without a crime;
I'll ne'er be fool'd by man—a second time. *[Aside.]*

D A M O N.

If so, farewell, I'll other regions try;
My gen'rous mind disdains the slavish tie:
Lovers, like warriors, oft repulses meet;
Yet both undaunted their attacks repeat.

A I R.

H E.

From flow'r to flow'r, his joy to change,
Flits yonder wanton bee;
From fair to fair thus will I range,
And I'll be ever free.

S H E.

SHE.

Yon little birds-attentive view,
That hop from tree to tree ;
I'll copy them, I'll copy you,
For I'll be ever free.

HE.

While tempests shade the nodding grove,
And plough the foaming sea ;
While hawks pursue the flying dove ;
So long will I be free.

SHE.

Till on the bush the lily grows,
Till flocks forsake the sea ;
Till from the rocks burst forth the rose,
You'll find me blyth and free.

BOTH.

Then let's divide to east and west,
Since we shall ne'er agree ;
And try who keeps their promise best,
And who's the longest free.

[Exeunt.]

P A R T II.

SCENE I. LAURA.

A I R.

WHAT med'cine can soften the bosom's keen smart?
What Lethe can banish the pain ?
What cure can be met with to soothe the fond heart,
That's broke by a faithless young swain ?
In hopes to forget him, how vainly I try
The sports of the wake and the green !
When Colin is dancing, I say with I sigh,
'Twas here first my Damon was seen.
When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan,
In accents so piercing and clear ;
You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,
As when my dear Damon was here.
A garland of willow my temples shall shade ;
And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove :
For there to her cost was poor Laura betray'd,
And Damon pretended to love.

[Exit.]

SCENE

THE CHAPLET.

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SCENE II. DAMON.

A charming consort would have fill'd these arms,
Had I but yielded to Pastora's charms;
How blest'd would then have been my future life,
Palemon's mistress turn'd to Damon's wife!
Yet in her coin the wily nymph I'll pay,
And all her schemes of vanity betray;
Then haste to Laura, that much injur'd fair,
And snatch her from the jaws of black despair. *[Exit.*

SCENE III. PASTORA.

A I R.

In vain I try my ev'ry art,
Nor can I fix a single heart;
Yet I'm not old or ugly:
Let me consult my faithful glass;
A face much worse than this might pass,
Methinks I look full smugly.
Yet, blest'd with all these pow'rful charms,
The young Palæmon fled these arms,
That wild unthinking rover;
Hope, silly maids, as soon to bind
The rolling stream, the flying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.
But, hamper'd in the marriage-noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty riot:
Like madmen how they rave and stare!
A while they shake their chains and swear,
And then lie down in quiet.

SCENE IV. *To her* DAMON.

Once more I come to hear what you decree;
Yet ere you pass your sentence, list to me.

A I R.

Declare, my pretty maid,
Must my fond suit miscarry?
With you I'll toy, I'll kiss and play;
But hang me if I marry.
Then speak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry:

With

With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play ;

But hang me if I marry.

Tho' charms and wit assail,

The stroke I well can parry :

I love to kifs, and toy and play ;

But do not choose to marry.

Young Molly of the dale

Makes a mere slave of Harry ;

Because, when they had toy'd and kifs'd,

The foolish swain wou'd marry.

These fix'd resolves, my dear,

I to the grave will carry :

With you I'll toy, and kifs, and play ;

But hang me if I marry.

PASTORA.

Dare you avow, false youth, your lawless flame ?

Think not to tempt me to a deed of shame.

DAMON.

Say, have you ask'd your never-conquer'd heart,

How many years it may resist the dart ?

For long attacks the strongest fortrefs waste,

And Troy stood ten years siege, but fell at last,

PASTORA.

Vainly you hope my virtuous heart to move ;

I know your vile intent, and scorn your love.

DAMON.

Turn, turn your eyes to yonder conscious shade ;

There a young shepherd met a haughty maid :

The pines that hang o'er yonder dusky dell,

The babbling pines, a tale of scandal tell ;

And tattling willows to the plains proclaim,

Palemon was the happy lover's name.

Ha ! do you start ?——Pastora, fam'd for truth

And rigid virtue, clasp'd a blooming youth ;

And, laying every sterner thought aside,

Indulg'd her pleasure, and forgot her pride.

PASTORA.

Disastrous fate ! how could he hear the tale ?

You've lost all hopes, and now begin to rail.

[*Aside.*

SCENE

SCENE V. *To them* LAURA.

A I R.

How unhappy's the nymph
Who weeps to the wind,
And doats with despair
On a swain that's unkind?

DAMON.

I see the fates determine I shall wed;
Two nymphs are ready to partake my bed.
Which shall I choofe? Pastora's wond'rous fair,
And Laura sparkles like the morning-star.

PASTORA, (*afide.*)

Come, there are hopes; now, Venus, lend each grace,
And with betwitching beauties arm my face.

DAMON.

A I R.

Three goddesses standing together,
Thus puzzled young Paris one day;
Can I judge the value of either,
Where both bear so equal a sway?

PASTORA.

Consider my wit and condition,
Consider my person likewise;
I never was us'd to petition,
But prithee make use of your eyes.

LAURA.

No merit I plead but my passion,
'Twere needless to mention your vow;
Reflect, with a little compassion,
On what this poor bosom feels now.

DAMON.

Some genius direct me, or dæmon,
Or else I may chance to choofe wrong——
[*After some pause.*]

You're part of the goods of Palemon,
I give you to whom you belong.

PASTORA, *Aside.*

Misjudging wretch! with rage my bosom glows;
Can he prefer a nettle to a rose?

A I R.

I know that my person is charming,
Beyond what a clown can discover;

VOL. I.

F

That

That dowdy your senses alarming,
 Proves what a blind thing is a lover.
 I'll quit the dull plains for the city,
 Where beauty is follow'd by merit :
 Your taste, simple Damon, I pity ;
 Your wit who would wish to inherit ?
 Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
 And that I my anger wou'd smother ;
 The loss of one lover can't vex me,
 My charms will procure me another.
 I ne'er was more pleas'd, I assure you ;
 How odious they look, I can't bear 'em !
 I wish your much joy of your fury,
 My rage into pieces could tear 'em. *[Exit.]*

SCENE the last. DAMON.

To thee, kind nymph, as to offended heav'n,
 I own my faults, and sue to be forgi'n ;
 Then, gentle Laura, clear my past offence,
 Repentance is ally'd to innocence.

LAURA.

Think not a rigid judge your faults arraigns,
 My tender bosom feels for all your pains ;
 In those sad hours, when to the secret grove
 I told my pangs of inauspicious love,
 My only pray'r was once again to see
 The lovely author of my misery,
 Again to clasp him to my beating breast ;
 The gods have heard my vows, and Laura's blest.

DAMON.

A I R.

Contented all day, I will sit at your side,
 Where poplars far-stretching o'er-arch the cool tide ;
 And while the clear river runs purling along,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

LAURA.

While you are but by me, no danger I fear.
 Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near ;
 Bound on, ye blyth kids, now your gambols may please ;
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease.

DA.

THE CHAPLET.

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DAMON.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay;
Ne'er yield to the swain, 'till he make you a wife;
For he who loves truly, will take you for life.

LAURA.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the fair,
'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;
Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend.

BOTH.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd,
Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found;
Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their youth.

F f 2

MISS:

MISS IN HER TEENS;

OR, THE

MEDLEY OF LOVERS.

IN TWO ACTS.

By DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN,

Drury-Lane.

Edinburgh, 1782.

' <i>Sir Simon Loveit,</i> '	-	Mr Havard.	Mr Simpson.
<i>Captain Loveit,</i>	-	Mr Garrick.	Mr Hallion.
<i>Fribble,</i>	-	Mr Woodward.	Mr Ward.
<i>Flash,</i>	-	Mr Yates.	Mr Johnson.
<i>Puff,</i>	-	Mr Blakes.	Mr Banks.
<i>Jasper,</i>	-		

WOMEN.

<i>Miss Biddy,</i>	-	Mrs Green.	Mrs Sparks.
' <i>Aunt,</i> '	-		
<i>Tag,</i>	-	Mrs Clive.	Mrs Charteris.

P R O L O G U E.

Written by a FRIEND.

TOO long has Farce, neglecting Nature's laws,
Debas'd the stage, and wrong'd the comic cause;
To raise a laugh has been her sole pretence,
Tho' dearly purchas'd at the price of sense.
This child of folly gain'd increase with time:
Fit for the place, succeeded *Pantomime*;
Reviv'd her honours, join'd her motley band,
And song and low conceit o'er-ran the land.
More gen'rous views inform our author's breast;
From real life his characters are dress'd.

He

He seeks to trace the passions of mankind;
And while he spares the person, paints the mind.
In pleasing contrast he attempts to show
The vap'ring bully, and the fribbling beau;
Cowards alike; that full of martial airs,
And this as tender as the silk he wears.
Proud to divert, not anxious for renown,
Oft has the bard essay'd to please the town.
Your full applause out-paid his little art;
He boasts no merit, but a grateful heart.
Pronounce your doom, he'll patiently submit,
Ye sovereign judges of all works of wit!
To you the ore is brought, a lifeless mass;
You give the stamp, and then the coin may pass.
Now whether judgment prompt you to forgive,
Whether you bid this trifling offspring live,
Or with a frown should send the sickly thing
To sleep whole ages under dulness' wing;
To your known candour we will always trust,
You never were, nor can you be, unjust.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Street.*

Enter Captain LOWEIT and PUFFS.

CAPTAIN. . .

THIS is the place we were directed to; and now,
Puff, if I can get no intelligence of her, what will
become of me?

Puff. And me too, Sir—You must consider I am a
marry'd man, and can't bear fatigue as I have done.—
But pray, Sir, why did you leave the army so abruptly,
and not give me time to fill my knapsack with common
necessaries? Half a dozen shirts, and your regimentals,
are my whole cargo.

Capt. I was wild to get away; and as soon as I ob-
tained my leave of absence, I thought every moment an
age till I return'd to the place where I first saw this
young, charming, innocent, bewitching creature.

Puff. With fifteen thousand pounds for her fortune—
strong motives, I must confess.—And now, Sir, as
you are pleased to say you must depend upon my care
and abilities in this affair, I think I have a just right to

Ff 3.

be

be acquainted with the particulars of your passion, that I may be the better enabled to serve you.

Capt. You shall have 'em. — When I left the university, which is now seven months since, my father, who loves his money better than his son, and would not settle a farthing upon me —

Puff. Mine did so by me, Sir —

Capt. Purchas'd me a pair of colours at my own request; but before I join'd the regiment, which was going abroad, I took a ramble into the country with a fellow collegian, to see a relation of his who lived in Berkshire. —

Puff. — A party of pleasure, I suppose.

Capt. During a short stay there, I came acquainted with this young creature: she was just come from the boarding-school; and tho' she had all the simplicity of her age and the country, yet it was mix'd with such sensible vivacity, that I took fire at once. —

Puff. I was tinder myself at your age. But pray, Sir, did you take fire before you knew of her fortune?

Capt. Before, upon my honour.

Puff. Folly and constitution — But on, Sir.

Capt. I was introduced to the family by the name of *Rhodophil*, (for so my companion and I had settled it :) at the end of three weeks I was obliged to attend the call of honour in Flanders; but —

Puff. Your parting, to be sure, was heart-breaking.

Capt. I feel it at this instant. We vow'd eternal constancy, and I promis'd to take the first opportunity of returning to her. I did so: but we found the house was shut up; and all the information, you know, that we could get from the neighbouring cottage was, that miss and her aunt were remov'd to town, and liv'd somewhere near this part of it.

Puff. And now we are got to the place of action, propose your plan of operation.

Capt. My father lives in the next street, so I must decamp immediately for fear of discoveries: you are not known to be my servant; so make what inquiries you can in the neighbourhood, and I shall wait at the inn for your intelligence.

Puff.

Puff. I'll patrol hereabouts, and examine all that pass; but I've forgot the word, Sir— Miss Biddy—

Capt. Bellair.—

Puff. A young lady of wit, beauty, and fifteen thousand pounds fortune—But Sir—

Capt. What do you say, Puff?

Puff. If your honour pleases to consider that I had a wife in town whom I left somewhat abruptly half-a-year ago, you'll think it, I believe, but decent to make some inquiry after her first; to be sure, it would be some small consolation to me to know whether the poor woman is living, or has made away with herself, or—

Capt. Prithee don't distract me; a moment's delay is of the utmost consequence: I must insist upon an immediate compliance with my commands. [*Exit Captain.*]

Puff. The devil's in these fiery young fellows, they think of nobody's wants but their own. He does not consider that I am flesh and blood as well as himself. However, I may kill two birds at once; for I shan't be surprised if I meet my lady walking the streets.—But, who have we here? Sure I should know that face.

Enter Jasper from a house.

Who's that? my old acquaintance Jasper?

Jas. What, Puff! are you here?

Puff. My dear friend! (*Kisses him.*) Well, and now Jasper, still easy and happy! *Toujours le meme!*—What intrigues now? What girls have you ruin'd, and what cuckolds made, since you and I used to beat up together, eh?

Jas. Faith, business has been very brisk during the war; men are scarce, you know: not that I can say I ever wanted amusement in the worst of times.—But hark ye, Puff—

Puff. Not a word aloud, I am incognito.

Jas. Why, faith, I should not have known you, if you had not spoke first; you seem to be a little dishabille too, as well as incognito. Whom do you honour with your service now? Are you from the wars?

Puff. Piping hot, I assure you; fire and smoke will tarnish: a man that will go into such service as I have been in, will find his cloaths the worse for wear, take my word for it. But how is it with you, friend

Jas.

Jasper? What, you still serve, I see? you live at that house, I suppose?

Jas. I don't absolutely live, but I am most of my time there; I have, within these two months, entered into the service of an old gentleman, who hired a reputable servant, and dressed him as you see, because he has taken it into his head to fall in love.

Puff. False appetite and second childhood! But, prithee, what's the object of his passion?

Jas. No less than a virgin of sixteen, I assure you.

Puff. Oh the toothless old dotard!

Jas. And he mumbles and plays with her till his mouth waters; then he chuckles till he cries, and calls it his Bid and his Biddy, and is so foolishly fond——

Puff. Biddy! what's that?——

Jas. ——Her name is Biddy.

Puff. Biddy! What, Miss Biddy Bellair?

Jas. ——The same——

Puff. I have no luck, to be sure. (*Aside.*)——Oh, I have heard of her; she's of a pretty good family, and has some fortune, I know. But are things settled? is the marriage fix'd?

Jas. Not absolutely; the girl, I believe, detests him; but her aunt, a very good prudent old lady, has given her consent, if he can gain her niece's: how it will end, I can't tell——but I'm hot upon't myself.

Puff. ——The devil! not marriage, I hope?

Jas. That is not yet determined.

Puff. Who is the lady, pray?

Jas. A maid in the same family, a woman of honour, I assure you. She has one husband already, a scoundrel sort of a fellow that has run away from her, and listed for a soldier; so, towards the end of the campaign, she hopes to have a certificate he's knock'd o' th' head: if not, I suppose, we shall settle matters another way.

Puff. Well, speed the plough——But hark ye, consummate without the certificate if you can——keep your neck out of the collar——do—I have wore it these two years, and damnably gall'd I am——

Jas. I'll take your advice; but I must run away to my master, who will be impatient for an answer to his message, which I have just deliver'd to the young lady:
so,

so, dear Mr Puff, I am your most obedient humble servant.

Puff. And I must to our agent's for my arrears: if you have an hour to spare, you'll hear of me at George's, or the Tilt-yard—*Au revoir*, as we say abroad. [*Exit Jasper.*] Thus we are as civil and as false as our betters: Jasper and I were always the beau monde exactly; we ever hated one another heartily, yet always kiss and shake hands—But now to my master with a headful of news, and a heartful of joy. [*Going, starts.*]

Angels and ministers of grace defend me!

It can't be! By heav'ns, it is, that fretful porcupine, my wife! I can't stand it; what shall I do? I'll try to avoid her.

Enter Tag.

Tag. It must be he! I'll swear to the rogue at a mile's distance: he either has not seen me, or won't know me. If I can keep my temper, I'll try him farther.

Puff. I sweat—I tremble—She comes upon me!

Tag. Pray, good Sir, if I may be so bold—

Puff. I have nothing for you, good woman; don't trouble me.

Tag. If your honour pleases to look this way—

Puff. The kingdom is over-run with beggars. I suppose the last I gave to has sent this: but I have no more loose silver about me; so, prithee, woman, don't disturb me.

Tag. I can hold no longer. Oh you villain, you! where have you been, scoundrel? Do you know me now, varlet? [*Seizes him.*]

Puff. Here, watch, watch! Zounds, I shall have my pockets pick'd.

Tag. Own me this minute, hang-dog, and confess every thing; or, by the rage of an injured woman, I'll raise the neighbourhood, throttle you, and send you to Newgate.

Puff. Amazement! what, my own dear Tag! Come to my arms, and let me press you to my heart, that pants for thee, and only thee, my true and lawful wife.

—Now my stars have overpaid me for the fatigue and dangers of the field. I have wander'd about like

Achilles

Achilles in search of faithful Penelope; and the gods have brought me to this happy spot. [*Embraces her.*]

Tag. The fellow's crackt for certain! Leave your bombastic stuff, and tell me, rascal, why you left me; and where you have been these six months, heh?

Puff. We'll reserve my adventures for our happy winter evenings—I shall only tell you now, that my heart beat so strong in my country's cause, and being instigated either by honour or the devil, (I can't tell which,) I set out for Flanders to gather laurels and lay 'em at thy feet.

Tag. You left me to starve, villain, and beg my bread, you did so.

Puff. I left you too hastily, I must confess; and oft-en has my conscience stung me for it.—I am got into an officer's service; have been in several actions, gained some credit by my behaviour, and am now returned with my master to indulge the gentler passions.

Tag. Don't think to fob me off with this nonsensical talk. What have you brought me home besides?

Puff. Honour, and immoderate love.

Tag. I could tear your eyes out.

Puff. Temperance, or I walk off.

Tag. Temperance, traitor; temperance! What can you say for yourself? Leave me to the wide world.—

Puff. Well, I have been in the world too, han't I? What would the woman have?

Tag. Reduce me to the necessity of going to service. [*Cries.*]

Puff. Why, I'm in service too, your lord and master, an't I, you saucy jade you?—Come, where dost live? hereabout? Hast got good vails? Dost go to market? Come, give me a kiss, darling, and tell me where I shall pay my duty to thee.

Tag. Why, there I live; at that house.

[*Pointing to the house Jasper came out of.*]

Puff. What, there? that house?

Tag. Yes, there; that house.

Puff. Huzza! We're made for ever, you flut you; huzza! Every thing conspires this day to make me happy.—Prepare for an inundation of joy! My master is in love with your Miss Biddy over head and ears, and

and she with him. I know she is courted by some old fumbler, and her aunt is not against the match; but now we are come, the town will be reliev'd, and the governor brought over: in plain English, our fortune is made; my master must marry the lady, and the old gentleman may go to the devil.

Tag. Heyday! what's all this?

Puff. Say no more; the dice are thrown doublets for us: away to your young mistress, while I run to my master. Tell her Rhodophil, Rhodophil will be with her immediately; then if her blood does not mount to her face like quicksilver in a weatherglass, and point to extreme hot, believe the whole a lie, and your husband no politician.

Tag. This is news indeed! I have had the place but a little while, and have not quite got into the secrets of the family: but part of your story is true; and if you bring your master, and miss is willing, I warrant we'll be too hard for the old folks.

Puff. I'll about it straight.—But hold, Tag, I had forgot—Pray, how does Mr Jasper do?

Tag. Mr Jasper!—What do you mean? I—I—I—

Puff. What! out of countenance, child? O fy! speak plain, my dear—And the certificate; when comes that, heh, love?

Tag. He has sold himself and turn'd conjurer, or he could never have known it. [*Aside.*]

Puff. Are not you a jade?—are not you a Jezebel?—arn't you a—

Tag. O ho, temperance, or I walk off.—

Puff. I know I am not finish'd yet, and so I am easy; but more thanks to my fortune than your virtue, Madam.

Bid. (within.) Tag, Tag! where are you, Tag?

Tag. Coming, Madam—My lady calls—away to your master, and I'll prepare his reception within.

Puff. Shall I bring the certificate with me? [*Exit.*]

Tag. Go, you graceless rogue, you richly deserve it. [*Exit.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes to a Chamber.

Enter Aunt and Tag.

Aunt. Who was that man you were talking to, Tag?

Tag. A cousin of mine, Madam, that brought me some news from my aunt in the country.

Aunt. Where's my niece? Why are not you with her?

Tag. She bid me leave her alone.—She's so melancholy, Madam, I don't know what's come to her of late—

Aunt. The thoughtfulness that is natural upon the approach of matrimony, generally occasions a decent concern.

Tag. And do you think, Madam, a husband of threecore and five—

Aunt. Hold, Tag, he protests to me he is but five and fifty.

Tag. He is a rogue, Madam; and an old rogue, which is the worst of rogues.—

Aunt. Alas, youth, or age, 'tis all one to her; she is all simplicity without experience. I would not force her inclinations; but she's so innocent she won't know the difference—

Tag. Innocent! ne'er trust to that, Madam. I was innocent myself once; but *live and learn* is an old saying, and a true one.—I believe, Madam, nobody is more innocent than yourself, and a good maid you are to be sure; but though you *really* don't know the difference, yet you can *fancy it*, I warrant you.

Aunt. I should prefer a large jointure to a small one, and that's all: but 'tis impossible that Biddy should have desires; she's but newly come out of the country, and just turn'd of sixteen.

Tag. That's a ticklish age, Madam. I have observ'd she does not eat, nor she does not sleep; she sighs and she cries, and she loves moonlight: these, I take it, are very strong symptoms.

Aunt. They are very unaccountable, I must confess: but you talk from a deprav'd mind, Tag; her's is simple and untainted.

Tag.

' *Tag.* She'll make him a cuckold though for all that, if you force her to marry him.

' *Aunt.* You shock me, Tag, with your coarse expressions. I tell you, her chastity will be her guard, let her husband be what he will.

' *Tag.* Chastity! never trust to that, Madam: get her a husband that's fit for her, and I'll be bound for her virtue; but with such a one as Sir Simon, I'm a rogue if I'd answer for my own.

' *Aunt.* Well, Tag, the child shall never have reason to repent of my severity. I was going before to my lawyer's to speak about the articles of marriage; I will now put a stop to 'em for some time, till we can make farther discoveries.

' *Tag.* Heav'n will bless you for your goodness.— Look where the poor bird comes, quite mop'd and melancholy. I'll set my pump to work, and draw something from her before your return, I warrant you. [*Exit Aunt.*] There goes a miracle; she has neither pride, envy, or ill-nature; and yet is near sixty, and a virgin.'

Enter Biddy and Tag.

Bid. How unfortunate a poor girl am I! dare not tell my secret to any body; and if I don't, I'm undone—Heigh ho! [*Sighs.*] ' Pray, Tag, is my aunt gone to her lawyer about me?—Heigh ho!'

Tag. What's that sigh for, my dear young mistress?

Bid. I did not sigh, not I—[*Sighs.*]

Tag. Nay, never gulp 'em down; they are the worst things you can swallow. There's something in that little heart of your's, that swells it, and puffs it, and will burst it at last, if you don't give it vent.

Bid. What would you have me tell you?—[*Sighs.*]

Tag. Come, come, you are afraid I'll betray you; but you had as good speak; I may do you some service you little think of.

Bid. It is not in your power, Tag, to give me what I want.—[*Sighs.*]

Tag. Not directly, perhaps; but I may be the means of helping you to it. As, for example—if you should not like to marry the old man your aunt designs for you, one may find a way to break—

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Bid.

Bid. His neck, Tag?

Tag. Or the match; either will do, child.

Bid. I don't care which, indeed, so I was clear of him—I don't think I'm fit to be marry'd.

Tag. To him, you mean——You have no objection to marriage, but the man; and I applaud you for it. But come, courage, Miss; never keep it in; out with it all—

Bid. If you'll ask me any questions, I'll answer 'em; but I can't tell you any thing of myself; I shall blush if I do.

Tag. Well, then—in the first place, pray tell me, Miss Biddy Bellair, if you don't like somebody better than old Sir Simon Loveit?

Bid. Heigh ho!

Tag. What's heigh ho, Miss?

Bid. When I say heigh ho, it means yes.

Tag. Very well: and this somebody is a young handsome fellow?

Bid. Heigh ho!

Tag. And if you were once his, you'd be as merry as the best of us?

Bid. Heigh ho!

Tag. So far so good: and since I have got you to wet your feet, soule over head at once, and the pain will be over.

Bid. There—then [*A long sigh.*] Now help me out, Tag, as fast as you can.

Tag. When did you hear from your gallant?

Bid. Never since he went to the army.

Tag. How so?

Bid. I was afraid the letters would fall into my aunt's hands, so I would not let him write to me: but I had a better reason then.

Tag. Pray, let's hear that too.

Bid. Why, I thought if I should write to him, and promise him to love nobody else, and should afterwards change my mind, he might think I was inconstant, and call me a coquette.

Tag. What a simple innocent it is! [*Aside.*] And have you chang'd your mind, Miss?

Bid.

Bid. No indeed, Tag, I love him the best of any of 'em.

Tag. Of any of 'em! Why, have you any more?

Bid. Pray, don't ask me.

Tag. Nay, Miss, if you only trust me by halves, you can't expect—

Bid. I will trust you with every thing.—When I parted with him, I grew melancholy; so, in order to divert me, I have let two others court me till he return again.

Tag. Is that all, my dear? Mighty simple, indeed.

[*Aside.*

Bid. One of 'em is a fine blust'ring man, and is call'd Captain *Flash*; he's always talking of fighting and wars: he thinks he's sure of me; but I shall baulk him: we shall see him this afternoon; for he press'd strongly to come, and I have given him leave, while my aunt's taking her afternoon's nap.

Tag. And who is the other, pray?

Bid. Quite another sort of a man. He speaks like a lady for all the world, and never swears as Mr *Flash* does, but wears nice white gloves, and tells me what ribbons become my complexion, where to stick my patches, who is the best milliner, where they sell the best tea, and which is the best wassi for the face, and the best paste for the hands; he is always playing with my fan, and showing his teeth; and whenever I speak, he pats me—so—and cries, The devil take me, Miss Biddy, but you'll be my perdition—ha, ha, ha!

Tag. Oh the pretty creature! And what do you call him, pray?

Bid. His name's *Fribble*: you shall see him too; for by mistake, I appointed 'em at the same time: but you must help me out with 'em.

Tag. And suppose your favourite should come too—

Bid. I should not care what become of the others.

Tag. What's his name?

Bid. It begins with an R—h—o—

Tag. I'll be hang'd if it is not *Rhodophil*.

Bid. I am frighten'd at you! You're a witch, Tag.

Tag. I am so; and I can tell your fortune too. Look me in the face. The gentleman you love most in the

world, will be at our house this afternoon: he arriv'd from the army this morning, and dies till he sees you.

Bid. Is he come, Tag? Don't joke with me.

Tag. Not to keep you longer in suspense, you must know, the servant of your Strephon, by some unaccountable fate or other is my lord and master; he has just been with me, told me of his master's arrival and impatience—

Bid. Oh, my dear, dear Tag, you have put me out of my wits—I am all over in a flutter.—I shall leap out of my skin—I don't know what to do with myself.—Is he come, Tag?—I am ready to faint—I'd give the world I had put on my pink and silver robings to-day.

Tag. I assure you, Miss, you look charmingly.

Bid. Do I indeed though? I'll put a little patch under my left eye, and powder my hair immediately.

Tag. We'll go to-dinner first, and then I'll assist you.

Bid. Dinner! I can't eat a morsel—I don't know what's the matter with me—my ears tingle, my heart beats, my face flushes, and I tremble every joint of me.—I must run in and look at myself in the glass this moment.

Tag. Yes, she has it, and deeply too: 'This is no hypocrisy—

' Not art, but Nature now performs her part,

' And ev'ry word's the language of the heart.

ACT II.

SCENE continues.

Enter Captain Loveit, Biddy, Tag, and Puff.

Capt. **T**O find you still constant, and to arrive at such a critical juncture, is the height of fortune and happiness.

Bid. Nothing shall force me from you; and if I am secure of your affections—

Puff. I'll be bound for him, Madam, and give you any security you can ask.

Tag. Every thing goes on to our wish, Sir. I just now

now had a second conference with my old lady; and she was so convinc'd by my arguments, that she return'd instantly to the lawyer to forbid the drawing out of any writings at all; and she is determin'd never to thwart Miss's inclinations; and left it to us to give the old gentleman his discharge at the next visit.

Capt. Shall I undertake the old dragon?

Tag. If we have occasion for help, we shall call for you.

Bid. I expect him every moment; therefore I'll tell you what, Rhodophil, you and your man shall be lock'd up in my bed-chamber till we have settled matters with the old gentleman.

Capt. Do what you please with me.

Bid. You must not be impatient tho'.

Capt. I can undergo any thing with such a reward in view. One kiss, and I'll be quite resign'd—And now show me the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Tag. Come, firrah, when I have got you under lock and key, I shall bring you to reason.

Puff. Are your wedding-cloaths ready, my dove?—The certificate's come.

Tag. Go follow your captain, firrah—march—You may thank heav'n I had patience to stay so long.

Exeunt Tag and Puff.

Re-enter Biddy.

Bid. I was very much alarm'd for fear my two gallants should come in upon us unawares; we should have had sad work if they had. I find I love Rhodophil vastly; for though my other sparks flatter me more, I can't abide the thoughts of 'em now—I have business upon my hands enough to turn my little head; but, egad, my heart's good, and a fig for dangers.—Let me see—what shall I do with my two gallants? I must at least part with 'em decently. Suppose I set 'em together by the ears?—The luckiest thought in the world! For if they won't quarrel, (as I believe they won't,) I can break with them for cowards, and very justly dismiss 'em my service: and if they will fight, and one of 'em should be kill'd, the other will certainly be hang'd or run away; and so I shall very handsomely get rid of both.—I am glad I have settled it so purely.

Enter Tag.

Well, Tag, are they safe?

Tag. I think so; the door's double-locked, and I have the key in my pocket.

Bid. That's pure; but have you given them any thing to divert 'em?

Tag. I have given the Captain one of your old gloves to mumble; but my Strephon is diverting himself with the more substantial comforts of a cold venison pasty.

Biddy. What shall we do with the next that comes?

Tag. If Mr Fribble comes first, I'll clap him up into my lady's store-room. I suppose he is a great maker of marmalade himself, and will have an opportunity of making some critical remarks upon our pastry and sweet-meats.

Bid. When one of 'em comes, do you go and watch for the other; and as soon as you see him, run in to us, and pretend it is my aunt, and so we shall have an excuse to lock him up till we want him.

Tag. You may depend upon me—Here is one of 'em.—

Enter Fribble.

Bid. Mr Fribble, your servant—

Frib. Miss Biddy, your slave—I hope I have not come upon you abruptly. I should have waited upon you sooner; but an accident happen'd that discompos'd me so, that I was oblig'd to go home again to take drops.

Bid. Indeed you don't look well, Sir—Go, Tag, and do as I bid you.

Tag. I will, Madam.

[*Exit.*]

Bid. I have set my maid to watch my aunt, that we mayn't be surpris'd by her.

Frib. Your prudence is equal to your beauty, Miss; and I hope your permitting me to kiss your hands, will be no impeachment to your understanding.

Bid. I hate the sight of him. [*Aside.*] I was afraid I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you. Pray, let me know what accident you met with, and what's the matter with your hand? I shan't be easy till I know.

Frib. Well, I vow, Miss Biddy, you're a good creature—
—I'll

—I'll endeavour to muster up what little spirits I have, and tell you the whole affair.—Hem!—But first, you must give me leave to make you a present of a small pot of my lip-salve. My servant made it this morning: the ingredients are innocent, I assure you; nothing but the best virgin-wax, conserve of roses, and lily-of-the-valley water.

Bid. I thank you, Sir, but my lips are generally red; and when they an't, I bite 'em.

Frib. I bite my own sometimes, to pout 'em a little; but this will give them a softness, colour, and an agreeable *moister*.—Thus let me make an humble offering at that shrine, where I have already sacrificed my heart.

[*Kneels, and gives the pot.*]

Bid. Upon my word, that's very prettily express'd; you are positively the best company in the world—I wish he was out of the house.

[*Aside.*]

Frib. But to return to my accident, and the reason why my hand is in this condition—I beg you'll excuse the appearance of it, and be satisfy'd, that nothing but mere necessity could have forc'd me to appear thus muffled before you.

Bid. I am very willing to excuse any misfortune that happens to you, Sir.

[*Curtsey.*]

Frib. You are vastly good, indeed—Thus it was—Hem!—You must know, Miss, there is not an animal in the creation I have so great an aversion to, as those hackey-coach fellows.—As I was coming out of my lodgings,—says one of 'em to me, Would your honour have a coach?—No, man, said I, not now, (with all the civility imaginable.)—I'll carry you and your Doll too, said he, Miss Margery, for the same price—Upon which the masculine beasts about us fell a laughing. Then I turn'd round in a great passion—Curse me, says I, fellow, but I'll trounce thee.—And as I was holding out my hand in a threatening *posse*—thus—he makes a cut at me with his whip, and, striking me over the nail of my little finger, it gave me such exquisite *torture*, that I fainted away: and while I was in this condition, the mob pick'd my pocket of my purse, my scissars, my Mocco smelling-bottle, and my huffwife.

Bid.

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[*Kneels, and gives the pot.*]

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[*Curties.*]

Frib. You are vastly good, indeed—Thus it was—Hem!—You must know, Miss, there is not an animal in the creation I have so great an aversion to, as those hackey-coach fellows.—As I was coming out of my lodgings,—says one of 'em to me, Would your honour have a coach?—No, man, said I, not now, (with all the civility imaginable.)—I'll carry you and your Doll too, said he, Miss Margery, for the same price—Upon which the masculine beasts about us fell a laughing. Then I turn'd round in a great passion—Curse me, says I, fellow, but I'll trounce thee.—And as I was holding out my hand in a threatening *posse*—thus—he makes a cut at me with his whip, and, striking me over the nail of my little finger, it gave me such exquisite *torture*, that I fainted away: and while I was in this condition, the mob pick'd my pocket of my purse, my scissars, my Mocco smelling-bottle, and my huffwife.

Bid.

Bid. I shall laugh in his face. [*Aside.*] I am afraid you are in great pain. Pray sit down, Mr Fribble: but I hope your hand is in no danger? [*They sit.*]

Frib. Not in the least, Ma'am; pray, don't be apprehensive—A milk-poultice, and a gentle sweat to-night, with a little manna in the morning, I am confident will relieve me entirely.

Bid. But, pray, Mr Fribble, do you make use of a huffwife?

Frib. I can't do without it, Ma'am: there is a club of us, all young bachelors, the sweetest society in the world; and we meet three times a-week at each others lodgings, where we drink tea, hear the chat of the day, invent fashions for the ladies, make models of 'em, and cut out patterns in paper. We were the first inventors of knotting; and this fringe is the original produce and joint labour of our little community.

Bid. And who are your pretty set, pray?

Frib. There's Phil. Whistle, Jacky Wagtail, my lord Trip, Billy Dimple, Sir Dilberry Diddle, and your humble——

Bid. What a sweet collection of happy creatures!

Frib. Indeed and so we are, Miss——But a prodigious fracas disconcerted us some time ago at Billy Dimple's——three drunken naughty women of the town burst into our club-room, curs'd us all, threw down the china, broke six looking-glasses, scalded us with the slop-bason, and scratch'd poor Phil. Whistle's cheek in such a manner, that he has kept his bed these three weeks.

Bid. Indeed, Mr Fribble, I think all our sex have great reason to be angry; for if you are so happy now you are bachelors, the ladies may wish and sigh to very little purpose.

Frib. You are mistaken, I assure you; I am prodigiously rallied about my passion for you, I can tell you that, and am looked upon as lost to our society already. He, he, he!

Bid. Pray, Mr Fribble, now you have gone so far, don't think me impudent if I long to know how you intend to use the lady who has been honour'd with your affections?

Frib.

Frib. Not as most other wives are used, I assure you: all the domestic business will be taken off her hands; I shall make the tea, comb the dogs, and dress the children myself: so that, tho' I'm a commoner, Mrs Fribble will lead the life of a woman of quality; for she will have nothing to do but lie in bed, play at cards, and scold the servants.

Bid. What a happy creature she must be!

Frib. Do you really think so? Then, pray, let me have a little *serious* talk with you—Tho' my passion is not of a long standing, I hope the sincerity of my intentions—

Bid. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. Go you wild thing. (*Pats her.*) The devil take me but there is no talking to you—How can you use me in this barbarous manner! if I had the constitution of an alderman, it would sink under my sufferings—*human nater* can't support it.

Bid. Why, what would you do with me, Mr Fribble.

Frib. Well, I vow I'll beat you if you talk so—Don't look at me in that manner—Flesh and blood can't bear it—I could—but I won't grow indecent—

Bid. But pray, Sir, where are the verses you were to write upon me? I find, if a young lady depends too much upon such fine gentlemen as you, she'll certainly be disappointed.

Frib. I vow, the flutter I was put into this afternoon has quite turn'd my senses—Here they are, tho'—and I believe you'll like 'em.

Bid. There can be no doubt of it. [*Curtseys.*]

Frib. I protest, Miss, I don't like that curtsy—Look at me, and always rise in this manner. (*Shows her.*) But, my dear creature, who put on your cap to-day? They have made a fright of you, and it is as yellow as old lady Crowfoot's neck.—When we are settled, I'll dress your head myself.

Bid. Pray read the verses to me, Mr Fribble.

Frib. I obey—Hem!—William Fribble, Esq; to Miss Biddy Bellair—greeting.

No ice so hard, so cold as I,

'Till warm'd and soften'd by your eye;

And

And now my heart dissolves away
 In dreams by night, in sighs by day.
 No brutal passion fires my breast,
 Which loaths the object when possess'd;
 But one of harmless, gentle kind,
 Whose joys are center'd—in the mind:
 Then take with me love's better part,
 His downy wing, but not his dart.

How do you like 'em?

Bid. Ha, ha, ha! I swear they are very pretty—but I don't quite understand 'em.

Frib. These light pieces are never so well understood in reading as singing; I have set 'em myself, and will endeavour to give 'em you: *La—la—* I have an abominable cold, and can't sing a note; however, the tune's nothing, the manner's all.

No ice so hard, &c. [*Sings.*]

Enter Tag, running.

Tag. Oh, Madam, Madam!

Frib. What's the matter?

Tag. Your aunt, your aunt, your aunt, Madam!

Bid. Oh! for heav'n's sake, Tag, hide Mr Fribble, or we are ruin'd. Put him into the store-room, this moment.

Frib. Is it a damp place, Mrs Tag? The floor is boarded, I hope?

Tag. Indeed it is not, Sir.

Frib. What shall I do? I shall certainly catch my death! Where's my cambrick handkerchief, and my salts? I shall certainly have my hystericks! [*Runs in with Tag.*]

Bid. In, in, in———So now let the other come as soon as he will; I did not care if I had twenty of 'em, so they would but come one after another.

Re-enter Tag.

* Was my aunt coming?

* *Tag.* No, 'twas Mr Flasi, I suppose by the length of his stride, and the cock of his hat. He'll be here this minute———What shall we do with him?

* *Bid.* I'll manage him, I warrant you, and try his courage; be sure you are ready to second me—we shall have pure sport.

* *Tag.* Hush! here he comes.

Enter

Enter Flash singing.

Flash. Well, my blossom, here am I! What hopes for a poor dog, eh? How! the maid here? then I've lost the town, dammee! Not a shilling to bribe the governor; she'll spring a mine, and I shall be blown to the devil.

Bid. Don't be asham'd, Mr Flash: I have told Tag the whole affair; and she's my friend, I can assure you.

Flash. Is she? then she won't be mine, I am certain. [*Aside.*] Well, Mrs Tag, you know, I suppose, what's to be done: This young lady and I have contracted ourselves; and so, if you please to stand bride-maid, why we'll fix the wedding-day directly.

Tag. The wedding-day, Sir?

Flash. The wedding-day, Sir? Ay, Sir, the wedding-day, Sir! what have you to say to that, Sir?

Bid. My dear Captain Flash, don't make such a noise, you'll wake my aunt.

Flash. And suppose I did, child, what then?

Bid. She'd be frighten'd out of her wits.

Flash. At me, Miss? frighten'd at me? *Tout au contraire*, I assure you; you mistake the thing, child; I have some reason to believe I am not quite so shocking.

[*Affectedly.*]

Tag. Indeed, Sir, you flatter yourself—But pray, Sir, what are your pretensions?

Flash. The lady's promises, my own passion, and the best mounted blade in the three kingdoms. If any man can produce a better title, let him take her; if not, the devil mince me if I give up an atom of her.

Bid. He's in a fine passion, if he would but hold it.

Tag. Pray, Sir, hear reason a little.

Flash. I never do, Madam; it is not my method of proceeding; here is my logic! (*Draws his sword.*) Sa, sa—my best argument is cart-over-arm, Madam, ha, ha, (*lounes;*) and if he answers that, Madam, through my small guts, my breath, blood, and mistress, are all at his service—Nothing more, Madam.

Bid. This'll do, this'll do.

Tag. But Sir, Sir, Sir!

Flash. But Madam, Madam, Madam! I profess blood, Madam, I was bred up to it from a child; I study the
the

the book of fate, and the camp is my university; I have attended the lectures of Prince Charles upon the Rhine and Bathiani upon the Po, and have extracted knowledge from the mouth of a cannon; I'm not to be frighten'd with squibs, Madam, no, no.

Bid. Pray, dear Sir, don't mind her, but let me prevail with you to go away this time——Your passion is very fine, to be sure; and when my aunt and Tag are gone out of the way, I'll let you know when I'd have you come again.

Flash. When you'd have me come again, child! And suppose I never would come again, what do you think of that now, ha? You pretend to be afraid of your aunt; your aunt knows what's what too well to refuse a good match when 'tis offer'd——Looke, Miss, I'm a man of honour, glory is my aim, I have told you the road I am in; and do you see here, child, (*showing his sword*), no tricks upon travellers.

Bid. But pray, Sir, hear me.

Flash. No, no, no, I know the world, Madam: I am as well known at Goyent-Garden as the Dial, Madam; I'll break a lamp, bully a constable, bam a justice, or bilk a box-keeper, with any man in the liberties of Westminster: What do you think of me now, Madam?

Bid. Pray don't be so furious, Sir.

Flash. Come, come, come, few words are best, somebody's happier than somebody, and I am a poor silly fellow; ha, ha——that's all——Look you, child, to be short, (for I'm a man of reflection), I have but a bagatelle to say to you: I am in love with you up to hell and desperation, may the sky crush me if I am not!——But since there is another more fortunate than I, adieu, Biddy! Prosperity to the happy rival, patience to poor Flash; but the first time we meet——gunpowder be my perdition, but I'll have the honour to cut a throat with him.

[*Going.*

Bid. (*Stopping him.*) You may meet with him now, if you please.

Flash. Now! may I?——Where is he? I'll sacrifice the villain.

[*Aloud.*

Tag. Hush! he's but in the next room.

Flash.

Flash. Is he? Ram me (*low*) into a mortar-piece, but I'll have vengeance; my blood boils to be at him—Don't be frighten'd, Miss!

Bid. No, Sir, I never was better pleas'd, I assure you.

Flash. I shall soon do his business.

Bid. As soon as you please, take your own time.

Tag. I'll fetch the gentleman to you immediately.

[*Going.*

Flash. (*Stopping her.*) Stay, stay a little; what a passion I am in!—Are you sure he is in the next room?—I shall certainly tear him to pieces—I would fain murder him like a gentleman too—Besides, this family shan't be brought into trouble upon my account.—I have it—I'll watch for him in the street, and mix his blood with the puddle of the next kennel.

[*Going.*

Bid. (*Stopping him.*) No, pray, Mr Flash, let me see the battle, I shall be glad to see you fight for me; you shan't go, indeed.

[*Holding him.*

Tag. (*Holding him.*) Oh, pray, let me see you fight; there were two gentlemen *fit* yesterday, and my mistress was never so diverted in her life—I'll fetch him out.

[*Exit.*

Bid. Do, stick him, stick him, Captain Flash; I shall love you the better for it.

Flash. Damn your love, I wish I was out of the house.

[*Aside.*

Bid. Here he is—Now speak some of your hard words, and run him through—

Flash. Don't be in fits now—

[*Aside to Biddy.*

Bid. Never fear me.

Enter Tag and Fribble.

Tag. (*to Fribble.*) Take it on my word, Sir, he is a bully, and nothing else.

Frib. (*frighten'd.*) I know you are my good friend, but perhaps you don't know his disposition.

Tag. I am confident he is a coward.

Frib. D'ye think so, Mrs Tag?

Tag. —Oh, I am sure of it.

Frib. Is he? Nay, then I'm his man.

Flash. I like his looks, but I'll not venture too far at first.

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H h

Tag

Tag. Speak to him, Sir.

Frib. I will—I understand, Sir—hem—that you—by Mrs Tag here—Sir—who has inform'd me—hem—that you would be glad to speak with me—denancee—

[*Turns off.*]

Flash. I can speak to you, Sir—or to any body, Sir—or I can let it alone and hold my tongue—if I see occasion, Sir, damme—

[*Turns off.*]

Bid. Well said, Mr Flash; be in a passion.

Tag. (*to Frib.*) Don't mind his looks, he changes colour already; to him, to him.

[*Pusses him.*]

Frib. Don't hurry me, Mrs Tag, for heaven's sake! I shall be out of breath before I begin, if you do.—Sir, —(*To Flash.*) If you can't speak to a gentleman in another manner, Sir—why then I'll venture to say, you had better hold your tongue—gone.

Flash. Sir, you and I are of different opinions.

Frib. You and your opinion may go to the devil—take that.

[*Turns off to Tag.*]

Tag. Well said, Sir, the day's your own.

Bid. What's the matter, Mr Flash? Is all your fury gone? Do you give me up?

Frib. I have done his business.

[*Struts about.*]

Flash. Give you up, Madam! No, Madam, when I am determin'd in my resolutions, I am always calm; 'tis our way, Madam: and now I shall proceed to business—Sir, I beg to say a word to you in private.

Frib. Keep your distance, fellow; and I'll answer you.—That lady has confess'd a passion for me; and as she has deliver'd up her heart into my keeping, nothing but my 'art's blood shall purchase it. Damnation!

Tag. Bravo! bravo!

Flash. If those are the conditions, I'll give you earnest for it directly. (*Draws.*) Now, villain, renounce all right and title this minute, or the torrent of my rage will overflow my reason, and I shall annihilate the nothingness of your soul and body in an instant.

Frib. I wish there was a constable at hand to take us both up; we shall certainly do one another a prejudice.

Tag. No, you won't indeed, Sir; pray, bear up to him;

him; if you wou'd but draw your sword, and be in a passion, he would run away directly.

Frib. Will he? (*Draws his sword.*) Then I can no longer contain myself—Hell and the furies! Come on, thou savage brute.

Tag. Go on, Sir.

[*Here they stand in fighting postures, while Biddy and Tag push them forward.*]

Flash. Come on.

Bid. Go on.

Frib. Come on, rascal.

Tag. Go on, Sir.

Enter Captain Loveit and Puff.

Capt. What's the matter, my dear?

Biddy. If you wont fight, here's one that will. Oh Rhodophil, these two sparks are your rivals, and have pester'd me these two months with their addresses; they forced themselves into the house, and have been quarelling about me, and disturbing the family; if they won't fight, pray kick 'em out of the house.

Capt. What's the matter, gentlemen.

[*They both keep their fencing posture.*]

Flash. Don't part us, Sir.

Frib. No, pray Sir, don't part us, we shall do you a mischief.

Capt. Puff, look to the other gentleman, and call a surgeon.

Bid. and *Tag.* Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Bless me! how can you stand under your wounds, Sir?

Frib. Am I hurt, Sir?

Puff. Hurt, Sir! why you have—let me see—pray stand in the light—one, two, three, thro' the heart; and, let me see—hum—eight thro' the small guts! Come, Sir, make it up the round dozen, and then we'll part you.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Capt. Come here, Puff.

[*Whispers, and looks at Flash.*]

Puff. 'Tis the very same, Sir.

Capt. (*to Flash.*) Pray, Sir, have I not had the pleasure of seeing you abroad?

H h. 2

Flash.

Flash. I have serv'd abroad.

Capt. Had not you the misfortune, Sir, to be missing at the last engagement in Flanders?

Flash. I was found amongst the dead in the field of battle.

Puff. He was the first that fell, Sir; the wind of a cannon-ball struck him flat upon his face; he had just strength enough to creep into a ditch, and there he was found after the battle in a most deplorable condition.

Capt. Pray, Sir, what advancement did you get by the service of that day?

Flash. My wounds rendered me unfit for service, and I sold out.

Puff. Stole out, you mean——We hunted him by scent to the water-side; thence he took shipping for England; and taking the advantage of my master's absence, has attack'd the citadel; which we are luckily come to relieve, and drive his honour into the ditch again.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Frib. He, he, he!

Capt. And now, Sir, how have you dar'd to show your face in open day, or wear even the outside of a profession you have so much scandalized by your behaviour? I honour the name of soldier; and, as a party concerned, am bound not to see it disgrac'd. As you have forfeited your title to honour, deliver up your sword this instant.

Flash. Nay, good Captain——

Capt. No words, Sir.

[Takes his sword.

Frib. He's a sad scoundrel; I wish I had kick'd him.

Capt. The next thing I command——Leave this house, change the colour of your cloaths and fierceness of your looks; appear from top to toe the wretch, the very wretch thou art: If e'er I meet thee in the military dress again, or if you put on looks that belie the native baseness of thy heart, be it where it will, this shall be the reward of thy impudence and disobedience.

[Kicks him; he runs off.

Bid. Oh, my dear Rhodophil!

Frib.

Frib. What an infamous rascal it is! I thank you, Sir, for this favour; but I must after, and cane him.

[*Going, is stoppt by the Captain.*]

Capt. One word with you too, Sir.

Frib. With me, Sir!

Capt. You need not tremble;—I shan't use you roughly.

Frib. I am certain of that, Sir; but I am sadly troubled with weak nerves.

Capt. Thou art of a species too despicable for correction; therefore be gone; and if I see you here again, your insignificancy shan't protect you.

Frib. I am obliged to you for your kindness. Well, if ever I have any thing to do with intrigues again—Miss Biddy, your servant—Captain, your servant—Mrs Tag, your's—Old soldier, your's.

Puff. Boh!—(*in Fribble's face as he is going out.*)

Frib. O Lord!

[*Exit.*]

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Puff. Shall I ease you of your trophy, Sir?

Capt. Take it, Puff, as a small recompence for thy fidelity:—thou can'st better use it than its owner.

Puff. I wish your honour had a patent to take such trifles from every pretty gentleman that could spare 'em, I would set up the largest cutler's shop in the kingdom.

Capt. Well said, Puff.

Bid. But pray, Mr Fox, how did you get out of your hole? I thought you was lock'd in.

Capt. I shot the bolt back when I heard a noise; and thinking you was in danger, I broke my confinement without any other consideration than your safety.

[*Kisses her hand.*]

Sir Sim. (*without.*) Biddy, Biddy!—Why, Tag, Tag!

Bid. There's the old gentleman; run in, run in.

[*Exeunt Captain and Puff. Tag opens the door.*]

Enter Sir Simon and Jasper.

Sir Sim. Where have you been, Biddy? Jasper and I have knock'd and call'd as loud and as long as we were able. What were you doing, child?

Bid. I was reading part of a play to Tag, and we came as soon as we heard you.

H h 2

Sir

' *Sir Sim.* What play, Moppet ?

' *Tag.* The Old Bachelor ; and we were just got to old Nykyn as you knock'd at the door.

' *Sir Sim.* I must have you burn your plays and romances, now you are mine ; they corrupt your innocence ; and what can you learn from 'em ?

' *Bid.* What you can't teach me, I am sure.

' *Sir Sim.* Fy, fy, child, I never heard you talk at this rate before. I'm afraid, Tag, you put these things into her head.

' *Tag.* I, Sir ! I vow, Sir Simon, she knows more than you can conceive. She surprises me, I assure you, though I have been married these two years, and liv'd with bachelors most part of my life.

' *Sir Sim.* Do you hear, Jasper ! I'm all over in a sweat.—Pray, Miss, have you not had company this afternoon ? I saw a young fop go out of the house as I was coming hither.

' *Bid.* You might have seen two, Sir Simon, if your eyes had been good.

' *Sir Sim.* Do you hear, Jasper ?—Sure the child is possess'd—Pray, Miss, what do they want here ?

' *Bid.* Me, Sir ; they wanted me.

' *Sir Sim.* What did they want with you, I say ?

' *Bid.* Why, what do you want with me ?

' *Sir Sim.* Do you hear, Jasper ?—I am thunder-struck ! I can't believe my own ears—Tell me the reason, I say, why—

' *Tag.* I'll tell you the reason why, if you please, Sir Simon. Miss, you know, is a very silly young girl ; and having found out, (Heav'n knows how !) that there is some little difference between sixty-five and twenty-five, she's ridiculous enough to choose the latter ; when, if she'd take my advice—

' *Sir Sim.* You are right, Tag, she would take me, eh !—

' *Tag.* Yes, Sir, as the only way to have both ; for if she marries you, the other will follow of course.

' *Sir Sim.* Do you hear, Jasper !

' *Bid.* 'Tis very true, Sir Simon ; from knowing no better, I have set my heart upon a young man ; and

' a young one I'll have. There have been three here this afternoon.

' *Sir Sim.* Three, Jasper!

' *Bid.* And they have been quarrelling about me, and one has beat the other two. Now, Sir Simon, if you'll take up the conqueror, and kick him, as he has kick'd the others, you shall have me for your reward, and my fifteen thousand pounds into the bargain. What says my hero, eh? [*Slaps him on the back.*]

' *Sir Sim.* The world's at an end—What's to be done, Jasper?

' *Jas.* Pack up and be gone. Don't fight the match, Sir.

' *Sir Sim.* Flesh and blood can't bear it—I'm all over agitation—Hugh, hugh!—Am I cheated by a baby, a doll? Where's your aunt, you young cockatrice—I'll let her know—she's a base woman, and you are—

' *Bid.* You are in a fine humour to show your valour. Tag, fetch the Captain this minute, while Sir Simon is warm, and let him know he is waiting here to cut his throat. [*Exit Tag.*] I lock'd him up in my bed-chamber till you came.

' *Sir Sim.* Here's an imp of darkness! What would I give that my son Bob were here to thrash her spark; while I—ravish'd the rest of the family.

' *Jas.* I believe we had best retire, Sir.

' *Sir Sim.* No, no, I must see her bully first: and, do you hear, Jasper, if I put him in a passion, do you knock him down.

' *Jas.* Pray, keep your temper, Sir.

' *Enter Captain, Tag, and Puff.*

' *Capt. (approaching angrily.)* What is the meaning, Sir—'Ounds! it is my father, Puff; what shall I do? [*Aside.*]

' *Puff (drawing him by the coat.)* Kneel again, Sir.

' *Sir Sim.* I am enchanted! [*Starting.*]

' *Capt.* There is no retreat; I must stand it!

' *Bid.* What's all this?

' *Sir Sim.* Your humble servant, Captain Fireball—
' You are welcome from the wars, noble Captain. I

' did

' did not think of being knock'd o' th' head, or cut up
' alive, by so fine a gentleman.

' *Capt.* I am under such confusion, Sir, that I have
' not power to convince you of my innocence.

' *Sir Sim.* Innocence! pretty lamb! And so, Sir,
' you have left the regiment, and the honourable em-
' ployment of fighting for your country, to come home
' and cut your father's throat. Why, you'll be a great
' man in time, Bob!

' *Bid.* His father, Tag!

' *Sir Sim.* Come, come, 'tis soon done—one stroke
' does it—or if you have any qualms, let your squire
' there perform the operation.

' *Puff.* Pray, Sir, don't throw such temptations in
' my way.

' *Capt.* Hold your impudent tongue.

' *Sir Sim.* Why don't you speak, Mr Modesty? what
' excuse have you for leaving the army, I say?

' *Capt.* My affection to this lady.

' *Sir Sim.* Your affection, puppy!

' *Capt.* Our love, Sir, has been long and mutual.
' What accidents have happen'd since my going abroad
' and her leaving the country, and how I have most
' unaccountably met you here, I am a stranger to; but
' whatever appearances may be, I still am, and ever was,
' your dutiful son.

' *Bid.* He talks like an angel, Tag!

' *Sir Sim.* Dutiful, firrah!—have not you rivall'd
' your father?

' *Capt.* No, Sir, you have rivall'd me. My claim
' must be prior to your's.

' *Bid.* Indeed, Sir Simon, he can show the best title
' to me.

' *Jas.* Sir, Sir, the young gentleman speaks well;
' and as the fortune will not go out of the family, I
' should advise you to drop your resentment, be recon-
' cil'd to your son, and relinquish the lady.

' *Sir Sim.* Ay, ay, with all my heart—Look ye,
' son, I give you the girl; she's too much for me, I
' confess;—and, take my word, Bob, you'll catch a
' tartar.

' *Bid.* I assure you, Sir Simon, I'm not the person
' you

' you take me for. If I have us'd you any ways ill,
' 'twas for your son's sake, who had my promise and
' inclinations before you : and though I believe I should
' have made you a most uncomfortable wife, I'll be the
' best daughter to you in the world ; and if you stand
' in need of a lady, my aunt is disengag'd, and is the
' best nurse——

' *Sir Tim.* No, no, I thank you, child ; you have
' so turn'd my stomach to marriage, I have no appetite
' left.——But where is this aunt? Won't she stop your
' proceedings, think you?

' *Tag.* She's now at her lawyer's, Sir ; and if you
' please to go with the young couple, and give your
' approbation, I'll answer for my old lady's consent.

' *Bid.* The Captain and I, Sir——

' *Sir Sim.* Come, come, Bob, you are but an en-
' sign, don't impose on the girl neither.

' *Capt.* I had the good fortune, Sir, to please my
' royal general by my behaviour in a small action with
' the enemy, and he gave me a company.

' *Sir Sim.* Bob, I wish you joy! This is news in-
' deed! And when we celebrate your wedding, son,
' I'll drink a half-pint bumper myself to your benefac-
' tor.

' *Capt.* And he deserves it, Sir. Such a general, by
' his example and justice, animates us to deeds of glo-
' ry, and insures us conquest.

' *Sir Sim.* Right, my boy——Come along then.

[*Going.*

' *Puff.* Halt a little, gentlemen and ladies, if you
' please. Every body here seems well satisfied but my-
' self.

' *Capt.* What's the matter, Puff?

' *Puff.* Sir, as I would make myself worthy of such
' a master, and the name of a soldier, I cannot put up
' the least injury to my honour.

' *Sir Sim.* Heyday! what flourishes are these!

' *Puff.* Here is the man ; come forth, caitiff.—[*To*
' Jasper.]—He has confess'd this day, that in my ab-
' sence he hath taken freedoms with my lawful wife,
' and had dishonourable intentions against my bed ; for
' which I demand satisfaction.——

' *Sir*

* *Sir Sim. (striking him.)* What stuff is here? The fellow's brain's turn'd.

* *Puff.* And crack'd too, Sir: but you are my master's father, and I submit.

* *Capt.* Come, come, I'll settle your punctilios, and will take care of you and Tag hereafter, provided you drop all animosities, and shake hands this moment.

* *Puff.* My revenge gives way to my interest; and I once again, Jasper, take thee to my bosom.

* *Jas.* I'm your friend again, Puff—But, hark ye—I fear you not; and if you'll lay aside your steel there, as far as a broken head or a black eye, I'm at your service upon demand.

* *Tag.* You are very good at crowing; indeed, Mr Jasper; but let me tell you, the fool that is rogue enough to brag of a woman's favours, must be a dung-hill every way.—As for you, my dear husband, show your manhood in a proper place, and you need not fear these sheep-biters.

* *Sir Sim.* The abigail is pleasant, I confess—he, he!—

* *Bid.* I'm afraid the town will be ill-natur'd enough to think I have been a little coquettish in my behaviour; but I hope, as I have been constant to the Captain, I shall be excus'd diverting myself with pretenders.

Ladies, to fops and braggarts ne'er be kind;
No charms can warm 'em, and no virtues bind:
Each lover's merit by his conduct prove;
Who fails in honour, will be false in love.

[*Exeunt.*]

B.P.I.

E P I L O G U E.

By the same hand as the PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs PRITCHARD.

GOOD folks, I'm come, at my young Lady's bidding,
To say, you all are welcome to her wedding.
Th' exchange she made what mortal here can blame?
Show me the maid that would not do the same.
For sure the greatest monster ever seen,
Is doating *Sixty* coupled to *Sixteen*!
When wintry age had almost caught the fair,
Youth clad in sunshine snatch'd her from despair:
Like a new *Semele* the Virgin lay,
And clasp'd her lover in the blaze of day.
Thus may each maid, the toils almost intrapt in,
Change *Old Sir Simon* for the *brisk young Captain*.
I love those men of arms, they know their trade:
Let dastards sue, the sons of fire invade!
They cannot bear around the bait to nibble,
Like pretty, powder'd, patient *Mr Fribble*:
To dangers bred, and skilful in command,
They storm the strongest fortrefs sword in hand!
Nights without sleep, and floods of tears when waking,
Show'd poor *Miss Biddy* was in piteous taking.
She's now quite well: for maids in that condition,
Find the young lover is the best physician;
And without helps of art, or boast of knowledge,
They cure more women, faith, than all the college!
But to the point—I come with low petition,
For faith poor *Bayes* is in a sad condition;
• *The huge tall Hangman* stands to give the blow,
And only waits your pleasures—ay or no.
If you should—*Pit, Box, and Gallery*, egad,
Joy turns his senses, and the man runs mad!
But if your ears are shut, your hearts are rock,
And you pronounce the sentence—block to block;
Down kneels the bard, and leaves you, when he's dead,
The empty tribute of an author's head.

• Alluding to *Bayes's Prologue in the Rehearsal*.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

